JUL 8 1922

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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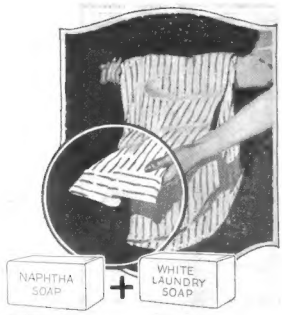

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No danger to colors with fine *White* Soap.

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Not merely a White Laundry Soap,
But the best features of both, combined.

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THE LOVE OF QUACKS

By WILL PAYNE

I THINK of my paternal grandfather as Uncle Sam. If he had let his beard grow long and worn a plug hat he would have looked the part. In some respects he acted it to the life. At the age of sixty-seven he sold the farm and moved to town. He had a garden, but raising vegetables in one corner of a lot seventy-five feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long is not a very absorbing occupation.

There was a miniature barn on the back of the lot, in which an active imagination could discover need of repairs and alterations from time to time. Also, taking down a piece of picket fence and building it over helped to pass the time. As I remember him in those town years there was often a hoe or a hammer in his hand in out-of-doors weather. Yet for many hours in a year his hands were idle.

Back on the farm there had been one dissipation which never failed when it was too stormy to go out of doors and all indoor chores had been performed. This consisted of taking the clock to pieces and putting it together again.

In the first year or so of town life my grandmother was much distressed by the chronically disorganized condition of the family clock. But even taking a clock apart palls with too much repetition.

On the farm, with miles of furrows to be plowed every spring, and the sweaty stress of haying and harvest, and the stock to be tended in blizzard and snowdrift, taking it easy in town had seemed a delectable state. There was the attraction of being near his children and grandchildren. What counted as much as anything else, there was the advantage of being within easy walking distance of a fine furnace-heated church. But the church was shut up about 95 per cent of the time. There was a lot of time in which grandfather had nothing in particular to do.

So he developed an intense interest in the state of his health. The house became littered with almanacs from which one might glean such information as this:

TUESDAY, MAY 16. Sun rises at 4:57, sets at 7:12. Moon in third quarter.
A Torpid Liver Fills Your System With Deadly Poison. See page 24.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2. Sun rises at 4:32, sets at 7:20. Moon in first quarter.
Shortness of Breath is the Danger Signal of Heart Strain. See page 42.

Industriously reading on page 24 and page 42 grandfather discovered that he had the symptoms of various alarming ailments. He suffered from shortness of breath—just after reading "Bright's Disease is Writing Your Death Warrant!" The fatal symptom of clammy perspiration appeared when he read "Consumption is Decimating the White Race!" Contemplating an illustration which showed a bewhiskered and many-fanged serpent nesting in an agonized gentleman's tummy, grandfather was sensible of nausea, which was a sure sign of chronic dyspepsia.

Mysterious bottles accumulated in the cupboard. After a while grandfather's mail consisted largely of long and strictly confidential communications—stereotyped—from old Doctor Hookum and his pals, each of whom after careful consideration of the symptoms felt constrained to warn his dear friend that he could hardly

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hope to be long for this world unless he immediately resorted to the special course of treatment by mail at fifteen dollars.

In time that would have wrecked anybody's health. But my grandfather was so fortified by a tough Yankee constitution and sixty-odd years of robust living that a fifth of a century of quackery hardly fased him. He lived, in fact, to be ninety, in admirable physical and mental vigor up to the last year. Probably at bottom he never really believed the quacks, but only played a game of pretending to believe them.

And from that queer game he undoubtedly derived much satisfaction. After a man has been rising at four A.M. winter and summer for sixty years, going out in all sorts of weather and eating anything that came along, there may be a mysterious satisfaction in discovering that the body which he has thus carelessly knocked about for so long is really an exceedingly delicate, fragile thing, requiring the tenderest care. Rich and privileged people, as everybody knows, surround themselves with delicate and fragile possessions, requiring the nicest care. Grandfather couldn't buy laces and porcelain, but he would have a liver that would crack if you looked at it. I'm sure he sort of loved his quacks. Uncle Sam sort of loves his quacks too.

Medical science—to trust a mere layman's impressions of it—has gone half round the compass within my recollection. I received my first impressive lesson in hygiene when I was in the second or third grade at public school. Professor Carmichael, the principal of our school, was a portentous figure to us youngsters—a figure vaguely mixed up with Roman senators and Daniel Webster and the town band playing a funeral march at the obsequies of a leading Odd Fellow. When he stepped into a classroom all activities, especially the contraband ones, ceased, and we sat, pop-eyed, waiting for the oracle to speak.

On this particular day Professor Carmichael marched to the teacher's rostrum and addressed us solemnly on the subject of water as a beverage. The water taps were in the halls, one on each of the three floors. To get a drink a pupil must attract the teacher's attention and secure permission to leave the room. Drinking water, said Professor Carmichael, had become a grave abuse, continually disturbing the academic calm which was necessary for proper mental concentration. And science had discovered that drinking water was only a habit. Our food consisted mainly of water and provided nearly as much water as the system required. Water might be drunk sparingly after meals with no positive injury, but indiscriminate waterdrinking between meals was a fatal indulgence.

Curing Indigestion With Food

WHEN Professor Carmichael proposed to be particularly impressive he lowered his large head, looking out over his spectacles, and dropped his voice three notes. In that manner he continued:

"A distinguished physician relates that he once spent some time attending the sessions of Congress at Washington and there noticed especially a certain member of the House of Representatives, in the flower-ations he concluded that the brilliant young congressman would not live long. In fact, he was dead within a month."

It didn't occur to us youngsters to inquire what the brilliant young congressman might have been drinking the night before; but for a week or so, while the acute impression lasted, I spent many tormented hours struggling against the fatal craving to drink water. From some equally authoritative source I learned that air in the daytime was healthful, but after dark it became exceedingly deleterious. Thus both water and air were man's foes.

As I recollect it, all the casual information I picked up about my body led to the same general conclusion, that it was beset on all sides by mortal enemies, and likely at any moment to bust like a toy balloon.

Later on came much more learned, elaborate and specific information of that nature from my own first family physician. I have no doubt that Doctor Boulton was learned medically in his generation; and I know he was a very conscientious man. But he was fuller of *Verboten* than Germany before the war. He was so conscientious that he would take the greatest pains in order to make you understand exactly what ailed you—often drawing a diagram of it so you could see for yourself that roast beef and a sedentary occupation put little curlicues like that all around in your system, and they pile up in your liver or kidneys, or maybe it is in your lungs, like that which causes this lozenge here to swell up, or contract, and then, as anybody with half an eye can see, the deuce is to pay. Probably I never quite got the hang of his diagrams; but I did get the main point—namely, that life, on the physical side, was about like driving a decrepit car with patched tires and no headlights over a strange and rocky road on a dark and rainy night. Only by a sort of special dispensation of Providence could you hope to escape a smash-up. I remember hearing Doctor Boulton remark gravely that hardly anybody was ever really well.

From time to time I read health articles or doctors' articles in magazines and newspapers. The net impression of all my casual information on the subject was that the human body is an amazingly fragile contrivance, liable to innumerable insidious and destructive disorders. I was told that the very bread upon which men have been nourished time out of mind was a frightfully dangerous substance to take into one's stomach; and for people who lived in cities, attacking meat with the carving-knife was gambling with death; indeed, cities and sedentary occupations were wrecking our nerves, ruining our digestions and making regular slaves of our hearts.

Thirty years ago an enormous number of men and women must have been carrying around about such an impression of their physical equipment. A lot of people are carrying it around today, for quacks still flourish; and so do good, conscientious *scrubers* doctors who think the only way to keep their patients out of danger is to keep them in bed, on tea and toast, with hot-water bottles at their feet.

But true medical science—again taking a layman's unscientific impressions of it—has switched far around from that scarecrow standpoint. At any rate, persons of recognized standing in medical science now tell you the first thing to do about your body—as a broad general rule—is to forget it, for mostly it will take care of itself if you only let it alone. Far from being a fragile vessel, they assure you, the human body is an extraordinarily tough organism, evolved through some millions of years on the principle of retaining and transmitting what has existed to endure. It not only decidedly doesn't need constant tinkering but tinkering is the worst thing you can do to it.

Nowadays, for example, people read without surprise over the signature of M.D.'s that appendicitis is there anything really the matter with anybody's nerves, and so-called nervous disorders are merely reflections of mental states; a confirmed neurotic's nerves are as sound as anybody else's, but he persists in pulling the wrong strings. One reads that a lot of ailments that were formerly attributed to physical causes, such as indigestion and constipation, are merely nervous—the effect not of physical conditions but of mental states. Also, that the best way to get indigestion is to worry about it, and the best way to get rid of it is to forget that you have a stomach and eat whatever regular food is set before you.

After a Man Has Been Eating Anything That Came along, There May be a Mysterious Satisfaction in Discovering That the Body is Really a Fragile Thing

As for insomnia, here is the true story of Jimmy. He and I had gone to the country in order to engage in what we fondly regarded as literary pursuits. His bedroom was on the east side of the house, so he promptly discovered, with the real investigation, that in the country in summer the sun rises at an indecent hour of the night, powerfully shedding light and heat long before civilized folk think they use for them. He couldn't sleep after sunrise.

Then he couldn't sleep after dawn because, of course, the tormenting sunrise was on the west side of the house and roast him in bed. Then he couldn't sleep after midnight, because it would soon be dawn. He tried going to bed immediately after supper. Then he couldn't sleep at all. He changed to a bedroom on the west side of the house and lay awake all night wondering whether he could sleep after sunrise. He couldn't.

In three weeks he developed all the signs of insomnia—loss of weight, a haggard expression, poor appetite and a powerful inclination to take gloomy views of himself and the world in general.

At that time I believed that a man who didn't sleep six or eight hours a night would soon die or go insane. That was, I think, the popular impression. I was concerned over Jimmy; yet there was a sort of unholy fascination in waiting to see when he would begin to gibber. We urged the sufferer to consult a specialist or try a change of scene; but he was as pessimistic about specialists and changes of scene as about everything else. You see, poor Jimmy's insomnia got him a lot of consideration which was not at all unpleasant. Finally he did go to Chicago and consult a distinguished physician with whom he was acquainted. The physician was either in advance of his day or he knew that patient very well; for after listening to a careful recital of the symptoms he correctly diagnosed the case as follows: "You're a blasted idiot!" Jimmy came back to the east-side bedroom and slept like a top till they pulled him out of bed for breakfast.

Thirty years ago, I believe, insomnia was generally supposed to be a dire physical calamity, whereas today physicians of repute say it is due to no physical cause but to a mental state, the main reason you don't sleep being because you worry over not sleeping. Also, that surprisingly little sleep is necessary to health provided your body be relaxed and in repose.

Quacks flourish first on ignorance. Thirty years ago—to take my impressions of it—medical science played into their hands by encouraging a notion that the human body is an extremely delicate plant. Nowadays intelligent laymen know that this body, in fact, is a very tough organism that will largely take care of itself if let alone. Mainly you are really well if you only believe so.

The Little Ego That Wants Petting

DO YOU want to believe that? Don't answer too quickly. It is, say, a fine morning after a good night's sleep and a good breakfast. The job's going very well, business picking up a bit. You start down town chock-full and running over with a sense of well-being. Certainly you then want to believe that your body is a strong, dependable, automatic machine. As for indigestion, insomnia and all other bugaboos, you defy 'em to touch you! But something happens. A reckless criminal, traveling north, attempts to take a sharp turn in the road at twenty miles an hour just when you, conservatively driving south, attempt to take the same curve at the same speed. The collision rips off your mudguard. Or the trolley breaks down, delaying you forty minutes. Or an imbecile going up the station steps in front of you turns his umbrella into your eye. Your nerves are as healthy as they were before, but they begin registering violent protests and a busy little dramatist in your skull sets the stage for a tragedy to which the whole town is invited.

At any sharp, disagreeable disturbance the ill-bred little ego begins yammering for help and sympathy from all the world. You sympathize with yourself and sort of imagine all right-minded people as sympathizing with you. Sympathy is pleasant. So if the disturbance is prolonged you begin to find a satisfaction in your misery. When Hamlet moaned, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!" a concealed little devil on the other side of his brain was saying, "That's a corking line, and I must be a very interesting, unusual person or I shouldn't be having these feelings!"

There is plenty of up-to-date scientific testimony that imagining oneself ill is a quite popular pastime. For one thing it is a way of shirking and securing tender consideration from one's family and friends. Every normally healthy boy knows the compensating advantages of illness. First, he doesn't have to go to school; second, he is petted and indulged by the household. I remember meeting quite a good many scholastic crises by headaches and sore throat. When one of my children, of primary-school age, appeared at breakfast with lackluster eyes, no appetite and throbbing brow, I wondered what the trouble at school was before wondering whether his temperature was abnormal.

Children of elementary-school age know so little about their bodies that they have to fall back upon a few simple devices, such as pulling a long face, assuming a languid air and mentioning in martyred tones that they ache here and here. Later on they are able to get up much more elaborate and convincing symptoms—by no means in cold blood, as a rule, but by a well-known trick of the subconscious mind. Shell-shock, I now read, is only an acute physical disturbance set up by the subconscious mind in its efforts to get away from the acutely painful experiences of the trenches. It's the in-bad schoolboy's headache in an exaggerated form, produced automatically and subconsciously outside the region of cold-blooded will. War neurosis, I presume, people call it. There is a hide-and-seek little ego who loves to be petted and sympathized with, to have all his wants satisfied and all his troubles made much of. Naturally he loves quacks.

Many people, perhaps they are conscious of it or not, derive satisfaction from being ill. Say you are afflicted with bad digestion. Physicians have explained to you in detail why your works cannot function properly, and drawn you diagrams of it so you can [illegible] yourself. You have accumulated a long and intere[illegible]t of dietary taboos. You are in the habit of men[illegible]usually that white bread is rank poison to you, [illegible]ese deadlier than the swamp adder. You h[illegible]sanitariums and

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HOW WILLIE CAME ACROSS

Willie Stood as Though Turned to Stone. That Guy Was Giving Him the Once-Over, and That Guy Was a Bull!

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

SO INDIVIDUAL and peculiar is each episode adorning the career of William Lipp that it is difficult to select the one that best reflects his sterling worth. Of them all, however, it is generally agreed that his affair with Petto the Wop and the Smythe-Brown diamonds reveals most completely his more intimate and kindly side. Nor is this its only advantage, for it shows more completely than other high lights in his life a certain strain which is indubitably moral.

Probably the thing could never have happened ten years before, for ten years before the Smythe-Browns might not have found William sufficiently amusing, but lots of things had changed in those ten years. Among others society had grown mellower and more kindly, and William Lipp, too, had changed from mediocrity to magnificence.

Even back in the time when Willie was just learning to shoot craps down by the Longshoremen's Saloon folks used to admit that Willie had a future.

It had happened that the Smythe-Browns were out when William had first called, but this had not bothered William. As it happened he had rather hoped and expected that they would be out. In fact it was rather inopportune that they came back just as he was leaving. Naturally of a retiring disposition, and politely upset at having made himself at home without their asking him, William had left without waiting to see them. So embarrassed had he been that he had left quite hurriedly, forgetting in the distraction of the moment a vanadium-steel drill which was on the floor beside the wall safe in the library. To anyone knowing William this shows he must have been very embarrassed, because William seldom left things.

Possibly it was due to [illegible] William made [illegible]

However, that is not the point exactly. The point is that William not only forgot to come back for the drill but he also forgot to return the necklace. In one way it was odd, because he was not naturally absent-minded. In another way it was quite embarrassing, and put lots of people to inconvenience, because almost everyone began looking for William. Among others the police force began looking for him, but probably he was worried about other things, for he never showed up to inquire what they wanted.

Instead, ironically enough, he avoided all the hundreds of persons who would have been pleased to see him, only to encounter the Smythe-Browns who had never sought his acquaintance.

It all happened when William left New York. It is sad to think how often he subsequently regretted leaving the confines of the city he loved so well. He left so hurriedly that no one ever knew exactly how he managed it, but Willie was used to managing things. He was scarcely out of breath when he passed in his tickets and a neatly forged passport, and walked unobtrusively up the gangplank of the Sicilia half an hour before she left for Italian ports, and he stood on the swaying deck that evening unhaunted by [illegible] or regrets as the last light of America faded into

finally in a conventional nasal melody of the world he knew so well:

There ain't no other café girl on Broadway,
There ain't no other girlie in the town,
Either in the darkness or the broad day,
That I had rather put my arm around,
And, kiddo, if you tell me that you love me,
Then I'll be just as happy as can be,
For you're the one I love best
And we'll have a little love nest
In Harlem—just you and me!

The only strange thing about it was that, as he sang the words, they seemed beautiful in tone and sentiment, more beautiful than he had ever thought them before. By some peculiar magic of their own they brought upon him the spell of poetry, its grandeur and its pathos. Possibly it was because he was leaving Broadway, and because the bright lights might burn a long, long time before he saw them again, that his voice became husky and his eye a little dim. For an instant the mask of cold cynicism, which he knew a gentleman must wear, betrayed him, and his features became poignant and expressive. But then, as always, he lived up to his ideals. Hastily he pressed his lips together, and assuming an expression of complete and languid boredom spat over the rail, as became a man of the world who has seen life and has plumbed its depths. Then, thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he turned from the dark sea back to the lighted deck.

Willie was used to having things happen, but he hadn't expected anything to happen just then. That was what shocked him more than anything else—the irrationality [illegible] having anything happen

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out in front of him with his left hand, and his head was free. He was on his feet again, balanced on his toes, while his breath whistled through his teeth.

He must have made a striking picture, for in those days his body was as lithe and poised as a tango teacher's, and the girls had always said that Willie was a grand-looking guy. He had a way of his own of slicking back his hair so that it always looked so smooth and glossy, and his eyes had such a nice way of looking—not at you exactly, but everywhere at once.

Just then, however, his gaze was unnaturally concentrated and singularly blank. It took a good deal to astonish Willie, but at that moment he had the look of someone who had awakened from a deepslumber. Right there not six feet away a girl was standing, a girl such as he had never seen, such as he had never imagined. She was beautiful, as beautiful as a girl in the Follies, and yet she did not look like any girl he had ever seen there. In one way she was as cold as a statue, but in another she was not, because her hair was brown and her eyes were quite as piercing and lively as his own. What surprised him most, however, was her repose. She had not screamed, and she had not giggled, the way any other girl would have done. She just stood there looking at him as though nothing had happened at all. She didn't say anything either, but maintained an aloof silence, which became embarrassing, and which he finally felt it was up to him to break. "Cheest!" said Willie, but that curious expletive of New York's more frequented streets, so expressive, though devoid of all origin and meaning, sounded for once inadequate and hollow. Still she said nothing, and he felt called on to speak again.

"Cheest!" he said, and for the time more lucid words failed him.

Nevertheless it was a pretty tribute, his awkward spontaneity was such a perfect betrayal of his admiration. Yet he never knew why it was that she smiled and suddenly seemed quite friendly. All he remembered about it afterwards was that her smile made him feel warm all over, and aroused in him the desire to smile back. Also there was one thing more about her—a curious phenomenon beyond the scope of his philosophy. No matter how cordially she smiled she still seemed as grand as ever, as far above him and as beautiful as the gilded clouds of a sunset sky.

"If you're through with it," she said in a soft even voice, "you might give me back my coat."

He was still staring at her like someone dazzled by a very bright light.

"Say," said Willie slowly. "Is it your coat? Cheest—what do you know? I thought ——"

She was still regarding him steadily, though uncritically. The electric light was making little dancing gleams in her eyes.

"I'm sorry it upset you so," she continued in the same slow even tones. "It was around my shoulders and the wind blew it off."

In the varied life he had led it was impossible for anything to disturb him for long. Already he had stooped to the deck and had recovered the coat with a simple yet elaborate dignity, touched with a suspicion of dashing gallantry.

"Lady," he said, "it's nothing." And his words assumed the cynical singsong tone of your true man of polish and refinement. "Nothing at all—see? It's a pleasure, lady—see?"

It was refreshing to see how quick she was to appreciate the innate fineness of deportment that underlay that graceful speech. She smiled more graciously still and he felt a genial flow of self-satisfaction.

"Lady," he said, "it's a pleasure just to make your acquaintance."

For some reason which he could not fathom she laughed—but not at all unpleasantly. On the contrary she laughed gently but sincerely, as though something amused her.

"Say!" he inquired. "What's bitin' you?"

"Biting me?" she repeated a little vaguely, and then she laughed again, almost as though he had made a joke, but still not at all unpleasantly.

"Why, nothing," she hastened to explain; "nothing at all, except—I was just thinking it was rather a pleasure for me too. I rather like meeting new people—sometimes."

He felt the subtle flattery of her remark. It made him smile his most engaging smile, causing a gold tooth to flash coyly beneath the electric light.

"You Haven't Been Asked Us Where We are Going," Said Alicia. "Cheest," Said Willie. "What Do I Care?"

"Lady," he said politely, "it's more than a pleasure to meet a lady like you."

And for some inexplicable reason she laughed again, as though he had said something exceedingly amusing.

"Do you know," she said at last, "I've never met anyone just like you before, but I've always wanted to. It's—it's really quite wonderful."

Willie placed his cap over his left eye at a becoming angle.

"I'm not a social guy—as a rule," he observed.

"Now that's a coincidence, isn't it?" she rejoined gravely. "Because I'm afraid I'm rather exclusive myself. Most people are such bores, aren't they?"

Willie raised his right hand to his lips and blew softly on his fingers.

"Lady," he said, "you can take this from me, and you can take it from me straight: There's just two kinds of birds on this map—that's all—just two."

"Birds?" she echoed with a puzzled frown. "What kind of birds?"

"Folks," said Willie. "That's what. One kind is suckers, and the other kind is crooks. Most of them are suckers—see?"

It was most gratifying to observe the impression made by his philosophy. The cold simplicity of his statement with its startling and far-reaching implications had evidently given her pause, for she was gazing at him with her mouth half open.

"Now that's most awfully interesting," she said finally. "You must tell me some more about this sometime."

With the courteous yet respectful gallantry befitting one to whom life is an open book, he leaned graciously toward her.

"Say, lady," he said, "you may think I otter leave the bull tied out—but what I'm tellin' you is the honest goods. And I'm a straightforward guy. I don't go in much for talking to dames—see? But honest, I'd just as lief talk to you any time—see? There's something about you gets me, lady. So put that in your pipe—see?"

"Oh," she said, "so you don't think I'm a—sucker?"

"Lady," he said concisely, "can it. Can it, lady."

"But you don't think I'm a crook?" she persisted.

He removed his cap and twirled it adroitly on his forefinger.

"Listen!" he said, and paused, the better to lend emphasis to his words. "Lady, all dames is crooks, and don't you forget it—see?"

She raised a slender hand on which two rings sparkled alluringly under the electric lights, and drew her coat more closely about her, and it seemed to him that she looked like some picture, some very grand picture.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is one way of putting it."

She seemed about to continue, as though interested in this novel hypothesis, but Willie interrupted her.

"You guessed it," he said. "Good night, lady."

"Why!" she exclaimed in hurt surprise. "You're not going, are you?"

Willie had started to raise his cap, but now he stopped. Surely he detected more than polite curiosity in her voice. Could it be that she wanted him to stay?

And then he said something that surprised him, because he had not meant to say it in the least.

"Say," he said, "you don't want to be talking to a guy like me."

"Why," she replied with unexpected animation, "how perfectly ridiculous! Now please don't go away just when you were getting so interesting! Didn't I say I was glad to make your acquaintance? I don't say that to everybody, you know.

"Why, it's the pleasantest thing that's happened to me in months!"

"Aw," said Willie, "can it!" And pulled his cap back over his eye.

"Now look," she said eagerly. "Here's what we can do. I have some friends in the smoking room. I know they'll be delighted to meet you. We were afraid it was going to be so stupid on the boat. You'll come, won't you?"

For a second he cast a beady, furtive glance at her. Her voice was as quiet and pleasant as it had always been, but intuitively he detected in it a note of friendliness.

"Please come," she said, and Willie's reserve left him.

"Why, sure," said Willie. "Why, sure, lady—if they're friends of yours."

He had said he was not a social guy. Like other successful men who have risen by dint of their own ability despite the frustrations of an unsympathetic world, he was content with his own company. Nevertheless, folks had always said that he was a grand sport at a party when he was feeling right, and Willie was very grand indeed that evening when he entered the smoking room.

It helped him, too, to feel that he was a snappy dresser, for of all those in the room his shirt alone was of silk of three colors. His clothes alone fully revealed his slender waist. The little extra buttons the tailor had sewed about his coat for no particular purpose stamped him as artistic and individual. The jaunty angles of his pockets, the curves of his cuffs and coat lapels, all those little details, so small in themselves but so great in the aggregate, united to prove him one of discriminate taste.

No wonder her friends stopped talking when he reached the corner table where they were sitting. They could have hardly done less than pay him that involuntary tribute. With the careless ease of one entering the confines of refinement he rubbed the finger nails of his right hand briskly over his left sleeve, and then held them in the light, the better to admire their polish. Lastly, before giving his full attention to the company before him, he glanced at her sideways across his padded shoulder. She was looking at him and laughing, it seemed to him, happily and proudly, and Willie smiled blandly back.

There were only two of them and he was enabled to size them up at once. First, there was a fat old bird in brown homespun with baggy trousers. His face was fat, too, but not round, for in the vicinity of his jaw the flesh hung heavily, giving all his features a massive, jovial appearance. Beside him was sitting an old dame who looked stagy, comedy stuff. She was sitting up very straight, and was playing with a long necklace of amber beads—real stuff—dark amber. Her mouth was open in a vacant manner and her eyebrows were slightly raised when she saw Willie, but it was the old bird who spoke first. He had been looking at Willie also until something seemed to impel him to remove his cigar from his lips and to bring his fist smack on the table.

"Now what the ——" he began, but checked himself.

"Alicia!" cried the old dame, not altogether in a voice of welcome.

Naturally Willie knew what to do on such an occasion. It was what would naturally occur to any gentleman of refinement and cultivation.

"Folks," he said, "they're on me. Just push the button and order up the dope."

Radiating with the geniality his invitation required he leaned down, pulled hastily at the creases in his trousers, and then sank languidly into a vacant chair.

"Alicia!" said the old dame again in a still more ringing tone.

Willie thrust his thumbs into the armpits of his vest and looked up at her. She was still standing looking at all three of them and still smiling in quiet self-possession.

"Why, mother," said J[illegible], turning a steady glance toward the old dame, "y[illegible]e just saying how nice it was that we were in a p[illegible]o meet anyone—anyone at all!"

The old dame drobe[illegible]cherchief from fingers seemingly palsied by [illegible]icked it up at once.

"Lady," he said, "[illegible]word. It's a joy—see? An' put this [illegible]e paused to make

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a graceful gesture with his thumb across his shoulder. "Any friends of hers is friends of mine—see? No matter who they are I'm pleased to meet 'em—see? Here, lady, take it and keep a grip on it." And he handed back the handkerchief.

It is doubtful whether he ever knew how much of his destiny hung on that simple act of courtesy. It may have been the flourish of his long fingers or the glitter of a gold tooth exposed by the broadness of his smile, or it may have been nothing but the trusting assurance of a polished guy, that caused the old dame to smile back at him and suddenly to place the handkerchief over her mouth. And the old bird, too, began to look more cordial.

"Do you don't mind meeting us?" the latter inquired.

"Sho," said Willie: "I'm a tough guy. I can stand it. Here, mister, put this in your face, and forget it."

Again he obeyed the dictates of convention, and drew forth from his pocket a long cigar, very long and very smooth, bathed by a band of gold and red and blue, curiously and richly embossed, to the eye of a smoker a thing of rare and esthetic beauty. The old bird took the cigar, looked at it intently, and then back at Willie.

"Perfecto," he said. "It isn't everybody who has cigars like dese."

"You said it, mister," said Willie, and thrust his thumbs back again into the armpits of his vest.

"Five, neither," said Alicia, "aren't you glad I found him? I knew that father would like him."

Slone he had placed the cigar between his lips and had savored its aroma the old man had seemed unusually softened and unnaturally interested. He had leaned back in his chair and had kept looking at Willie through the film of smoke which he puffed contentedly before him, now and then asking some polite and pertinent question which provoked Willie to lively discourse.

For the moment an unwonted sense of security dulled his unrestrained watchfulness. Yet he was destined for a shock that evening.

"Do you play bridge?" the old bird asked.

"Sure," said Willie. "I play anything."

So it was the old man had sporting tendencies.

"Great!" he said. "Let's go."

But Willie raised his hand protestingly. After all there were some things which one didn't do—without a protest.

"Can it, folks," he objected. "You're friends of mine—see? A guy like me never plays with friends."

"But why not?" asked the old gentleman.

The trusting innocence of the question made Willie wince.

"Because," he explained patiently, "folks like you wouldn't have a look-in with a guy like me—see? Because I always win—see?"

"Nonsense!" said the old bird. "Get the cards, Alicia."

"All right—all right," said Willie. "But don't say I didn't tip you off."

The old bird puffed on his cigar and regarded Willie stoically, and Willie, blissfully free from compunction, glanced back.

"I can stand it if you can," said Willie.

"Fifteen cents a point?"

"Twenty, if you like," said Willie, and polished his finger nails modestly against his sleeve.

So it happened that after the very first deal they knew they had a master among them. It was enough merely to see the swift motion of his hands as he gathered up the cards, to realize that a reincarnation of Elwell was seated at the table—Elwell and something more. For his card sense was uncanny. His skill at estimating the exact strength of his opponents' hands was unbelievable to the point of marvelous. After the first rubber it was impossible to believe that Willie's was an idle boast. Willie was eighty dollars ahead in the first half hour, but the old gentleman stayed right with him.

"Have you got another of those cigars?" he asked.

"Sure," said Willie. "Just holler any time, mister, and one of them is yours."

And Willie played on, silent and courteous, absorbed in the mysteries of the game, his eyes wide and bright and shifting constantly from face to face. It was eleven o'clock when they added up the score.

"Do you know," said Alicia, "I never saw father get hit so badly before. Really it's awfully funny."

Willie reached across the table. His fingers closed about the pack. There was a clicking whir, and the cards sprayed upward in a column toward the ceiling and back to his hand again, as though they had been held by threads.

"It's funny," he said, "but I always win."

"We must play often," said the old gentleman, and drew out a wallet from his pocket and looked inside.

"By Jove!" he said. "That's queer now. I thought I had more cash than that. Here. You don't mind waiting till tomorrow?"

"Aw, forget it!" said Willie graciously.

"Then," said the old gentleman, "I'll write you out an I O U."

He drew a visiting card from his wallet.

Willie glanced at the card carelessly, and then suddenly he hissed softly through his teeth and hastily polished his nails on his sleeve.

"Here you are," said the old gentleman, "and thanks for a most amusing evening."

Willie picked up the card gingerly, and cast a swift restless glance about the room. Then he looked at it again. Engraved upon its richly finished surface he read a name:

MR. GEORGE SMYTHE-BROWN
—— FIFTH AVENUE

And beneath, scrawled in pencil, was a line of writing: "I O U $860. George Smythe-Brown."

Willie rose rather awkwardly from his chair, and his forehead looked a trifle moist.

"Cheest," he said.

"We'll see you tomorrow, won't we?" inquired Alicia.

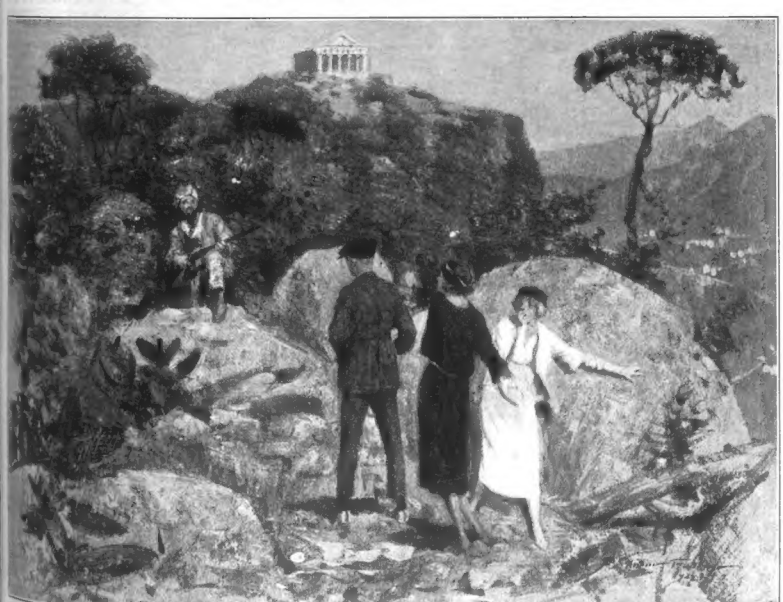
"Yes," said Willie; "maybe."

"Of course we will," said Alicia. "Remember—we're all friends now."

And that was how the impossible happened and how Willie Lipp met the Smythe-Browns socially.

Few things dazed him for long. Yet when he had reached his stateroom and had shot the bolt behind him he actually seemed a little shaky, and shivered slightly as though he felt the firm fingers of destiny on his collar.

(Continued on Page 43)



He Was Different From Anyone Willie Had Seen Before. It Must Have Been Years Since He Had Pushed the Cushions of a Barber's Chair

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The Revolt of the Bookkeeper

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE senior partner had the reputation of being a hard man, and yet—or perhaps we should say, on that account—he had a sentimental streak in him. He was fond of poetry—of not too good poetry either; and he would often cut out a piece of newspaper verse and carry it for months in his pocketbook with his railway passes, and if it were well he would have it printed on a neat card and distributed to a few appreciative friends.

It was the title, The Revolt of the Bookkeeper, that had attracted him, for he himself had begun life as a bookkeeper. He had read the verses two days before on the back page of his evening paper, and he found that they kept coming back to him:

I'll see Kashmir, and touch at Madagascar;
I'll know my way through Venice and Stamboul;
I'll watch the white stars blaze above the desert,
And vines festooned about a tropic pool.

Funnily enough they were just the places Howieson had always wanted to go to, and their names on a printed page made him restless. He found he was asking himself that question which every successful business man—and Howieson was very successful—spends his waking hours trying to avoid, namely: Is business an end in itself or a means to an end, and if a means to an end, what is that end, and when is it reached?

She Went Straight to the Mother, and Came Back With the Baby—the Littlest One—in Her Arms

"That's it," he said to himself as he turned in through the revolving doors of his office building, and he so nearly said it aloud that the *s* sounded faintly sibilant. "I might die any day without having seen Peking or Delphi or Stamboul or the South Seas. I believe I'll just take a year or so off."

He knew he would do nothing of the kind. His wife was not strong, his daughter was to be married in the spring, and his son, still in college, was giving him serious anxiety.

He was thinking about Delphi, Tenerife and the midnight sun as he entered his office, but no one would have suspected it. Neat, inclined to be heavy, with a shrewd gray eye and an upper lip like a tombstone, no one would have believed that he was thinking of anything but bills of sale.

His secretary was opening and classifying the morning mail.

"Good morning, Miss Maulle," he said.

He hung up his hat and coat, and took a quick glance at a huge colored photograph of the Grand Cañon, all purples and pink, which hung over his desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Howieson," said Miss Maulle without looking up. "I see you've cut out that poem of Jack Roe's."

She had been with the firm for twenty-five years, and had been the recipient of more than one of her employer's favorite poems in her day.

"What's that?" said Mr. Howieson crossly. But his crossness only meant that he did not understand.

"Roe," said Miss Maulle. "You know—that romantic-looking boy in the accounting department."

"I did not know we had a poet in the accounting department or that you had an eye for romantic-looking boys," said her employer; and he took the little clipping from under a paper weight where he had left it the night before, and read it all through again. The fellow certainly had an instinct for the right places. Cintra, now—that was a lovely spot. He'd been there himself. "You say he works for us?"

"He did. He's leaving today." Miss Maulle spoke as one whose patience with mankind was almost exhausted.

"Where's he going?"

"Now, is there a place called Dominica?" said Miss Maulle. "Well, that's where. So silly, just as he gets a start with a firm like this one. I wish I might tell him from you that you think he's doing a silly thing."

"I'll tell him myself," said the senior partner. "Send him here when you've finished the mail."

It was all very well, he thought, as he penciled memoranda and signed his name, for a successful man of fifty-five, with his work practically done, to think of slipping away on a voyage of discovery, but it was quite different for a youngster to throw away his chances at the beginning. It was the difference between a traveler and a tramp. Howieson grew a little angry thinking about it. Stamboul—just where was Stamboul? When Miss Maulle had gone he looked it up in the encyclopedia. Ah, yes: "More exactly, the older portions of Constantinople, southwest of the Golden Horn."

The Golden Horn! He looked up. Roe was already in the room.

He did not look much over twenty; he was a slim boy, and yet he had evidently once been even slimmer, for his plain dark clothes were tight and too short in the sleeves. He had large dark eyes set so far apart that you saw too much of them in profile, as you see the eyes of an Egyptian bas-relief. He leaned against the door jamb as a faun might lean against a tree, looking as a poet ought to look.

"Ah, Roe," said Howieson, "I've been reading your verses."

Jack smiled a slow embarrassed smile to mitigate the fact that he was not in the least embarrassed.

"I suppose it seems pretty foolish to you," he said.

This answer annoyed the senior partner. He did not wish to appear as a man to whom all adventure seemed foolish; indeed, he was not such a man.

He drew his head sharply to one side.

"You young people," he said, "you don't think anyone over fifty has any human feelings at all. I don't consider it at all foolish to feel that way. I envy you your gift. But I do think it foolish to act on the feeling."

"To omit would seem foolish not to act on the feeling," answered the young man. He had a pleasant, quiet voice.

"I understand. I understand exactly," said Howieson. "You are probably living in an uncomfortable boarding house; working from nine to five at something that doesn't interest you a particle; a moving-picture show. Not life at all, you say; but life comes out of it. I know; I've been through it. Ten years of a worse grind than you ever had—but at the end of it, success. And that's a pretty heady draft, young man." There was a pause, and Howieson added, "Haven't you anything to say to that?"

Jack nodded, but didn't speak.

"Aren't you going to say it?"

Jack shook his head.

"Why not?"

"It would be horrible of me—to answer you really," he said.

This reply concentrated Mr. Howieson's attention. It was not what he had expected.

"You mean you think you have so much the best of the argument? Is that it?"

"Yes," said the younger man slowly. "If I can't make you see how I feel there's no use in our talking at all; and if I can make you see—why, it would wreck you."

"Wreck me?" answered Howieson mildly. "Oh, I don't think it would quite do that."

"It was watching you, sir, that made me see I must get away at once: seeing you coming here on the stroke of 9:30 every day, not leaving until five, always getting ready to live and never living, always securing your financial future, and by the time you get it a [illegible]d —— I said to myself, 'The very best and most w[illegible]ul thing that could happen to a man in this situatio[illegible]d be to grow to be like Mr. Howieson—to lose eve[illegible] desire to be free—and that's the worst bondage of

"Look here, young man, you're a li[illegible]irritating," said the senior partner, "with your a[illegible]n that because a man doesn't do a thing he h[illegible]s to do it. There's a difference, let me tell you, be[illegible]g free and being a damned fool. Freedom! Wh[illegible]d of freedom going to get you?"

nothing to do after business hours but

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"This," answered Roe eagerly, with a gesture toward the senior partner himself: "I've been in this office almost two years, and this is the first time I've had a chance to talk to you, and now we are speaking to each other like human beings. That's because I'm free."

"Oh, come, not entirely," answered Howieson. "It's partly because I'm a fairly kind man, and I don't like to see a young fellow like you doing something that I know is wrong. Yours isn't an original idea, you know. I don't believe any young man ever started in business without wanting to do just what you are doing—wanting to sidestep his responsibilities—wanting to run away from life."

"Run into life."

Howieson shook his head. "You're throwing away your future."

"I'm getting a present, though—something most people never have."

"For one thing, you are making it impossible that you should ever marry."

Roe's young face set. "I shall never marry," he said.

Howieson allowed himself another of his temperate smiles. "Every man thinks that—until he falls in love."

There was another pause, at this, but a different kind of pause; it was full of Roe's evident intention to speak.

"I am in love," he said after a few seconds; "more in love than anyone you ever saw."

"With someone you can't marry?"

Roe shook his head, and his eyes drew up with a sort of horror. "Not that, but I think marriage is the most dreadful thing. I wouldn't ask the woman I love to go through that for anything in the world. That's one reason I'm going away—to get rid of the temptation."

"You admit it is a temptation?"

Roe nodded. "Oh, yes. I've said to myself that our marriage would be different from other people's—but, of course, I know it wouldn't be. Mr. Howieson, I don't live in a boarding house; I board with my married sister. She's older than I am; she and my brother-in-law were in love—it was the first romance I ever saw. It was fine, it was real—a wild honest attraction between two very different people. And now—if you could see them—they are just a sort of featureless amalgam—not too smooth. She's more interested in the children than she is in Phil, and he doesn't even listen to what she says. Every evening I hear them having the same conversation: 'I told you that yesterday, Philip.' 'No, my dear, you didn't. You tell these things to the children at lunch, and you think you tell them to me.' 'I did tell you, but you never listen to a word I say.' All marriages are like that. I dare say," the boy added almost wistfully, "that even you are like that at home."

The senior partner looked very grave, and then smiled. "I am," he said; "I am exactly like that. But what of it?"

"I'd rather murder my girl than drag her through that. I'd much rather leave her."

"What are you getting a week here? Fifty?"

Jack nodded.

"If you stay I'll make it seventy-five."

Jack shook his head. "Thank you, sir, but I wouldn't be any happier here on seventy-five, or a hundred and seventy-five. I go South this evening. My boat—it's a tramp steamer—sails from Mobile on Saturday—Hayti, Dominica, the Magdalena River, the emerald mines—the Andes——"

"Get out of here then," said the senior partner, not unkindly. "You make me tired."

"I make you restless," said Roe. "You want to come with me, and you can't."

"Of course I can't," said Howieson sternly. "I have a directors' meeting in five minutes."

"Good-by," said Roe. "Maybe we'll meet some day. I'll watch for you in Curaçao or Valparaiso."

"I'll hold the place open twenty-four hours," answered Howieson.

They parted with a smile.

The meeting of the board was an unusually stormy one. The chairman, who was generally so reasonable and courteous, displayed temper on being outvoted in a small matter, and said it was no pleasure to him to manage the company—especially if he were not free to act—he'd far rather resign and take a trip round the world. He was calmed only by a motion giving him full power and raising his salary three thousand dollars a year.

But Jack Roe, finishing his last day's work on a stool in the accounting department, never knew of this remote consequence of his own impulse to freedom.

At five he left the office a free man. It had been snowing all day. Snow already carpeted the city, so that the noise of traffic was quieted, and Jack could hear the whistles of boats on the two rivers, blinded by the storm. The Woolworth Building, lighted throughout its gigantic height, was like a pattern in the sky. Snow, Roe thought, was becoming to New York. If he were never to see it again he would like to think of it like this—clean and quiet and immense.

He went across the street to a telegraph office and sent the following message:

> My train will go through your station without stopping at 7:45 this evening. Please be standing under the light so that I can see you.

It was directed to Miss Millicent Talbot, at a small town in New Jersey.

He felt a little ashamed of himself for sending that telegram.

Yesterday he had resolved not to send it, but his conversation with Howieson had in some way weakened his resolution. He now felt the necessity of once more fixing his eyes upon her—of photographing every line, so that it would serve him for the rest of his life.

But the trouble was, he could not now be sure she would get his message in time. He ought to have sent it earlier if he had been going to send it at all. He could have gone without a word, but he couldn't bear uncertainty; he couldn't bear it, he thought, if when he looked out at the station she wasn't there under the light.

They had parted forever five months before, after an acquaintance short in time but complete in understanding. A harvest moon, beginning to wane, shone on a marble-edged pool, and on a marble bench on which they sat, and on a black hedge of cedars behind them. The smell of honeysuckle came to them in solid waves of perfume, and inside the lighted house an orchestra was playing a syncopated waltz. He loved her, they loved each other; and he had been able to tell her, as if his spirit had been speaking directly to hers, that he would always love her, and that he would never see her again. Thus they could always hold each other—pure and young and passionately in love. People died for romance; how much easier to part for it! She had understood him perfectly, and though she had said nothing he had felt acquiescence in every breath she drew.

It was because that parting had been perfect that he felt no desire to speak to her—only to see her as his train went by. The lines of the English poet, which he had quoted to her that night, were always in his mind:

> *He loses her who gains her,*
> *Who watches day by day*
> *The dust of time that stains her,*
> *The griefs that leave her gray,*
> *The flesh that still enchains her*
> *Whose grace has passed away.*
>
> *Oh, happier he who gains not*
> *The love some seem to gain;*
> *The joys that custom stains not*
> *Shall still with him remain;*
> *The loneliness that wanes not,*
> *The love that cannot wane.*

He went back to his sister's to get his bag and say good-by. It was a crowded hour in the little flat. Philip had just come in, and the children were waiting for supper—impatiently. Jack heard the elder one beating his spoon on his platter.

Going to his room to pack, Jack could hear through the open doors that his sister and her husband were talking about life insurance. They had been discussing it with decreasing amenity for two years. A smile touched with contempt crept over Jack's face as he listened, drawing two ties through his hand as he stood. He knew so exactly what each one was going to say. Phil was going to say that if he put aside the same amount of money he could invest it better than the life-insurance company; and Grace's reply was perfectly familiar—"Yes, but you don't put it aside."

(Continued on Page 118)

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NOT SO DUSTY

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Miss Secret Said, "B. M., You Old Fool, You've Done It Again"

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

PARIS, FRANCE.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I would not feel I had done right by myself if I did not explain the reasons why I am in Paris, France, and no longer in your stable of fighters and I will name the reasons in order, beginning with the reason which I will entitleate Number One.

Number One: In Junè, 1920, when I left New Orleans after my eight-round victory over Kid Shaugnessy, the Italian Demon, I told you I was all tired out and could not sleep nights and you said to me, "Well, George, I will send you to a place up in the Michigan woods where you can be put to sleep any time of the day or night by a sure system." Then you called over a newspaper reporter boy and said to me, "George, isn't it a fact that you are going to Benton Harbor because you think if you could get put to sleep right it would fix you up?" And I said, "Yes, that is the fact."

The next day the newspaper printed a piece which I have now in my pocketbook entitleated, "Soporific Mitt for Insomnia. Silent Joe Burke's Agriculturalist Scrapper on the Trail of the Right Hook Wants to be Put to Sleep, So Signs Up as Sparring Partner for Jack Dempsey."

After that I could not play a game of handball without hearing two or three times from One Round Brogan, "Well, I don't see how a man needs to go to sleep when he ain't awake yet." Or else, "Yes, you are right; for a man who wants to go to sleep there is nothing better than swallowing five fingers of strong knuckle punch."

I have never seen a lightweight yet that did not think he was funny, and I have never seen one yet that made other people think he was funny.

Well, Mr. Burke, that is Number One and I will now pass on to something a good deal worse, which I will entitleate Number Two.

Number Two. When I was training in Dayton, the Fighting Swede, you said to me one day, "Well, George, a great French scientist has just discovered that it is moonrays that make the athlete and that the best way to get into condition is to train when the moon is shining, so we will begin tonight with a little roadwork. I think the moon is just what you need to loosen you up."

I did not suspect anything, Mr. Burke, and I done just what you said until one day I found where one of the Dayton newspaper reporter boys had printed the following, which I have now in my pocketbook: "Luna for the Wallop. Silent Joe Burke's Agricultural Scrapper Gets Scientific. If the Moon Makes the Maize Grow it Ought to Make the Muscle Grow." And following this was a long string of lies about my having been a moon-farmer in Iowa and comical pictures showing me boxing with the man in the moon and another picture of me sitting on a rock and pointing at my head and saying, "I wonder if it will make my brain grow."

Afterwards this piece was printed all over the United States and friends back in Prairie River saw the piece and wrote me comical letters about it and it took me a long while to explain to my friends just what had happened.

And One Round Brogan kept saying, "You are all right, George, I have made many a match by moonlight myself. What is the girl's name?" And also, "Moonrays may be bad for the brain but you should worry, George."

Well, Mr. Burke, I am not much of a laugher but I could laugh easier at a wet sponge than at One Round Brogan and his comical sayings.

That is Number Two and I will now pass on to the last and most important reason of all which I will entitleate Number Three.

Number Three: Mr. Burke, I will recall to your mind that when I fought my ten-round victory in Milwaukee over Cremo Dooley the German Thunderbolt one of the newspaper reporter boys printed a piece which I have now in my pocketbook in which he stated as per follows: "This man Wilson has a kick in his right mitt. It is a long kick but it is a hard kick."

He meant by this that when I let go with my right it traveled a long ways but it traveled very fast.

Following this I said to you I would not like to be called under my own name any longer but I would like to be called under the ring name of The Long Kick. "Well, George," you said, "we will do that little thing."

Two weeks after when I come to Detroit for my four-round victory over Sailor Sullivan the Battling Pole you said, "Well, George, I have done what you said and if you will take a little walk you will find that you are billed all over the city as per your request."

So I took a little walk and the first fence I came across had a big printing on it saying that Sailor Sullivan the Battling Pole would be vs. the Long Hick!

Now, Mr. Burke, it is no disgrace to be borned in a small town the same as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and others too numerous to mention. And when One Round Brogan says to me, "Well, Prairie River must be some hick town," I do not get mad. I only retort practically like a flash, "Well, if you do not like the U. S. why don't you go back to Russia where you came from and where there is nothing but hick towns?" No, Mr. Burke, I am not ashamed of Prairie River, but I will say frank and open that I do not like to be called a hick.

Mr. Burke, when I told you about it, all you done was to whistle and say, "Well, well, the printer must of made a mistake."

I said, "Yes, and now kindly be so kind and not let any other printer make the same mistake." But when we got to Minneapolis and then to Kansas City and then to Denver it happened all over again, and in each place the newspaper reporter boys came up smoking cigarettes and saying, "Well, how is the Long Hick? How is the weather up there, Hick?" And other jokes.

And One Round Brogan kept saying, "Africa is where the knee grows but Prairie River is where the hicks grow long and slender. Ha, ha! Why is prohibition good for a long hick? Because it keeps him from having the long hickups." Ha, ha again!

Well, Mr. Burke, it is secret from me why you have done all this. I know as well as you that every time a comical piece is printed about me somewhere in that piece it says that Silent Joe Burke is my manager and is also manager for One Round Brogan, Challenge Champion Lightweight of the World.

You will probably say, "Well, George, this is fine advertising for you too."

Mr Burke, if that is the only way I can be advertised I would rather not be mentioned and I will simply state that when you advertise your pet One Round Brogan you are wasting time and money. Whenever One Round Brogan makes a comical remark he says, "Well, I will put that in my monologue after I clean up Benny Leonard."

Mr. Burke, I will tell you a secret. Your lightweight pet will never clean up Benny Leonard unless he gets behind him some dark night with a club. And if he ever gets a job in vaudeville it will be a job sweeping up the stage after the show is over. Now, Mr. Burke, you always say you like straight talks, so there is some for you. Facts are facts.

Fighters has feelings, Mr. Burke, and that is why I have split with you for good and all and that is positively finle.

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON
(alias The Long Kick),
Challenge Champion
Light Heavyweight of
the World.

P.S. On Italians Boulevard I have just bought a New York paper and I see where there is a piece in it entitleated, "Long Hick Runs Away From Home. Silent Joe Burke Worried. Fears the Hick May Have Secret Ambitions to Become a Boxer."

Now, Mr. Burke, I know just as well as you do when people are talking serious about me and when they are not. Since

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...nsented to have this printed I will simply state in a quietly ...ggestive way that I am here in Paris, France, to fight and ...ot I will not bar Carpenter or any other good boy. And ...ot I will not simply state that before leaving New York I ...ll also simply state that How to Write Moving Picture ...ughs a book entitleated How to Write Moving Picture ...nsense, and if the worst comes to the worst I will quit ...e fighting game and become a scenerino writer, thereby ...aking big money the same as Jones, Clergyman, who ...ecame three thousand dollars off his first scenerino, Smith, ...made three thousand dollars off his first scenerino, Smith, ...Plumber, who made four thousand in five weeks, and others ...o numerous to mention.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: You will probaly be surprised to get this letter after receiving the one I wrote you yesterday but I will simply state I am writing this to you simply as one old friend to another and I will tell you the reason, Mr. Burke.

Yesterday P. M. I was walking along St. Jacques Street and in front of a gate that opened on a court I saw a sign that said Gymnase, which is what the French call a gymnasium.

Being as I was looking for a place to train I walked in through the court, which was filled with chickens, and knocked at a door. The door was opened by an old woman with white hair and she called a man with a waxed mustache and he called a young girl with a short dress which ought docking in the gymnasium and which talked pretty good American on account of having been through the war.

Pretty soon we came to friendly terms about the use of the gymnasium and she said to me, "There is an Englishman and his sister who are there now. They make the ring for us."

Make the box" in French is the same as boxing, but never saw an Englishman box with his sister before so I thought I would go in and see it.

Well, Mr. Burke, to cut a long story short the Englishman was not boxing with his sister at all. He was lying on his back and coming up to a sitting position while she held by and counted and said "Smartly now!"

He was about my weight or maybe a hundred and seventy-five, and his sister might have been my weight at all because I could not take my eyes off her but I took her for the kind of face you see on magazine covers. But she had a lot of very nice-natured yellow hair. Well, it did not take me long to get acquainted as I found that the Englishman was named by the name of Handsman Barret and that his sister was named by the name of Miss Barret and that she was managing him.

After we had talked for a little while I had told her that I would like to get some matches to use and, "Do you speak Inglis?"

And, "I do not speak it as much as some."

Then said, "I fancy you'd best to use message you too. I'm managing everything for B. M. old you and he might spar to-gether. I fancy you strip at a hundred and twenty-three."

I said, "Hm, I weigh a hundred and seventy."

She thought for a moment as then she said, "But that's no more than ten't it?"

Then she told me that B. M. does setters standing for Handsman, because in the army he had been in the band—weighed a hundred and seventy-four pounds and was matched with a Frenchman named Gaby Delleylie at the Salle Wagram. It was three weeks off and they didn't try to get a match at the same time?

Then she said, "I would like to see you and M. M. go at together. I fancy you might teach him a little of your American fighting."

So I went into the next room and stripped some and put on a pair of gloves and B. M. and I started. When I showed B. M. how to cover up like a turtle she said, "But so dusty," which is the same as in England as "Good enough, kid." Then B. M. and I boned very easy for five minutes. B. M. was a good stylish boxer, Mr. Burke, but he did not have any more punch than a mosquito, and I told her so.

She said, "I fancy you're right. Would you mind if I tried to get him to exert himself a bit?"

"Go as far as you like," I retorted practically like a flash, "because there is nothing I like better than five fingers of knuckle punch."

She laughed and it was the sweetest laugh you ever heard, Mr. Burke, and then she said again, "Not so dusty."

So we started up again and every so often Miss Barret would say to her brother, "Crumple him," and he would land on me as hard as he could.

Well, Mr. Burke, I managed to block him pretty well for the first few times, but finally Miss Barret said "Crumple him" once too often. I did not get my glove up in time and he landed right on my jaw.

After he had done this he dropped his hands, gave a whistle, and then smiled in a kind of foolish way, and said "I've come a cropper."

Miss Barret said, "B. M., you old fool, you've done it again."

Then we all went to a doctor and he explained that B. M. had broken his wrist and couldn't think of boxing for a couple of months anyhow.

Well, Miss Barret had tears in her eyes and all I could do was to look quietly dignerfied because I had already said I was sorry and I could not think of anything else to say.

Then Miss Barret said to me, "Why don't you take B. M.'s place? You know this American infighting and B. M. can brush you up a bit at long range, and if you beat Julleville it will be a pretty feather in your cap."

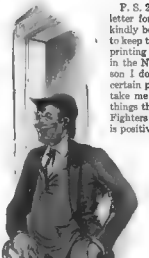
Well, Mr. Burke, I said "Yes." And then before I could get up my guard Miss Barret had kissed me and said, "You are a dear old bean."

After that I did not know what to say and B. M. did not know what to say neither, but just grinned at me for all of what the doctor was doing to his hand. And it is arranged that Miss Barret, who speaks French the same as if she was French born, is going to fix up the match.

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON (alias the Long Kick).
Challenge Champion Light Heavyweight.

P. S. You will probaly say, "Well, you cannot forge to the front in your life work in the scenerino game without you know somebody on the inside." Well, Mr. Burke, I have my eye on a certain person that I bet can get into the movies any time she wants to, and when she does get in Mary Pickford had better look out. That's all. I have one scenerino already started entitleated Only a Blonde, and I have in mind others too numerous to mention.

He Was Just Standing in Front of the American and Holding Up Three Fingers and a Thumb and Saying "Cat franc—Cat franc"



The Next Minute the Door Opened and in Came My Original Boy Manager

P. S. 2. But what I really wrote this letter for, Mr. Burke, was to ask you to kindly be so kind and use your influence to keep the newspaper reporter boys from printing anything else comical about me in the New York papers. The main reason I don't like it is because there is a certain person here in Paris who will not take me serious if she sees some of the things that have been printed about me. Fighters has feelings, Mr. Burke, and this is positively finle.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I would not think that I done right by myself, Mr. Burke, if I did not come out frank and ask you a certain question and I would like it answered with a plain yes or no.

This afternoon after mailing my second letter to you I was coming back to my room on the Boulevard Port Royal and as I was walking along I was thinking of a good joke I sprung on Miss Barret and B. M. Because I said to B. M., "Well, it is too bad you did not hurt your knee instead of your wrist because we could have fixed that up in a hurry."

Miss Barret said, "No, it is a good deal more dangerous to hurt the knee than the wrist because the knee is more complicated."

"Well," I said, "that does not matter because I know a place in America where a knee can be fixed up no matter how bad it is."

"Where is that?" she said.

"Down South in Alabama," I retorted practically like a flash, "because that is where the knee-grows (negroes)."

After Miss Barret had explained it to B. M. we all laughed and then Miss Barret said, "Not so dusty," and we all laughed some more.

Well, Mr. Burke, I had left them at their hotel and I was walking to my room thinking over this joke when all of a sudden I saw a crowd getting together on the sidewalk where a big dispute was going on between an American and a taxicab driver. I could tell right off he was an American because he kept saying, "Go down and ask the American Ambassador and he will tell you who I am. Ask President Harding and see what he says."

But the chauffeur was not asking anybody anything. He was just standing in front of the American and holding up three fingers and a thumb and saying "Cat franc—cat franc."

A French cop was coming up, Mr. Burke, so I dons for the American when I would like somebody to do for me if I was ever in the same place. I went up and paid the chauffeur, who made a few more remarks and then went away. The crowd went away too and pretty soon there was nobody left but the American and me.

He might have made a good lightweight once, Mr. Burke, but he had run too much to belt. His black hair did not look natural and around his eyes there were too many little wrinkles.

For about two minutes he shook me by the hand without saying a word and then he began.

"Well," he said, "it is lucky for you that you happened along when you did because I never forget a favor and I will simply state that I am the man who showed Henry Ford the road to fame and fortune ask anybody in Detroit. When I first saw you I thought you were my young friend Vincent Astor ask George Gould and he will tell you the same."

So I told him I was not Vincent Astor and I explained who I was and what I was doing in Paris.

"What!" he said. "Did you say you was a fighter?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you mean a fighter in the ring?"

"Yes," I said again.

"Well," he said, "they is certainly something very familiar about your face. What did you say your name was?"

I told him again.

"And who did you say your manager was?"

I told him it used to be Silent Joe Burke.

(Continued on Page 101)

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Society Seeks Its Own Level

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

And Meanwhile We Was Speeding Along the Most Beautiful Ocean Drive I Ever Saw

ONE of the principal difficulties about being married is not, as often supposed, because of the married parties keeping something back from each other, but that they don't keep back enough.

When a person is first engaged to be married, why they have generally got an idea to tell each other all their past and pect, and you had better know this from me dear, rather than somebody else should tell you later, and all that sort of thing. Do you get me? Of course what they tell on theirself is generally how I kissed this one, or how poor Hosea was in love with me. All about what a successful devil we are, see, our total losses along such lines being pretty well ignored. And even after marriage, a person sometimes will bring these subjects up again when things get a little dull. Because when two people are past the big excitement of opening the wedding presents and the novelty of things is worn off a little, why they naturly commence to search around in their mind for something which will keep the kick in being married, which is why at the end of twelve months or so they are usually reduced to showing each other a cavity in their tooth for a little novelty.

Alas, as the poet says, it is a true fact that even a famous and undoubtedly great actress like I, Marie La Tour myself, is also no exception to this great human weakness, and the line which I have pulled to Jim, beginning as a confession but enduring as a brag, was about how I could of married Lem Hornby.

This was a feller which had been a sort of half-baked alternative to Jim. I had never really known him very well or much about him, but he must of been a millionaire for he was never known to work, but was continually parked at my door, and very devoted.

When I and Jim was in that soft-boiled state where we could set by the hour and make them silly goopy sounds which are now entirely monopolized by Junior, one of the things I used to get off my chest to show Jim he was not my only bet, was to shyly admit after much urging, that yes, Lem had kissed me. More than once? Well, maybe, but that's all in the past, dear, let's forget it Jimmy darling, and so forth.

When a man tells this kind of thing on himself it is generally on account he's got some real grounds for worry, and so after marriage he leaves ghosts lay. And I'll give Jim credit, he has not brought up Mable MacGill since his original remarks about their mistaken engagement only when I have started it myself, with some remark about maybe I would of been happier if I had of married Lem.

It's a remarkable thing, but the further off I got from Lem, the better I thought of him, and never did I see Jim standing around in his winter-weights than I would remember how handsome Lem was in his dress clothes.

Well anyways, this time I am thinking about, Goldringer had the studio closed on account he had made less than a thousand per cent on his last coupla releases and was in one of them panics which all normal motion-picture producers get when business is as bad as that, and as I and Jim was consequently not working although still on salary, we was naturally quarreling, and this time it was about a Russian sable coat.

"Say, Gorgeous, you spend as much money in a mon as I do in a year," I says.

"Sables ain't a necessity," says Jim real firm.

"What if they are not?" I says. "I want them, th ought to be enough. Believe me James Smith, when y got one of these stubborn fits on, I don't know why in t world I ever married you."

"Me either," says Jim.

"When I could of married a real generous man like Le Hornby," I went on, watching out of one corner of my eye to see what effect it would have.

But it went cold. For once Jim failed to say anythi about ain't I good to you sweetheart or something, s merely jammed on the boot he was holding and got i in the face.

"I'd like to meet this Hornby bird once!" says "He must be quite a king. Near as I can make out h handsome as a picture, rich as John D., smart as a pol cian, strong as a tractor, and he also appears to be author of the book of etiquette. As I understand it ain't on speaking terms with anybody lower than Astors. For a actual fact, Marie, did you really pass h up, or did he throw you down?"

"Nothing of the sort!" I says, furious as any wife wo be under such a circumstance. "I told you I canned h when I met you."

"You must of been cuckoo!" says Jim coldly. And he was now finished dressing, he had the exit on me, acted accordingly, pausing only for a last shot with hand on the doorknob in the pose Wilworth, our director, taught him in our last picture. "If ever we m Hornby," says he, "I suppose I will l you. If I do, maybe he will buy you t foolish furs!"

And with that he made a quick exit, w I rubbed on my make-up, real mad. I so sore that if I had of known where Lem w why I would of written him a letter to myself, and maybe even gone so far as t posted it. But as a matter of fact I di know where he had went when he left off porting the stage door after I got engage Jim. And anyways, before I had got furi in my mind with the letter than "Lem— will not have forgotten, I know, and so I sending this message from broken heart of one who has m a awful mistake," which is conventional beginning of all s letters which any wife has quently written them in her r or she is a liar. Well anyway was going through this lette was per usual at such times, w the telephone rang and would it be but Goldrin "Miss La Tour?" he. "Say Mary, listen want you and Jim shoul to Palm Beach at once a special."

"Al, you hound!" I s "What us artists ha suffer at your hands! W until I grab up a coh will come right on ove

"All right," says "Snap it up, I got to l at a picture later."

Well, outside it was sn ing, and Riverside D looked pretty good white on the bare brau

We Hopped Into One of the Mammoth Baby Carriages and Was Peddled Away Through the Shade of the Sheltering Palms to the Doorway of This Club

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and set. and here I had to go out in a old sealskin coat nearly a year old. But the thought of going both to work and to Palm Beach warmed me up considerable, so that by the time I reached Goldringer's palatial offices on the Avenue I was almost happy again in spite of the fact my life was ruined by being married to a stingy brute.

"Say listen!" says Al, all excited so's his cigar rolled wildly from side to side of his mouth. "Say listen, sit yourself. I got a big idea!"

"All right, shoot it!" I says, very ladylike and quiet in the face of his rumpled manner.

"You know society pictures?" says Al. I nodded. "Well, they are all rotten!" he went on. "To date not even one real genuine society picture has been made. Not the actual thing, y'understand me. Now I got the idea that we should go down to Palm Beach on account it's winter, and make a picture which will be a haymaker, see? Get Goldacres, the biggest house down there for a location and catch all the genuine swells for extras, and so forth. How does it hit you?"

"Right in the funny-bone!" says I. "What a original idea, Al! Or isn't it?"

"Well, it ain't my own," he confessed. "I heard the De Luxe people was thinking of it, and decided we should beat them to it, especially if we can get this script."

"I see!" says I. "What script is it, Al?"

"It is the best known society novel in the whole entire world," says Al impressively. "I got the scenario gang's word for that. The De Luxe people are also after the picture rights, but we will commence shooting and take a chance. The main thing is to beat Eddie De Luxe. The name of the book is Vanity Fair."

"It's a real pretty title," I says, "but there is no publicity in it for me. You will have to change it, Al, so's you can bill me special."

"The only way I will bill you special," says Al, "will be if you and Jim run over your expense account. You got to keep inside two thousand dollars for the first two weeks, or pay the difference yourself."

"Whatter you mean, first two?" I says.

"Well, I got also another idea," Al goes on, shifting his time-worn perfecto. "I want you should both go down at once ahead of the company, and study society from the inside. Mix into the crowd, see? Find out how they act when natural, and get a line on them. I want you should be actually mistaken for a lady in this piece, Mary, and you should put in two weeks at my expense studying how."

"Taken for a lady?" I says kind of sore. "Heaven forbid, Al. And as for society people acting natural at any time, that's news to me. But for the sake of my art I guess I am willing to tear myself away from the beautiful slush of a New York February and suffer along in the Sunny South. It's a hard life you lead me, Al, I don't know how I can stand it much longer!"

"Oy gevalt!" says Al, getting to his feet in a panic. "Don't say that!"

"Calm yourself!" I says. "I will stick it out, Al, because I think the world of you!"

Well, I plodded home in a daze and broke the news to Jim. He was tickled to death, and said he would arrange to hire a little inexpensive cottage somewhere near by to the hotel for her to bring the kid to as soon as we commenced working on the picture. Then naturally I rushed to my dressing room, and with my mind already made up that no matter how many clothes I found there I would not find a thing fit to wear, I set myself to the pleasant task of confirming this into a true fact by giving Musette, my personal maid, all dresses about which there was any doubt. And then I shut myself up to think seriously about this Vanity Fair picture and what was the possibilities of it, anyways.

Now though admittedly a woman I have never been one of the kind which makes a dive for that section of the Sunday papers where they can read all about how a flock of women they don't know are alleged to of entertained another bunch which they don't know, either.

It never give me any kick at all to read that Mrs. J. Goofnah Hoosis gave a dinner of forty covers last night.

Why read about any such thing when it must of been a frost or all them covers would not of been necessary?

Well anyways I seldom read the social sector, but only the baseball one. However, seeing I was about to plunge into the social sea, I begun my serious study of American Society by passing up all the other advertisements in the evening paper and digging for the Palm Beach items.

The leading photo this night was of six pairs of female society legs from the knees down, and six society hats above them, all on the beach, or so the subtitle said. I didn't recognize any of the names, but they was the kind of names which sounded as if you not recognizing them simply displayed your own ignorance, if you get me. Under this highly stimulating picture was a column much like the personal one in The Billboard. Only instead of sensible and interesting items like Lux Docker has signed on the Orpheum for fifty-two weeks, Congratulations, or We notify our friends that Ten Tremendous Months of Triumph will continue on the road, signed the Top-Notch Trumpeters, this Palm Beach column had a lot of stuff about dinners and dances and so forth, and I took particular notice that not even one of the items had a single word about a pleasant time was had by all. I called Jim's attention to this strange fact when breaking the news to him about the picture.

"Well," says he, "what did you expect? Ain't you always heard about the rich and fashionable dragging theirselves wearily around the ceaseless mill of pleasures that kill? Ain't you see many a subtitle to that effect? You didn't expect they was enjoying the dreary round that is but a hollow mockery, did you?"

"Well no," I had to admit. "But we will see for ourself."

"You said it!" says he grimly. "I'm glad I'm cast, for no wife of mine is going into any such danger without I am there to protect her. I know them rich old men and their evil intentions. I seen enough of them in many a superfeature!"

"Well, Gorgeous," I says, "I am not worrying about will anybody try to lure me with their gold, but quite to the contrary I got cold feet about will we be able to crash into the sacred circles at all? We got to go inegg, Jim, and stay that way, and hope to be taken for people of refinement or we will never get to study them at first hand like Al wants we should. They must never guess that we are picture people until it is too late—get me?"

"Correct!" says Jim.

And a week later we was on our way, accompanied by a mob of new clothes in six bags and ten trunks, also my personal maid, Musette, and Tom, the impersonal valet which Jim has recently acquired to keep the polish on his boots and reputation, and followed by many a ringing last word from Goldringer.

"Remember, don't get tangled up with no imitations," he yelled as the train commenced to move

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FOOD, FUEL AND SMOKE

The World's Biggest and Most Modern Coal Dock, at Duluth, Minnesota, With a Million Tons in Its Huge Stocks

By Floyd W. Parsons

THIS is not a story about coal and striking miners and profiteering dealers. It is not a discussion of the seasonal nature of mining. It is a consideration not merely of one fuel or of all fuels, but of the basis of all life and industry which we speak of as energy. It is no more a winter's tale than a story for midsummer. It has to do with heat, but it also treats of cold. It deals with furnaces and fuels, but recognizes that food is fuel, and that no mechanical energy-producing machine is anything like as wonderful as the human engine.

One reason so little progress has been made in working out a solution for our recurrent fuel troubles is that the public generally lacks a clear understanding of the true nature of our principal fuels.

To the average layman coal is merely a black rock that burns, and oil a volatile liquid. To handle a thing wisely we must understand it. If we would have cheaper fuels we must clear away the mystery surrounding them and get down to simple fuel fundamentals. It is only its own fault that the public for so long has occupied an unhappy position in No Man's Land, where it has been kept busy dodging the missiles of the opposing factions.

It is rank folly to expect that any permanent remedy for present evils will come from the Government, the workers or the fuel producers. The one sure cure lies in the hands of the consumer. The first step is education. We must be able to understand the near relationship, the close similarity, between the act of firing the human engine with a ham sandwich and the act of firing the mechanical furnace with a shovelful of coal. We must understand the comparative values of the different heat units before we can ever hope intelligently to buy and use fuel. When we can figure coal in terms of mince pie and convert the heat units of a quantity of gasoline into an equivalent calorific value in the form instead of fuel foolishness. There is said to be romance in every line of business, but no tale of love or life contains such elements of absorbing interest as the true story of the production of heat and power. The airplane, the wireless, the automobile and all the marvels of engineering and science are based on the development and utilization of energy of one kind or another.

From the revolving electron of the tiniest atom of matter to the blazing center of our solar system, the sun, practically everything is classified, if not valued, in terms of its energy potential.

Generally speaking, one variety of coal or gas or oil has a higher value than another because it contains more heat units. During the war, when cargo space in the great ocean-going steamers was so scarce and so precious, the Government designated that the foodstuffs running highest in heat units should be given preference in our exports.

We think of our agricultural industry as a business devoted to the production of food. But technically speaking, farming is a great fuel industry, just as truly as the production of coal and oil are fuel industries. Whereas the latter two produce fuels for mechanical machines, the farmers produce fuel for millions of human machines. The miners see to it that we have material to keep the outsides of our bodies warm, while our agricultural fraternity is concerned with keeping the insides of the human machines heated and oiled. Such fuels as coal and oil, which are used to fire mechanical furnaces, are valued according to the British thermal units they contain. On the other hand, food fuels for the human body are valued according to their content of another heat unit known as a calorie. In most countries the small calorie is the basic unit of heat, and is the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade. The British thermal unit is the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, and it is equal to 252 calories. With these simple units in mind much of the mystery surrounding the heat values of foods and fuels is cleared away.

It is interesting to note the relative importance of farming and mining as fuel industries. Let us take corn as an example. Forty bushels of corn weigh 2240 pounds, or one long ton, by which measure bituminous coal is sold. This ton of corn contains over 16,000,000 heat units, while a medium grade of coal contains better than 26,000,000 heat units. Therefore, roughly speaking, a ton of corn has three-fifths the heating value of an equal quantity of soft coal. Last year in the United States our corn crop totaled 3,182,000,000 bushels, or 80 per cent of the total corn production of the world. In equivalent tons of coal this enormous corn crop has the same heating value as 47,280,000 tons of coal. Last winter, when coal

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was selling for ten dollars a ton, while ear corn was bringing only twenty cents a bushel, some people found it cheaper to burn corn than buy coal. At that time the statement was made that our corn crop contained enough heat units to meet the normal fuel requirements of all our industrial plants for a period of six months. This was not true, for our industries in six months consumed approximately 83,000,000 tons of coal. It is also a fallacy to believe that the farmers of the United States, using present methods, could supply the nation with adequate food and in addition grow enough fuel to satisfy our present needs.

Here in America, in addition to corn our farmers produce nearly 900,000,000 bushels of wheat, and two and a half times as many bushels of oats, rye, barley and potatoes. In heating value this total production of food fuels is equivalent to approximately 88,000,000 tons of coal. Then we must also include an annual production of 24,000,000,000 pounds of meat, 2,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 67,000,000,000 pounds of milk, all of which are comparatively high in heat units, and yet their total calorific value is no higher than that of 12,000,000 tons of coal. Therefore it is safe to say that so far as heat value is concerned, the total production of our agricultural industry in the United States is equal to no more than 150,000,000 tons of coal, or less than one-third of this country's normal production of bituminous coal. It is also a fact that the calorific value of this nation's fuel output is greater than that contained in the output of all the farmers of all the other nations on earth.

Coal is a purely vegetable product which Nature has dehydrated, compressed and otherwise prepared for man's use during an interval of some millions of years. Its true worth is best evidenced by the fact that whereas approximately one-half of the world's workers are engaged in growing fuel from the ground, this enormous army of farmers produces less in the form of usable energy than do the 800,000 coal miners employed in the United States.

The Body Engine

BUT we should not need even so many as 800,000 miners to produce sufficient fuel to satisfy all our needs if we could build a mechanical engine that would operate with the same efficiency as does the human engine. The average human in full vigor, engaged in moderate muscular work, must be supplied with 3500 large calories, each of which is 1000 times the small, or gram, calorie. This means that the human furnace requires about 14,000 British thermal units dail., or the number of heat units contained in one pound of fairly high-grade coal. But of these 3500 calories the human furnace digests and converts 3200 into useful work; at least the organization established in the body makes them available for useful work. Now when we come to the mechanical furnace we find it sadly inefficient. The truth is that here in the United States out of each 2000 pounds of coal produced, less than 200 pounds, on an average, are converted into useful work. While the human engine utilizes better than 91 per cent of the fuel that is fed into it, our average mechanical furnace utilizes less than 10 per cent. In fact, the correct efficiency for the average mechanical furnace in service in this country at the present time is something less than 8 per cent.

There are those who may dispute the foregoing statement concerning the low efficiency [illegible] in our newest, most modern and in all probability the most efficient superpower plant in the United States, equipped with the finest devices, from distributing belt conveyors and motor-driven stokers to the last word in turbines, the efficiency attained is 18.75 per cent, which compares with an efficiency of less than 4 per cent in the small isolated industrial steam plant. In this big station 1.38 pounds of coal are utilized in generating a kilowatt-hour. In small plants producing power it is common to find eight pounds of coal consumed to produce a single kilowatt-hour of energy.

Therefore, in the finest product that steam engineers have so far been able to devise, the efficiency in fuel consumption is only about a fifth as great as that of the human furnace.

In the average steam plant approximately 30 per cent of the heat is lost through radiation or by way of the stack. Of the remaining 70 per cent of energy that goes to the engine, about 90 per cent is carried away by the condensing water or is lost in the exhaust. Of the energy that remains, a small part is consumed by friction, so it is easy to understand why in the average steam plant so little of the heat energy contained in the coal consumed under the boiler is converted into useful work at the machine or bus bars.

Electricity is the most wonderful agent that now serves man, but it is an expensive servant. Though only 1.38 pounds of coal are utilized in generating a kilowatt-hour of energy at the switchboard in our most modern steam plant, by the time this same quantity of electricity has been transmitted over wires to the consumer's home or factory, material losses in transmission have taken place, and the 1.38 pounds of coal consumed to develop the kilowatt-hour of electricity have grown to a little more than two pounds. Assuming that the coal used often averages 13,000 British thermal units per pound, it is evident that in this particular instance better than 26,000 heat units are required to supply a kilowatt-hour of electricity in the householder's home. In a small power-house operation the cost of coal averages 45 to 50 per cent of the total cost of the electricity generated, but in a large plant, having turbines for prime movers and employing mechanical stokers instead of hand firing, the cost of coal often averages as high as 85 per cent of the total cost of the power developed. And right here it may be interesting to explain to those who each month are obliged to pay their electrical company for so many kilowatt-hours of energy consumed, that a kilowatt-hour of electricity, roughly speaking, is equal to the work that one and one-third horses are capable of performing in a single hour.

Few people realize in full the immense possibilities that now exist for increasing the efficiency of present practices in developing and utilizing mechanical power. The strides that have been made during the last century are wonderful, but they should be considered only a beginning. Only a little more than two generations ago most of the land transportation in the United States was furnished by packing goods on the backs of men and animals; today, with the aid of mechanical energy, 2,900,000 men are handling more than 400,000,000,000 ton-miles of freight each year. If we were to return to the old methods it would be necessary to employ 1,250,000,000 men to handle this same quantity of freight annually. In the early days the ton-mile cost of handling freight was more than two dollars; at present, on our railroads, the cost of haulage is about 1¼ cents per ton per mile.

Needless Waste

ENERGY in the form of manufactured gas a generation ago in many parts of our country sold for as much as ten dollars a thousand cubic feet, today in many places the price of gas is only one-tenth of what it used to be. Electricity is far cheaper than it once was, but we have a long way to go to perfect a system of power transmission as efficient as the red corpuscles in the human body which carry oxygen to the tissues.

When 600,000 miners went on strike in April the nation witnessed the beginning of an economic waste of potential energy that literally staggers the imagination, and yet was lightly passed over by many as of small consequence. "We have 68,000,000 tons of surplus coal in storage, so why should we worry?" said the public. The waste that accompanies any strike of useful workmen is to be deplored, but the losses that attend a strike of coal miners are almost beyond calculation. The present strength and future hope of every nation lie in its energy resources. Man power is a trifling thing when compared with the energy that is derived mechanically from Nature's fuel. The energy output of

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

XXV

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MARTYN SAVILLE did not feel happy. His easy victory in the first lap of the Conyngham Stakes distressed him. He would have been better pleased had Alma Ferraros rebuked his interference and preserved her defensive attitude. Her sudden melting toward him, her willingness to visit his rooms, and finally the unexpected gift of a book of verse—were contributory factors to his embarrassment.

As he mounted the hotel stairs he shook his head gravely.

"The Lord knows where all this'll lead," he murmured.

He hesitated a moment outside Mrs. Conyngham's bedroom door, deliberating whether or not he should knock and claim immediate discharge from the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Cyril's affairs did not concern him greatly, and she had taken a mean advantage of his good nature to enlist him at such a time.

He raised his knuckles and flirted with the panel indecisively. But he did not knock. After all, he had given his promise and it was only fair to go through with it. With a jerk of the shoulders he turned and marched off down the long hotel corridor.

His private suite comprised a bedroom, a bathroom and a little salon with French windows opening to a long balcony.

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat and hung them over a chair. The white carnation was still in the buttonhole, and the book Alma had given him in a side pocket. He unpacked one of his suitcases and tipped out his dress things.

It is surprising what a change in spirits a hot bath, a shave, a boiled shirt and a dinner jacket will bring to a man. In the pleasant odors of steam and soap Martyn's melancholy took wings and flew, and when he answered the summons of the dinner gong no one more cheerful could have been found.

As luck would have it, he caught up Leslie on the first landing and slipped his arm through hers. And he did it so friendlily and looked altogether so jolly that she forgot all about the disciplinary headache, and smiled at him instead.

"Frightfully bad luck having to sheer off this afternoon," said he, "but as things turned out it was good luck too." He dropped into Irish. "Will we be taking a walk together this night as ever is?"

"We will so," said she, "an' it please you."

"'Twill please me fine," he said. Then, "I haven't kissed you yet."

"Thrue for ye."

"Then for the Lord's sake let's get somewhere where I can."

"Dinner's waiting," said she.

"It may," said Martyn. "Is there anywhere hereabouts?"

"There's a winter garden," said Leslie, "which ought to do very nicely."

"Lead on," he ordered.

She gave a sparkling little laugh.

"I have never been marched off to be kissed before," she declared. "You're a jolly sort of clown, Martyn, and I do love you."

"Do you, honest?"

"Honest, I do."

"Quickly then - where is this place?"

She nodded with her head.

"Just there."

He took her hand.

"Let's run," said he.

They passed Cyril, who scowled at them as they sped by. In the winter garden a waiter was reading a telegram, which he thrust quickly into his pocket. Seeing Martyn he half opened his mouth as though to speak, then changed his mind.

"Round here," said Leslie, giving a lead.

They passed through a screen of palms to a trellised alcove, asprawl with rambler roses, and came unexpectedly into the presence of Mrs. Conyngham sitting bolt upright in one of two chairs put close together.

It speaks well for Leslie's sense of tact that she was able to say, "So here you are! I wondered if we should find you."

Martyn said something else which need not be recorded.

"But," Leslie went on, "what a funny place to have chosen."

"I chose it," replied Mrs. Conyngham meaningly, "for a reason which Mr. Saville will appreciate. The facilities offered by the management of this hotel to —— Well, never mind. The dinner gong has already sounded. Come!"

With majesty she led the way to the dining room, gathering in Cyril en route.

It was all very disappointing.

Alma Ferraros did not appear until later. At the foot of the staircase she felt a touch on her arm, and found Andrea Negretti at her elbow.

"What is it?" she demanded.

Alma Went Down on Her Knees Beside the Open Suitcase, But She Was Clever Enough to Do So in a Position That Commanded a View of Him

He looked round quickly to assure himself no one was about. "Message," said he; "a telegram from der Thirteenth Communal. You take der plans at once to Moscow."

Alma looked him up and down.

"What are you talking about?"

"No time to talk, dis telegram take five hour to reach. A train goes from ——"

"Give me the wire!" She took it and read aloud: "White carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on."

"Must hurry –don't it? *Pronto, pronto!*"

Alma was very white indeed.

"But the messenger came," she said. "Everything was in order; everything. I gave him the book an hour ago."

Andrea smote the air with clenched fists.

"You gifa der book? You gifa der book? Idiota, fool, ass, pig! It was de wrong man!"

Alma, seizing his nearest wrist, forced it down.

"It's not too late to get it back. Of course we'll get it back. But if we fail it's your fault, not mine. You forgot the number, muddled the instructions. If anyone's to blame, you are."

She thrust him aside and entered the dining room, her eyes blazing.

III

OTTO VON WEISENBERG was conducted to a small apartment adjoining the customs offices usually reserved for the reception of persons under suspicion of attempting to run contraband. It was about eight feet square, with a bench against one of the walls. There was a window with frosted glass, through which the silhouette of bars could be seen; and the door, which had been locked on the outside, had a small grille giving a view of a narrow passage papered with time-tables.

Otto's demand to be taken at once to his consul was ignored. He sat on the bench with his back to the wall and his arms folded. No one came to question him and very few persons passed down the passage. After a while he rose and tried the window, but it was screwed into the frame and would not budge. He passed to the door and looked through the grille. Immediately opposite was a time-table of trains leaving for the south. He memorized one that was due to depart in three-quarters of an hour and arrive at Nice at 7:46 P.M.

"H'm!" said Otto. "H'm!"

Alongside the door was a bell, which hitherto he had failed to observe. He pressed it and kept his finger on the push until he heard someone approaching. Being in most matters essentially practical, Otto counted the footfalls to judge from what distance the man came. He counted fifteen. They stopped outside the door, and a face showed at the grille.

"Yes?" demanded a voice.

"I protest against this unlawful detention," said Otto. "I am ill and ——"

"You will be fetched in an hour," growled the voice, and the face withdrew, giving a momentary glimpse of the peaked cap of a station gendarme.

Otto returned to his bench and awaited events. To give himself mental occupation he conjured up a pleasant picture of his fingers closing round the neck of Isobel Butterwick. He was so engaged when the sound of his name brought him to his feet.

The clerk from the telegraph office had not been able to escape from his duties before.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "I saw what happened on the platform and wired to Forty-nine to carry on."

"You should have waited," said Otto; "but never mind."

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"The girl also telegraphed."

Otto nodded.

"So I imagine. To whom?"

The clerk repeated the message, adding, "You are sure I can do nothing?"

"You can get me a cake of soap," said Otto, "and a stick of light yellow grease paint."

"I'll try."

"Quickly then! Oh, one other thing! The Nice train starts from —"

"The platform."

"Punctually!"

"Sir."

"Get me the paint and the soap."

The face vanished.

Otto lit his candle and smoked a couple of cigarettes. He had finished the second when the sound of something falling attracted his notice. A thin cake of soap and a stick of grease paint lay on the floor just below the grille.

Otto's spirits revived. He glanced at his watch. Fifteen minutes before the train was due to depart. He smoked two more cigarettes, then began gently rubbing the pale-colored paint into his skin. In a little while he looked very ill indeed, and like to die.

"This is a disgusting operation," murmured Otto, as he consumed a small quantity of soap on his lower teeth and began to lather it with his tongue. Then he creased to the nail and pressed it four or five times, while from his throat he emitted grunting s-a-h-s like a beast in a death agony.

When the old station gendarme opened the cell door Otto was lying on the floor frothing at the mouth and staring ghastly at the ceiling. His hands were set in the claws of clown and his breath whined through his teeth. The gendarme did not waste a second. Crying for a doctor and an ambulance he was off down the corridor as fast as his legs would carry him.

Nor did Otto delay. The door was open and he fled through it and turned in the other direction. The platform by good fortune was almost deserted, and unnoticed he hopped on the line and crept up between two standing trains. At the tail end of the Nice express were three open trucks laden with automobiles under tarpaulin covers. As Otto came abreast of these the engine whistled, the carriages jauntily tightened to the load and the train began to move. Otto laid hands on the side of the nearest truck and dragged himself aboard. He wriggled under the tarpaulin and wormed his way into the body of the car.

"Good," said he. "Very good indeed."

A peep through a crack in the tarpaulin showed the station vanishing to a mere blurred outline in the distance.

XXVII

MRS. CONYNGHAM was thunderstruck. The calculated obloquy she was usually able to control and direct on such occasions deserted her. She was robbed of speech, of action, even of the effective use of her lorgnette.

They were enjoying dessert when it happened. Martyn Saville was quartering a pear for her delectation. The meal had been most satisfactory, and even Cyril's behavior had been becoming. As was proper, the conversation had been mainly conducted by herself. Indeed, one might say it had been a monologue. Martyn and Leslie listened politely the while they amused themselves by spoiling each other's shoes under the table. Cyril was absorbed in humorous reflections on his own account. Mrs. Conyngham had reached a point where she was reviewing the last chapters of her husband's life when calamity descended upon them with the force of a whirlwind.

Truly Alma Ferrarce resembled a whirlwind in her shameless dress of tattered scarlet, a whirlwind or some disaster by fire. She smoked a cigarette through a holder that was nine inches long and projected upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. But for a strip of flimsy here and there, one might say her body was naked. She saw them from afar and sailed toward them, her features and her jewels agleam. Every eye in the room riveted upon her, and a whisper gathered like wind in autumn leaves.

A description of the fittings on her husband's coffin froze on Mrs. Conyngham's lips. It is even doubtful whether the poor man was properly screwed down when she became dumb in the midst of oratory.

Alma came straight to their table, her eyes full of the spray of laughter and a lithe wantonness in her step. To add to the horror of the situation she was without stockings. She did not address anyone in particular, but stood in an abandoned attitude, one hand resting familiarly on the back of Martyn's chair, and actually nodded at Mrs. Conyngham. Cyril started and covered his mouth with a napkin. Leslie colored a trifle and pushed back her chair. Mrs. Conyngham's eyes closed slowly as though death had claimed her in the midst of life. Martyn Saville removed his foot from beneath Leslie's, and looked up with an inquiring frown.

"Oh, *là!*" said Alma lazily. "I was so *ennuyée*, Martyn, I came to be rescued from myself."

She brushed the surface of his jacket with an affectionate touch. It was the briefest caress, but it served to prove that the book was not in his breast pocket.

"Mrs. Conyngham I know, and the little Cyreel, of course. Martyn, you will be so good as to introduce me to mademoiselle."

But Mrs. Conyngham relieved him of the onus of refusing or acceding to this request. She rose, straight as a pillar she rose, and spoke one word:

"Come!"

"But I shall remain and smoke with the boys," smiled Alma, and slipped into the chair Leslie had vacated.

Cyril sprang to his feet and came to Leslie's side.

"Come, Les," he said, "let's follow the aunt."

And taking her arm he led her away in the wake of Mrs. Conyngham.

The half-peeled pear was still impaled on Martyn's fork as he looked from Leslie to Alma and back again. Alma took it with her finger and thumb and thanked him prettily.

"Your friends are Puritans," said she. "I say to myself I shall chase them away."

Martyn looked down into the smiling face and shook his head gravely.

"You are not pleased?" she questioned.

"I am not," he replied. "And you must forgive me if I join in the retreat myself."

"Oh, go," she said. "Go—go—go! I would not spoil your evening for the world."

He thanked her and retired. At the door of the dining room he stood aside to allow a man to pass. The man's face was yellowish in color, and his clothes were dusty and creased.

He wore a monocle on a string. He acknowledged Martyn's courtesy with a stiff bow and the word "M'sieur." But after Martyn had passed out he turned and looked at him with sudden interest and a shade of surprise in his expression. Of the head waiter he demanded a table in a recess.

"My luggage was mislaid en route," he explained.

(Continued on Page 62)

Alma Came Straight to Their Table, Her Eyes Full of the Spray of Laughter

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LESS THAN THE DUST

IV

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE incredible vision that had been Sarah Anne Carstairs stood surveying her guests for a moment in silence, her shining head tilted to one side, smiling at them with the dove-gray eyes that had turned to silver pools in their fringe of darkened lashes—with the softly curved lips that had brightened to the gayest of flowers in the white magic of her face. Then she nodded swiftly, flinging out both her hands to them in a gesture of ecstatic welcome.

"All here? Every one? But that is good—that is heavenly—and I who have kept you waiting, miserable that I am! Come, forgive me, and I give you each a kiss. There, one for Joan because she looks darling, like a Sunday school; and one for Polly because she looks noble, like the Statue of Liberty; and one for Babbie because she looks the same, like always; and two for Mendoza -one -two- because he looks like he was going to scream out loud; and three for Peter because he looks like he was going to cry and cry; and four for Tolly because he looks like he was going to make a most terrible swear; and five for Mr. Robert Grahame because he looks like he was going to die where he stands; and ——"

The dispenser of kisses paused in her lavish career, dancing expectantly on the tips of her toes, and bestowed a ravishing and propitiatory smile on the stony countenance of the last gentleman in the petrified circle. "And none at all for Mr. Thorn, because he looks like he would not want even a little, little, little one! Instead he shall have my hands to kiss—see, both!" Still standing on tiptoes she lifted her hands to his lips in so swift a gesture of abandon that he did not even have time to jerk back his head. "Ah, ah, monsieur, you cheat those two poor hands! What have they done to you that you give them salutes so cold, so small, so respectful and unkind? No, but you look strange. Does he not look strange, Babbie? Like he was dizzy in his head, truly. You are not dizzy in your head, Mr. Thorn?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Thorn with no trace of gratitude in his tone, "I'm quite all right; don't bother, please."

"But I do bother—but of a surety I bother! Is it because you work too hard perhaps? No—now it is holidays; you do not work at all. Is it because you play tennis too hard in the sun? No, today there is no sun, though it is hot like the very most hot tip of Africa. Is it—ah, now I have it! But of course of course—it is I who am of a stupidity! My perfume! It is of course my perfume that I put on my two hands. It is designed entirely for that purpose; no wonder at all you were dizzy!"

She flashed radiantly back to her stupefied audience. "Who was it that so wanted a perfume for fifty dollars an inch? Joan? Paula? Babbie? Well, no longer do I use clear water and soap from Castile; now I have two perfumes made just entirely for me! One it is called Caresse du Diable, and the other it is called Non, Non, Non, Mon Amour—and I take them and I mix them up together half of Caress of the Devil and half of No, No, No, My Love; and the combination that they then form is enough to make an anchorite rock. See what it did to this one poor anchorite!"

Rod met the dazzling consolation of her smile unflinchingly, but Paula Grahame drew a deep breath, shook herself slightly and lifted up her voice.

"I'll say it's a riot! Isn't there any way of getting hold of some?"

"Polly, there is one way. Tonight before you go I am going to give prizes to the ladies who have had the most successful evening at my party. And to the one who is the least successful I am going to give a prize also—a great, an enormous bottle of this rocker of anchorites, with a great, an enormous bow of purple and gold about it. It will be a consolation prize—a great, great consolation in the future, I am sure. Who knows, my Polly? It may be you who wins it!"

"I am Drinking the Stars! I am Drinking the Little Wind That Kisses My Eyes. I am Drinking the Darkness"

She beamed on the stately figure in gray with such radiant solicitude that Paula smiled back automatically, the smile congealing into a horrified smirk as the full impertinence of these last encouraging words dawned on her. The late Sarah Anne, however, had flitted to a new victim.

"Joan, you tilt your head one little bit more forward, and your eyes they will fall out of your head like the guinea pig's when you shake him by the tail. *Chérie*, but they pop, they pop, I assure you! What is it then? The dress? You like it? I had Marie fix it over just a little, so it would be original, and

more—what do you call *convenable*? More conventional—suitable—proper?"

"Proper?" echoed Joan, startled from he baritone depths into a high soprano. "Mon proper? Will you tell me what the dress was like before you starte working on it?"

"Oh, it was undeniably exagge ated!" explained Saranne, wavin her small jeweled hands in gestur of expansive and eloquent charm "But of a chic—an allure—oh, unbe lievable! Look, here it was out and here—and here; no, really yo should have seen! Or rather, no you should not. I assure you that have modified it with a serverk never, never would my dear Pa know it now. He would fall on m with tears in his voice, like always

"And see eet permit to ask who s your dear Paul?" inquired Mendo with dangerous calm.

"But naturally Monsieur Poir who else, *mon petit*? Ah, that gre man—that great artist!" She waft a flotilla of ecstatic kisses off the t of her fingers, presumably in the reection of the great Paul. "No, he could see this dress now he wou cry out to me 'But, little adora monster, what have you done? Wh have you done? My line, my bea tiful, beautiful line, it is gone tirely—it is r-ruined forever! Wo you destroy me?' And I would re to him '*Cher, cher, maître*, only sadly am I aware of what you say I ask ten thousand pardons—t heart it bleeds for both of us, bu was fatally necessary to adapt t frock to a small country gathering the United States of America. was a question of which should down to ruin—your line or my re tation. You behold, alas, the resu

She spread the transparent sk of her skirts with a gesture of exal dignity, and the three nearest gen men flinched visibly.

"Still, it is perhaps not so bad she inquired anxiously. "You th I did rightly to modify, to subdue I did? You, Tolly, you do not th so —no? You do not look as tho deep in your heart you approve th changes. Wait then. Quick, sc scissors and you shall judge ——"

"Sure I think you were rig interrupted Tolly with violent c viction. "I'll say I think so! Le it alone, for the love of Moses!"

"Ah, it pleases you then? happy, happy. For that I emb you again. You, too, think I well, little Joan?"

"I think you did well if you w to keep out of jail!" replied heavily beruffled Joan.

The ball rang all over with Saran joyous appreciation.

"Bravo—bravo, Joan! You mark, Peter, how that was quic But, Joan, what will become of rest of us if to all those curls and rosebuds you add No, no, it is not fair—stay as you were—we loved you

The serpent-tongued Joan passed into a catale silence before the amazing vivacity of this onslaught, her airily inhuman adversary had not done with her.

"It was most of all for you that I wore this little fr Joan; most of all for you, because since that first day the tennis court I know that you have had a worry a wonder and a conviction about me. Did I not hear most inadvertently but unavoidably because of the so voice that comes out of your so small self - did I not you voice that conviction on that first day? Still, could never be quite entirely sure, because of thos terrible dresses; now, now you can know! Joan, s I am not knocked in my knees at all. See—see! They not knocked even one little bit!"

She twirled like a small dervish before the unwi saving herself from a collision with

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scandalized Patterson by making a frantic clutch at the helpless Peter, to whom she continued to cling with truly touching abandon.

"Oh, now I am so dizzy in my head! No, truly, it is like a vertigo. Peter, how glad I am your arm it is strong like that! Patterson, all is ready on the porch? You have explain to Bowling? Good then! Ah, here now is Bowling! Yes, you have the right glasses—tall and big—not those so silly little things for the cocktails. What is it you call these?"

"These are highball glasses, madam," replied Bowling in a dying voice.

"Yes, yes, highball. You put in nothing but what I tell you, and some little cracked ice? Good! Now if you each will take one of these, then we go out onto the porch where it is dark and quiet, and we can drink slowly and gently as it should be done. We eat there too. Entirely in the dark! Like that it will be more diverting than in a bright stuffed room, is it not true? And at little small tables—two at each table—that way it will be more *intime*—more intimate, as you say. Each now has a glass? Ready? Good! Then follow me—I find you the places."

The dinner party straggled after the dancing voice out into the heavy darkness of the veranda, clinging to their tall glasses like drowning souls to straws, and carefully avoiding one another's eyes. A patter of feet and laughter informed them that their hostess was actively engaged in their behalf.

"There is no moon, you see; that makes it more agreeable, but also more difficult! Also these small tables, they are very far apart, as is proper—no, as is fitting. Not at all as is proper! On the contrary. Joan, it is you who are to be here—with Peter, it goes without saying! Feel for your chairs; they are side by side, close. You have them? Good! Now around this corner, my Babbie, I have put you with the good Tolly. Here near the steps is the other table, at which, alas, three must sit; Paula, you here, and Mendoza and Mr. Grahame, one on each side. Mr. Grahame, he will just pretend that he is not there! That will not be difficult for him perhaps. Now that leaves *tiens*, that leaves Saranne and Mr. Rodman Thorn! Give me your hand, Mr. Rodman Thorn, and I shall show you where we go; down at the far, far end of this veranda there is a small especial table and a very small especial swing that waits for us. Come, I lead you to it."

"Thanks," said Rod, and his voice rang out so loudly and firmly in the honey-scented darkness that he restrained himself from jumping by a distinct effort. "I am perfectly aware of where the swing is, and I'm particularly good at getting about in the dark. Don't bother, please."

"But it is no bother—it is a pleasure. No, but what obstinacy! Well, then, we are all here? Good, we begin! First, I tell you the rules."

The voice carried to the farthest corner of the long veranda, though it fell so softly that it was hardly louder than the stirrings and tinklings that were already threading the dark silence with a faint pattern of sound.

"There are only two of those rules—no one must speak above a whisper, and no one must fail to entertain one's partner. Each speech above a whisper will prove that the spell is for the moment broken, and will count a great black mark against the lady of the table, whether it is she or her partner who speaks. Those who try for my most magnificent prizes, beware! There are no other conditions whatever. The food is largely before you so you shall not be disturbed, and of a great simplicity so it will not arrest your attention. When Patterson and Bowling appear to bring the ices I have tied little bells around their necks so you may have good warning of their close approach. I think, you see, of ev-er-y thing! *Mes enfants*, the party has begun! Eat and drink and be very, very merry, I pray—because tomorrow—who knows? Tomorrow you may still live! Surely you have need then of consolation!"

The light tragic music of her mirth was still lingering on the air when Rod shattered it with his voice.

"Little boys and little girls, before we fall to, here's a toast for you. Yes, I know, Saranne—check up one of those great black marks against your chances for a prize, but we're all going to drink this standing. Ladies and gentlemen, on your feet. I drink to the life and death of Sarah Anne Carstairs!"

There was scuffling of chairs and feet, a louder tinkling of ice and clinking of glasses, a deeper and more ominous silence. It was broken by a penetrating and heartfelt cry from Mr. Robert Grahame.

"Great holy suffering Bacchus! What's in this infernal stuff?"

"Oh, oh!" grieved Saranne. "You give poor Polly so black a mark, Mr. Grahame, just because you must be curious like a cat? You cannot search it out for yourself, with all that great experience of yours?"

"Well, I can make out paregoric and bath salts and TNT," remarked Peter Leeds thoughtfully. "But I can't quite get where that second back kick comes in! Might be ——"

"Peter, now it is Joan's best chances that you spoil by this so frivolous mockery. What you are drinking is of the utmost simplicity—there is no secret. One half of it is absinth, one half of it is vodka, there is a little of crushed-up ice, and one or two drops of a very especial sirup that a most dear friend has sent me from Northern China. It is perhaps from that that you get the second back kick—and even the third! Please, please, your dinner is before you. You will find iced bouillon, and salads and mousses; I implore you to begin before you discover it more difficult, perhaps, to find them. You are wasting what should be minutes more precious than gold or silver, and what gives me a most acute displeasure, you are causing me to waste them too. *Allons, allons*—no voice above a whisper!"

And in a voice that was below a whisper Rod spoke to her.

"You are not drinking, Saranne."

"Yes, yes; I am drinking the stars; I am drinking the little wind that kisses my eyes. I am drinking the darkness. It is nectar that I drink, I tell you."

"You are not eating."

(Continued on Page 33)

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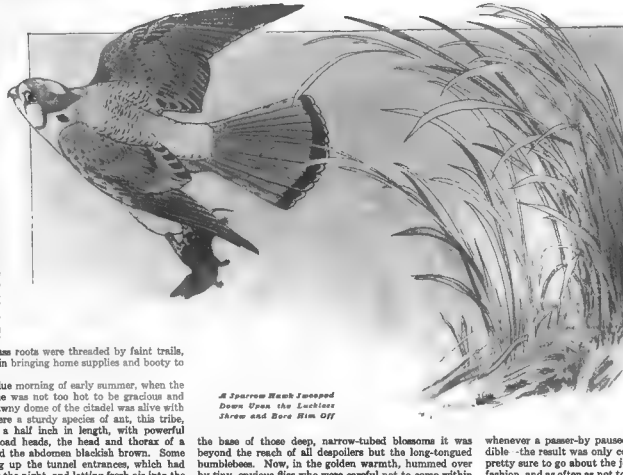
THE CITADEL IN THE GRASS

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN A SUNNY fence corner at the foot of the pasture, partly overhung by a pink-blossomed bush of wild rose and palisaded by a thin fringe of slender, pallid grass stems, lay the ants' nest.

In outward appearance it was a shallow, flattened, tawny-colored mound, this citadel in the grass, about a foot and a half across and eight or ten inches high, its whole surface covered with particles of dry earth mixed with and lightened by bitten fragments of dead grass and spruce needles, and pitted irregularly with round black holes from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. These were the easily guarded gateways to the tunnels leading to the dark and mysterious interior of the citadel. For some feet all around the base of the mound the grass roots were threaded by faint trails, made by the ants in bringing home supplies and booty to the nest.



A Sparrow Hawk Swooped Down Upon the Luckless Shrew and Bore Him Off

On this bland blue morning of early summer, when the unclouded sunshine was not too hot to be gracious and stimulating, the tawny dome of the citadel was alive with workers. They were a sturdy species of ant, this tribe, somewhere about a half inch in length, with powerful mandibles and broad heads, the head and thorax of a rusty-red color and the abdomen blackish brown. Some were busy opening up the tunnel entrances, which had been closed during the night, and letting fresh air into the interior. They carefully removed the pellets of dry earth and bits of dead grass which had formed the stoppers, and seemed to give themselves much unnecessary work by carrying their burdens about in their jaws before making up their minds just where to lay them down. Others ran around aimlessly, as if they had lost something and had no idea of where to look for it. Possibly these had been on night duty in the deep underground nurseries, and were merely taking the air before getting back to their helpless charges. But the majority acted quite differently. On emerging to the light they would pause and wave their antennæ for a few seconds, as if signaling, and would then hurry straight ahead, with an air of set purpose, down the steep of the citadel and out through a forest of grass stems. They were the foragers and hunters, seeking their booty or their prey in the weedy wilderness along the fence.

In a few minutes certain of these began to straggle back, early successful in their quest and carrying their prizes; perhaps a small dead fly, or a tiny grub still squirming inconvenient protest against his fate, or the head or leg or wing of some victim so bulky as only to be dealt with piecemeal; while here and there some triumphant forager would come struggling homeward inch by slow inch, dragging a prize many times bigger and heavier than herself, perhaps a fat spider or a sprawling little dead grasshopper -which she had feared to dissect for transport lest the pieces should be stolen in her absence. Working her way backwards and tugging the prize along by the head or leg or wing, held up for minutes at a time by the obstacle of a root or a pebble, she would drag and pull and worry like a terrier on a rope, till at last the precious burden was brought to the foot of the mound, where it could safely be cut up at leisure.

Among these eager foragers was one whom, as typical of her species, we may distinguish by the name Formica. A strenuous and experienced worker in the prime of her powers, on leaving the nest she had speedily struck off aside from the trails of her fellows, desirous of fresh hunting grounds in the miniature jungle of grass and weeds. Having come across a head of red-clover bloom trodden down and crushed by the pasturing cattle, she was now filling herself greedily with honey from the bottom of the broken flower tubes. This red-clover honey was a delicacy which, though she might sniff its perfume longingly, she could never hope to taste except by lucky accident; for at the base of those deep, narrow-tubed blossoms it was beyond the reach of all despoilers but the long-tongued bumblebees. Now, in the golden warmth, hummed over by tiny, envious flies who were careful not to come within reach of her mandibles, she was lapping up the nectar and enjoying herself as if she had not a duty or responsibility in the world.

But Formica, though much more independent, more conscious of her individual rights than, for instance, that communistic automaton, the bee, was a most responsible little personage, aware of all her duties to the state. When she had absorbed all the clover honey she could hold she climbed down from the ruined blossom and glanced about, waving her antennæ, in the hope of finding something worth taking home to the state larder. At this moment there was a rustling among the grass stems, and a tiny grayish-brown shrewmouse, looking to Formica as huge as an elephant, came scurrying by with a shining bluebottle fly gripped in his jaws. As he crossed the open space where the clover was trodden down there came a fierce rush of wind that nearly swept Formica from her feet; and a sparrow hawk, who had been watching from her perch on the nearest fence stake, swooped down upon the luckless shrew and bore him off. As he opened his jaws in a squeak of anguish the bluebottle dropped from them and fell beside Formica.

Though almost overwhelmed by that gust from the sparrow hawk's wings, Formica pounced instantly upon the rich and unexpected prize. The bluebottle was not quite dead. It was on its back and too severely wounded to turn over, but it could still kick and move its wings with an embarrassing degree of vigor. The great, many-faceted eyes of the crippled insect glared upon its assailant with shifting, many-colored flame; but Formica was herself well equipped in the way of eyes and refused to be impressed. Forcing herself in between the waving legs, she sank her mandibles deep into the victim's thorax; and then, arching her body to bring the tip of her abdomen well beneath, like the attitude of a wasp in stinging, she injected into the wound a dose of formic acid from the poison glands which served her in place of a sting. Whether by good luck or intuitive knowledge, she had struck upon a great nerve center for her injection, and the dose worked swiftly. The twitching wings and waving legs grew still. The unfortunate fly was not yet dead, for it could still move its head, and the opalescent fires still flamed and fleeted in its great eyes. But as long as it could not struggle Formica was satisfied, and she set herself valiantly to the task of dragging her booty home.

The distance from the crushed clover bl to the citadel in the grass was only about teen feet, but it took Formica a full ho furious effort to accomplish it. For a half the dist the jungle dense and t less; and the tive, though ut unresisting, h way of gettin wings tangled with the grass or of wedging between a cl of stiff stems would drive miles frantic exasperati Under these cumstances would alw waste many minutes and a amount of en in striving to ter the obstacl main force b she could bring self to take a grip and try an ier path.

When at last had come to the quented trail was continu meeting friends, she n demanded help seldom recei any offer of it; this was just well, seeing whenever a passer-by paused to lend a hand—or a m dible—the result was only confusion. Another pretty sure to go about the job in a casual, absent-min fashion, and as often as not to pull in quite the wrong di tion, till Formica, in a rage, would rush at her and unc moniously hustle her away.

Arrived at long last safely at the citadel with splendid trophy, Formica seemed to consider her la for the moment at an end. That gleaming blue bulk much too heavy for her to drag it up the slope of the d She handed it over, with a hasty waving of antennæ, knot of her comrades, and wandered up the steep s with the air of one who has earned a bit of leisure does not quite know what to do with it. She made a of the top of the mound, occasionally wandering into of the entrances, but always coming out again in a seconds. And every now and then she would stop to t antennæ with an acquaintance. Presently she came fa face with a disheveled friend who was evidently just h from a rough-and-tumble fight of some sort. We wounded and covered with dirt, the newcomer seeme convey some sorry tale to Formica, who straightway to stroking and cleansing her with every mark of sympathy.

The ant hill, as we have seen at the beginning of narrative, was partly overhung by the branches of a rosebush which grew against the fence. The rosebu this season was in full bloom, and the pale-pink, go centered blossoms were thronged with pollen hunters hummed about with innumerable wings. Sober bi bees dusted over with the lemon-colored rose pollen, ing iridescent flies, irresponsible yellow butterflies black-and-yellow wasps, swift and fiercely intent on hunting—all found the glowing rosebush their foc interest or of fate.

A black-and-white dog from the farmhouse on the side above the pasture came trotting up to the sniffing for rabbit tracks, and as he passed the rosebus of the busy wasps buzzed close at his ear. Thou lessly—mistaking it, in his absorption, for a big fly snapped at it and caught it. With a yelp of surpri spat it out again violently and began to paw at his st ing muzzle. Finding this quite ineffective to allay fiery torment in his tongue, he raced off, whimpering, his tail between his legs, to plunge his mouth into soothing chill of the horse trough in the farmyard.

The wasp, meanwhile, her wings disabled and da with saliva, but still very much alive and furiously a had fallen upon the very center of the teeming ant hill

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almost, as to speak, under Formica's nose. Formica, with courage and a self-sacrifice beyond all praise, instantly seized the dreadful monster by a wing. Her career would have come to an end there and then, but that, in the same quivering fraction of a second, three other ants, equally fierce and reckless of destruction, flung themselves into the struggle. The wasp had fallen on her back. Now, curving her monstrous black-and-yellow body nearly double, she brought into play her long and terrible sting—a bitter red flame which flickered in and out, this way and that, like a lightning flash, and whose least touch meant death. Two of her small assailants dropped instantly, stiffened out as if struck by a thunderbolt; but in the next moment she was literally covered. Fighting not only with that fatal sting but also with her feet, like a boxer, and with her powerful jaws, like a terrier, she was presently surrounded by a ring of dead or crippled foes; but for every one that fell there were a dozen more eager to rush in, till she was almost burned from view.

Formica, by worrying at her like a bulldog, having succeeded in biting off the wing which she had first seized, now drew away for a moment to consider. An experienced and resourceful fighter, she liked to spend herself to the best advantage. Suddenly she darted in and secured grip upon the slender but powerful tubelike joint which connected the wasp's abdomen with her thorax. Here, though almost crushed by her victim's frantic lashings, she held and worried with her toothless mandibles till she succeeded in dividing the great trunk nerve. Instantly the abdomen lost its rigid curve, ceased its lashing and straightened out. Formica continued her operation, however, till the whole job was severed; and the disjointed abdomen rolled aside, its sting still flickering in and out, but no longer dangerous, and dangerous only to those who were careless enough to get in its way.

The battle being now over, certain of the ants set themselves to dragging the spoils down into the nest by one of the larger tunnels, while others began to clear up the field, carrying the bodies of the slain away from the citadel and burying them among the grass roots. Yet others fell to caring for the wounded, carrying them into the cool dark passages and cleaning them and tenderly licking up their wounds. But Formica, feeling that she had done enough for the present, left all these duties to the others and betook herself into the interior of the citadel in search of rest and refreshment.

Not far down below the surface a narrow passage by which she had entered made a sharp turn, almost doubling upon itself, six immediately she was within would have seemed to plunge her into thick darkness. But she was well provided with her highly complicated many-faceted organs of vision, it was only a cool gloom, soothing to her sensitive eyes after the glare of the outside world. Still descending—and pausing on the way, with a touch of the antennæ, many acquaintances and comrades—she came to the doorway of a wide but not-over-lofty chamber, with a sentinel guard at the entrance. Here were about a hundred of the larger so-called ant eggs—really cocoons containing almost mature, though still helpless, ants—all ranged orderly in the center of the floor and with a couple of attendants walking about among them. They had been brought down to the safe depths of the citadel to absorb the tempered and regulating warmth in this chamber near the surface, and were being watched with special solicitude because they were about the time for their emergence as full-grown ants.

Formica merely glanced in through the doorway, exchanging greetings with the guards, and continued her way down to the cooler and darker levels. Hereshe turned into another spacious chamber, with pillars supporting by several massive columns of compacted earth. Here and there about the interior of the chamber were little clusters of the ant eggs, assorted carefully according to their age and size, each cluster attended by several diligent nurses who were kept busy feeding the hungry but legless and quite helpless young. To all these Formica paid no attention whatever. One of the older, more highly experienced members of the community, she had long ago graduated from the simple routine duties of the nurseries. These fell, for the most part, upon the very young ants, or upon a few smaller, blackish ants of another race which the community kept as slaves.

Around the walls of the chamber were a number of little, chubby, squat-built insects, each placidly pasturing on the tips of grass roots which had penetrated the foundations of the citadel. It was these tiny creatures—a species of aphis, or plant louse, carefully kept and tended by the ants as we keep our herds of cows—that Formica was now seeking in her desire for refreshment. Going up to one of them, she began to stroke and caress it coaxingly with her antennæ, till presently the little creature, in response, exuded a sticky drop of honeydew, which Formica lapped up greedily. From one to another she passed, getting always a sweet contribution, except from such as had already been milked, until her appetite was satisfied. Then she made a hasty inspection of the rest of the flock, as if to assure herself that all were duly supplied with provender. This done, she ran across to one of the slaves and tapped her gently with her antennæ; whereupon the latter, dutifully and with the utmost good will, set herself to the task of making her mistress' toilet, licking and polishing her from head to foot, and ending up by feeding her with a drop of honey just as she would have fed one of the helpless larvæ.

Thoroughly refreshed, Formica now passed gayly through several galleries and presently entered the great central chamber of the citadel—an apartment some five or six inches across, nearly circular, and supported by half a dozen stout pillars. This chamber was thronged. It was the life center of the citadel. Every here and there were clusters of eggs, or groups of larvæ and pupæ, surrounded by their guards. Active little pallid-colored wood lice, the scavengers of the n as completely ign thoroughfares of a

At the very cent mother of the tribe of any of her subj crowd of attendant her as if in respectfi her or carry away them, or to perfor require. Three or much smaller and s among the busy t pleasant worker or of honey in return.

Formica went st queen mother and waving her antenn seem, however, tha at the moment, p queen, and that de being reached. Fo shifting, and a num themselves from th file and hastened fr of these, already re spite of her strenuc

As it started from a small one, of not it went it was swell every gallery, for v that a slave-raidin upon the surface of by squads from oth into a compact col the nest it was perh

It was obvious th pared for in advan out. Prudent forest

Alert and Observant as Always, Formica Slipped Under the Edge of a Pebble

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1922

"Our Duty to Europe"

BEFORE we entered the war and for some time after we heard a good deal about our debt to Lafayette. Its staggering total was the world's most shining example of how interest compounded semiannually for more than a century mounts up. Incidentally the awakening of the nation to its existence was a pretty demonstration of the power of judicious propaganda. Apparently that debt has been liquidated to the satisfaction of even the most scrupulous, for nothing has been heard of it lately. Instead we are being instructed, by both Europeans and Americans, in "our duty to Europe."

It is worth while to discuss this question with open and unpropagandized minds, and even to go on to a consideration of Europe's duty to us and to the rest of the world.

On analysis, our duty to Europe, according to our foreign critics and to certain of our own propagandists and sentimentalists, is purely financial. It is curious to note how often the great throbbing heart of the sentimentalist arrives at that sordid conclusion—money—when the bill is to be presented to someone else. Stated in the baldest terms, it is our duty to forgive our European debtors and to let them keep on contracting new debts. With this there go some hazy generalities about our moral obligations to Europe, and a vague implication that in some way we are responsible for her present troubles. In reciting the litany of our shortcomings one group of critics has it that the Allies were fighting our battles up to 1917, and that we should pay the bill for that. Another group holds that by coming in during 1917 we prolonged the war for two years, and that we should pay the bill for that. But no matter how they differ on details, they are all agreed that we owe Europe a lot of money. Then there is that other and bolder school of postwar thought, with both European and American adherents, who tell us that unless we give and lend Europe plenty of money we shall go down with her in a civilization-destroying, world-toppling smash.

The net of both arguments, though the premises will not stand examination, is that Europe needs the money—and we agree that under certain conditions she ought to have it, but those conditions are not yet in the process of being realized. We cannot be of any real help to Europe until she has recognized her duty to the rest of the world. Being the most civilized, the most cultured and the most learned of the nations entails heavy responsibilities. If America's duty is clear, that of Europe, as the center of modern civilization, is even clearer. The strength of a superior person is in the example that he sets.

Though Europe's condition is slowly improving in many respects, by all accounts this improvement comes from below and not from above. It is due to the efforts of her patient peasants, her thrifty bourgeois and her intelligent business men, hampered though they are by stupid trade barriers that are the outgrowth of old hatreds and jealousies, burdened as they are with taxes that are the legacy of wars that the counsels of ordinary common sense could have averted. The truth of the matter is that the statesmanship of Europe—and to a lesser degree that of America—is a hundred years behind modern inventions. Her rulers and her leaders are still traveling by stagecoach, communicating by courier, trading in sailing vessels, viewing Europe as a place of immense distances and the men of her nations as belonging to hostile tribes. The only modern inventions that they really understand are the battleship, the bomb, and—when used for warfare—the airplane.

Genoa did little except to reveal that the past ten years have taught the nations nothing except to hate their neighbors more deeply and to behave more stupidly in their relations with one another. In Eastern Europe the world has the folly that is Bolshevism; in Western Europe the fatuousness that leads to it. At Genoa there was an attempt to blink the facts and to compromise with these twin stupidities.

Europe has been behaving like a drunkard who proclaims his earnest desire to quit, and takes a bottle to bed with him; who asks to borrow money with which to make a new start, while continuing his old dissipations; who goes to the mourners' bench with pious protestations of reform, and leaves it to start on a new round of hell-raising.

There can be no credit without character, no confidence without an earnest of good intentions in actual performance. The American people have all the human imperfections common to Europe, and then some of their own. They, too, are given to erecting senseless and trouble-breeding trade barriers; and they, too, have their share—and perhaps more than their share—of dumb-bells and demagogues in office, but they are thoroughly sold on the folly of wars and of the warlike preparations that entail confiscatory taxation, with all its attendant evils. They want no neighbor's territory and seek no conquests except the peaceful conquests of trade. They will not only meet Europe, Asia and Africa halfway in any sincere proposals to remove the causes of war but they will come running to the meeting. With all our foolishness we have at least that much ordinary common sense.

Europe's duty —and the only way in which she can fully regain her credit and the confidence of the world—is to reduce her expenses and to balance her budgets; to cut her armies, her navies and her other public wastes to the bone; to knock over the head her propagandists of hate, of suspicion and of fear, and to cultivate good feeling and good will among her nations; to wipe out as far as possible existing trade barriers instead of erecting new ones—in short, to draw closer and closer together instead of farther and farther apart.

America's real duty to Europe is to meet her and to help her in every really sincere effort to remove the fundamental causes of her impaired credit. Then it will be a pleasure, not a duty, to lend her money. But the type of statesmanship that looks to trade with the present régime in Russia as a means of recuperation is not one to inspire confidence.

Europe will probably pull out temporarily, in spite of her statesmen, but there can be no permanent recovery until she considers her problems as a whole, with an eye single to the common interests of all her nations. Perhaps something of this sort will begin at The Hague, if anything begins at The Hague, but not if those who hold that there "always have been wars," and so forth and *ad nauseam*, can prevent it.

Back in the remote ages the ancestors of these men sagely shook their heads and maintained that monkeys always have been monkeys and that they never could be anything but monkeys; again as Cro-Magnons they declared that once a Cro-Magnon always a Cro-Magnon. In the Middle Ages and later they piously burned witches and saw something.

who disagreed with them in religious discussions; i seventeenth century they both believed in witches ducked them; in the nineteenth century they dec slavery ordained of God, and to doubt them was to them; just before and in the first stages of the war were declaring that bombing and shelling and po gassing at regular intervals were a fine tonic for the h of a nation, and that nothing so made for the spiritu of a people as the killing off of the best and strongest young men. Their line, as the flapper calls it, has modified in certain respects to meet demonstrated that even a militarist cannot ignore, but they are strong in the faith of their ancestors that "monkeys al will be monkeys." And so long as Europe continu accept and to act on that belief it will be true, and perforce, shall have to believe it too.

The first duty of all sensible Europeans and Amer is to prove that belief a lie. Lucky in his Histo Rationalism in Europe points out that up to a certain everyone professed to believe in fairies, and that almost overnight, everyone denied their existence. truth was, of course, that the belief in fairies had grad become an absurdity to sensible men; but supposing those about them were still strong in the faith and wishing to be thought odd—for it was a serious matt to be thought odd in those days—they kept their own cou It has been thought odd —and it still takes a brave m be odd—to doubt the inevitability of war. But more more men are of the opinion that war is neither desi nor inevitable, and some fine morning those who are u cover will speak up and make it unanimous.

No conceivable credits in territory, in power trade can balance the red debits of war.

Personal Prosperity

THE skillful commanding general of an army hope a clean-cut victory when he goes into battle. Be is equally well prepared with plans for a successful ret The ambitious young man hopes to bend fortune his and earn an income large enough to provide all the de comforts and luxuries of life. But his life campaig indeed weak if he has left no line of retreat open to the secure goal of personal independence gained thr careful savings.

The fact that many people are able to gain independ and contentment by their thrifty use of small incom no excuse for the payment of wages and salaries below worker's true value.

It will be urged that millions have no chance to s that they have not even a living, much less a saving w But it is to be suspected that ability to save depends upon the amount of one's income than upon the individ disposition. Possibly there are many to whom this st ment does not apply, but there are enough in every wa life of whom it is literally true.

On the other hand there are untold thousands who fallen into misery from a more or less prosperous stat cause of a failure to save and too complete a depend upon others for the continuance of their good for

There is a whole army of people who never pay all their bills, who are petty adventurers and adve esses, who live by their wits, who are constantly touc their friends for a loan, who are small-fry promoters dealers in ill-considered ventures, who live well when have any money, who often follow horse races, gam games and the stock market, who are the hangers-or parasites of society. No one would maintain that people were recruited in greater part from the ranks proletariat than from those with advantages.

The ability to save is personal and individual; it not depend upon one's family or social rank and cla occupational group. It is not a question of ignoran education. Some men are either born with or acquir sense, which others never learn, to have two lines tack —one aggressive and the other defensive. sensible man seeks to improve his position, to get a b job, to earn more money. But if this proves impossib falls back upon previously prepared defenses, the a

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Sacrifice for Sacred Principles

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

BEFORE the war and the Russian revolutions Russia had about fifty thousand miles of railroad, much of which was rather extra-specially magnificent. I do not know that there has been any appreciable decrease in the mileage, but I do know that the magnificence, along with so much of what once was Russia, has become a thing of the past.

I have no idea how many sleepers, or cars, are required for the construction of fifty thousand miles of railroad. I might, perhaps, by using myself a fairly simple problem in arithmetic and doing a little figuring, be able to arrive at a sufficiently accurate estimate, but in order to save time it may be as well for me merely to suggest that a very large number of sleepers are required for the construction of fifty thousand miles of railroad. What I do know is that the average life of the average sleeper is six to seven years, and that unless sleepers are regularly replaced a railroad very rapidly deteriorates.

Very Sick Railroads

IN RUSSIA the former railway-construction engineers are now torn between grief at what they see happening before their eyes and a sort of intolerable pleasure in contemplating the proof of their own denied but undeniable value in the general scheme of things. There has been no replacement of sleepers and no roadbed repairs on Russian railroads since communism became the dominant political faith of the country, and unless a hundred and fifty million new sleepers are put under the rails very shortly the railroads are going to present a much more complete ruin than they do now of what can happen to railroads when they are neglected. And the worst of it is that the best Russia can do in the way of producing properly prepared sleepers is about twenty to twenty-five millions a year. Work-masters Russia at her best, and the country has been reduced along all lines to a level of not higher than 20 per cent efficiency. Do your own figuring and sympathize with me in my thankfulness that I did my traveling on Russian railroads before they became too altogether dangerous.

Everything in Russia, no matter what may be done by the powers combined, is bound to get worse before it can begin to get better. Of this I am quite convinced. I am not a pessimist, but when you see everything going to ruin and are able to observe no possible measures for the immediate arrest of the processes of ruination, what are you expected to think? Before the war there were some twenty thousand serviceable engines in Russia, together with a sufficient number of properly equipped service stations to keep them in repair. Today there are about

The Way to a Young Russian's Smile is Through the Stomach. That's Why the Lower Group is Solemn

eighteen thousand engines left within the borders of the country, but approximately five thousand of these are what is known as dead. That is, they are of no use whatever and little better than scrap iron, while 65 per cent of the remaining thirteen thousand are referred to as being sick, which means that they have something the matter with them which renders them more or less unfit for service. Add that not more than two-thirds of the locomotives that can still be induced to locomote can be supplied with fuel, that the fuel supplied to these is mostly green-cut wood instead of coal or fuel oil, and you have in your mind some picture of what the comrades who are responsible for running the railroads in the communistic state are up against.

There used to be something in the near neighborhood—one way or the other—of four hundred and fifty thousand freight cars. There are now less than twenty thousand in what even a communist would call good order, and in traveling up and down the railroads of Russia I saw very few that would be accepted and put into service by any self-respecting American railroad.

In the matter of passenger coaches and sleeping cars Russia used to be quite proudly equipped. Her tracks are extra broad-gauge and her traveling accommodations were on a fitting scale of roominess and comfort. I remember once traveling across the country from Vladivostok to Moscow with a steamer trunk under my berth and living exactly as one lives in a cabin on a steamship. Today the usual passenger car on a Russian railway is a former freight car with small air holes cut in it up next to its eaves, and in such cars passengers are packed standing or sitting about on the floors for no matter what kind of interminable journeys. The resulting hideousness of them can better be imagined than described. In addition there are a few battered and filthy old coaches into which nobody who has not gained immunity from certain diseases would venture without shuddering dread.

Passenger-Car Bungalows

BEFORE the war Russia had a very large number of magnificent private cars and what we are in the habit of referring to in our country as palace cars. Today many of these are to all intents and purposes the private property of commissars and other soviet officials whose supposed business it is to enforce the communistic regulations against private ownership not only of public utilities but of private property as well. When a commissar has to travel he attaches his car to whatever may happen to be moving in the direction in which he wishes to go, or if he is a very proud and powerful commissar he commandeers an engine and blocks the traffic for his own individual benefit without a qualm.

Many other passenger coaches of the better variety are used as residences by officials in the smaller communities and may be seen here and there on all railroads standing on the farthest side tracks with permanent steps built up to their entrances and sometimes with other additions of an architectural character purely domestic.

One of the results of all this is that when an American who happens to be in Russia on business connected with considerations merely of life and death finds it necessary to move from one place to another he has to depend very largely on chance with regard to what he may be

(Continued on Page 81)

The Famous Kremlin in Moscow

Red Soldiers Marching and Singing

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The Print of My Remembranc

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

ONE of the delightful conditions in the home life in Paris, at least from the viewpoint of an American, is the attitude of the domestic servants to the enterprise. Paris is divided into *arrondissements*, or, as we would call them, wards, each with its own mayor and police and domestic courts and administration. In somewhat similar division, each neighborhood has its little four corners of shops that supply the neighborhood. There are the café, the baker, the grocer and the butcher. To these shops each morning the cook, after the breakfast hour, goes for her purchases of the day. The shopkeepers very frankly allow her 10 per cent on the day's order and pay it to her then in cash. There is no attempt to conceal this and there is no way to get around it. If the mistress of the house thinks to get the supplies at a lower price or get them at the same price and to receive the commission that is paid to the cook she finds herself going contrary to established custom and badly mistaken. The cook's commissions run on all supplies bought that pass through her department and are in any way affected by her art. All other supplies, such as wines, candies, cakes and candles bought outside, pay a percentage to the waitress.

The receipt of this commission of 10 per cent to each of these functionaries results in the production of a perennial amiability. In America, in a modest family, the announcement of a projected dinner party is apt to create some resentment. It is never the basis of increased happiness, and too frequently repeated is likely to call forth a demand for an increase in wages or a maid's notice of intention to quit. Either of these reactions is more apt to be brought about in Paris by a failure to have parties or a practice of having even too few of them.

Another feature of this buying by the domestics is its real economy. The French *cuisinière* who needs a bit of onion to flavor a soup will buy one spring onion, and the greengrocer makes no objection to selling it. Or she may buy one button from a bulb of garlic, or get a sprig of parsley the size of a teaspoon. These intimate ingredients in America are bought by the bunch, or ten cents' worth in the minimum, a small portion of them used and the remainder permitted to get stale and be thrown out.

Perhaps it was an appreciation of these economies that induced us to bring with us from France, when we finally came back, our waitress, Cecile. Perhaps it was because the children had taken a liking to her matronly attentions. At any rate, we found ourselves installed with Cecile in the middle distance of our domestic field at East Hampton in our first summer after our return. The cook was an Irish woman, between whose temperament and Cecile's there seemed to be no friction whatever. The upstairs maid was a German girl whom we had brought down from New Rochelle. She spoke no French and her English was fragmentary. Cecile spoke and understood only French.

A Franco-Prussian Engagement

THE collision between these representatives from the opposite sides of the distant Rhine occurred in our pantry on a busy day when there was a house party and some additional guests from the East Hampton colony. I never got all the merits of the discussion, but I remember vividly it ended by Lizzie hitting Cecile on the forehead almost between the eyes with a raw egg. Cecile understood the raw egg and declined to reciprocate any of the evidence until she had shown herself in her consequent plight to my wife and me.

Our previous experience with the two girls was sufficient to tell us that this was the culmination, and after a brisk but earnest talk on the back porch Lizzie got her valises and the chauffeur took her to the 2.13 train. When Cecile learned that Lizzie had gone she came into the dining room and demanded to know if madame had permitted *l'allemande* to depart "*sans que je sois soulagée*"—"without me being soothed."

This end of the hostilities, with no treaty as to reparations, wore on Cecile's mind and she soon left for France. I escorted her from East Hampton one hundred and one miles to New York, and then through the city to the steamer Savoie. On the way I instructed her at four or five shoe stores, in each of which she indulged her hope to find a pair of shoes for herself with *la nuance de la coupe de ceux de madame*—the shade of the cut of those of madame. We might ultimately have found them but that the French steamship line had a way of refusing to hold a departing boat for anybody.

Disappointed but *gaie*, Cecile went up the gangplank, which trembled like the drawbridge under the famed flight of Marmion, and into an agitated group of sailors

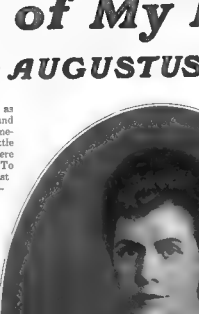
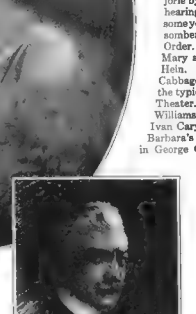


PHOTO BY BARON, NEW YORK CITY
Janet Beecher



George Nash

whose voluble though informal but competing welcome promised spirited and articulate entertainment for the homeward trip. Perhaps that East Hampton egg started Cecile upon discoveries relatively as important as those following the one Columbus discussed with Isabella.

Down at East Hampton for the summer, one of our first callers in the woods was Mr. John Drew, who motored over from his summer home near the dunes. The talk of the San Francisco earthquake reminded him of a letter he had recently received from his nephew, Jack Barrymore. Jack had been in San Francisco the night of those shocks and that fire. He wrote of his experiences briefly but dramatically. Uncle John had the letter. At the first shock Jack had risen from his bed at the Palace Hotel. Another violent lurch had thrown him against a door, which had given way and let him fall upon the rim of the bathtub, hurting his side. He soon found himself in the street with an ill-assorted collection of apparel. The next day he met the other members of the Willie Collier Company, with which at that time he was playing. He and the other men of the company were taken in charge by the military and forced to help clear the streets by piling bricks.

I was entirely taken up with the dramatic side of the description; but Uncle John, who has always persisted in a comic view of his avuncular possessions, smiled somewhat sardonically as he said, "Yes, it took a convulsion of Nature to get him into a bathtub, and the United States Army to make him work."

The thought of John Barrymore as a supporting member of the company of Willie Collier, then, and his present stellar position in the public esteem is indicative of the rapid changes always at work and perhaps more evident in the theater than elsewhere. Among the successes of that year was Fritzi Scheff in Mlle. Modiste, the book by Henry Blossom and music by Victor Herbert. Fritzi Scheff later married my good and gentle friend, John Fox, Jr., the author of A Mountain Europa, The Kentuckians, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, and other books. John Fox has been dead t years. At the Lyceum Theater The I and the Mouse was in its second The Music Master, with David Warf was playing at the Bijou. Both of these plays were wri by Charles Klein, who sank with Charles Frohman o Lusitania. Klein was notably a dramatizer of pop themes. His art was largely the newspaper transferre the stage. The Lion and the Mouse and The Gamb were each a theatrical view of big business, and The T Degree was a presentation of the police methods of time. A young writer claiming attention with his see play, The Chorus Lady, in which Rose Stahl was pearing at the Garrick Theater, was James Forbes, in the front rank of his profession and having to credit The Famous Mrs. Fair, in many respects best of all the postwar plays. Henry Miller Margaret Anglin were having a gratifying suc in William Vaughan Moody's play, The G Divide, at the Princess Theater. Henry Ar Jones' Hypocrites was at the Hudson. Elea Robson was at the Liberty Theater in Nurse M jorie by Israel Zangwill, who had had a respec hearing with his Children of the Ghetto, pla some years earlier. John Drew was playing Pinw somber, rectangular but well-made His Hous Order. Marie Cahill was starring in Marry Mary at Daly's, with the tuneful score by Sil Hein. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch, later to be accepted in London the typical American picture, was at the New Y Theater. Among the lighter pieces were Ha Williams' production of The Little Cherub, w Ivan Caryll's music; Lillian Russell at the Savoy Barbara's Millions, and Thomas W. Ross at Wallac in George Cohan's Popularity. These, with two three other offerings, were the theatri presentations of that year.

Nine-Lived Peter

WRITING of Klein and Blossom Ivan Caryll, all of whom are go takes my mind to one of our most us meeting places, the anteroom of Cha Frohman. Other dramatists whom might encounter there and who are with the majority were Henry Guy Ca ton, Harry P. Mawson, the gifted Cl Fitch, Paul Potter, of whom I have w ten, and Hadden Chambers, among most likable of all the English dra tists. Today, in trying to get the n of Mr. Owen Hall, who had written book of The Little Cherub for which Caryll furnished the music, I telepho the Empire Theater. Peter Mason, colored boy there in charge of the m scripts, would be the one most likely know. I couldn't remember the Em Theater when I hadn't seen Peter there. Peter told today that he has been in the employ of the five ye He came first as a water boy, working downstairs. Alf Hayman had promoted him to the anteroom on office floor, where Charles Frohman, seeing him, had ta him on his personal staff. Frohman always had a g affection for him. Everybody's sympathy for Peter because he had come with a bullet lung from a hos and continued to have occasional hemorrhages. Ev body around the theater spoke of him with pity. It only a question of days when Peter would be worn He might drop off at any minute. But those men took such an appreciative interest in him, about Alf H man and his stouter brother, Al, have both gone; Tom Shea, the energetic young Irishman, for so many yea the box office, is dead; Sam Meyers, ruddy and genial licity man and fixture about the place, one of Pe patrons and sympathizers, is dead; Frohman went d with the Lusitania; none of the old force survives.

Peter, with his one lung, is still the factotum of the the

Soon after our return from France I had an experi which was important to me and which may have sig cance for people engaged in writing for the theater least it will have if I can tell it in a way that will co my own attitude toward the question it contains.

Belasco had, at the theater that then bore his name a now the Republic, a drama of the California mining called The Girl of the Golden West, in which Miss Bla Bates was featured. The story of this play, if I may cate it by simply touching its structural features, is Western sheriff somewhat older than a girl with whom

(Continued on Page 36)

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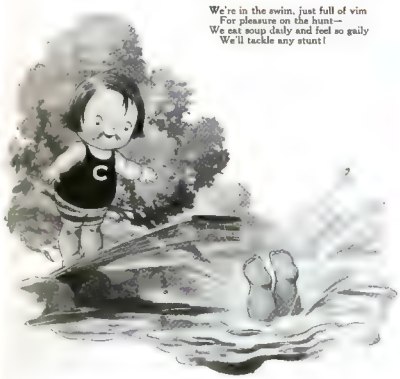

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(Continued from Page 24)

in love. The girl is his superior in social quality. Her fancy is taken by a more modern and modish man, a newcomer in the locality, who turns out to be a criminal. It is the sheriff's duty to arrest him. The man takes refuge in the house of the girl. She hides him and when the sheriff comes denies any knowledge of him. The sheriff is about to leave when a bit of evidence attracts his attention to the hiding place; the man is forced to come forth; the sheriff, out of consideration for the girl and contrary to his duty, permits him to escape.

This is an excellent play, full of color of the epoch that it presents. Some of my friends on the press had written to me that it was manifestly a reproduction of my play of In Mizzoura, written some thirteen years before. The story of In Mizzoura, again telling by high lights in its construction, is of a Western sheriff somewhat older than a girl with whom he is in love. The girl is his superior in social quality. Her fancy is taken by a more modern and modish man, a newcomer in the locality, who turns out to be a criminal. It is the sheriff's duty to arrest him. The man takes refuge in the house of the girl. She hides him and when the sheriff comes denies any knowledge of him. The sheriff is about to leave when a bit of evidence attracts his attention to the hiding place; the man is forced to come forth; the sheriff, out of consideration for the girl and contrary to his duty, permits him to escape.

These identical situations in that perfect sequence could easily have been cited and in a reasonable court made to have in my own case a proprietary claim. But there had been a similar experience, somewhat earlier and with an equal resemblance, which had taught me consideration. My play of Arizona dealt with a young army officer who, trying to shield a woman, placed himself liable to a charge of theft. He resigned from the Army, went West, became a cowboy, later met his old enemy of the earlier days, and in a quarrel with him the enemy was shot. That the hero had not killed him was proved by the fatal bullet being of another caliber than that of the hero's gun, and he was acquitted. Mr. Edwin Milton Royle some time later wrote a play with those relationships and that sequence of events which he called The Squaw Man. One agent and one manager told me that upon the reading of it they had declined to consider it, feeling that it too closely resembled Arizona.

Similarity of Plots

NOW I happened to have seen Mr. Royle's play when, so to speak, it was in the cradle. He produced at the Lambs Club a little piece in which an Englishman living with a squaw wife in the West was called upon by a solicitor from London who came for the purpose of telling him that he had inherited a title, and, although he cared nothing for it himself, it properly belonged to his little half-breed son, whose mother was the squaw wife. The squaw wife, overhearing and understanding enough of this to know that she was standing in the way of both the husband and the little half-breed boy for whom title and fortune were waiting in England, killed herself. It was a tragic one-act play, and Mr. Royle was advised by everybody to elaborate it into a four-act drama. He was obliged thereupon to think of his hero leaving England for sufficient reason, which, nevertheless, should be nothing against his character; and by the dramatic formula he had him leaving for the sake of a woman, and had him leaving under a cloud. The simplest cloud for an army officer to quit under was a charge of misappropriation of funds, and in the Wild West relations that followed for the purpose of the play he had the fight and the exculpation of the hero by the swift and simple evidence of a bullet not fitting his gun.

I had used that device some years before in Arizona. But I didn't invent it. It was a bit of material evidence in more than one Western inquest, and the fact of fitting the bullet to the gun of a man accused of killing was one of the first steps in legal identification familiar to every reporter. And Mr. Royle was forced into the construction of his drama by most natural and logical sequences.

When Mr. Belasco wanted to write Blanche Bates into a mining camp a sheriff was the most likely lover; and the most logical rival, in order to establish conflict, would be a man who was rival not only in the affection of the girl but an opponent in the line of the sheriff's duty; that would make him a criminal. And if the sheriff was to get after that criminal any dramatist, in order to hold his audience's interest together, would probably think of the criminal

I regarded his play as a valuable exhibit of how the mind of a trained dramatist works when once given a strong and stimulating suggestion to start back from and build a sequence of events. I speak of these two examples because the theater is filled with their like. So are the other arts. There are five notable pictures of the Last Supper by painters of the Renaissance, each valuable principally because it shows the temperament of the artist working with his material.

The courts are sometimes burdened with questions of this kind, and it takes a wise judge to see where the individual right ceases and the common right in an idea begins. I remember reading that some Chicago judge had decided upon apparently sufficient evidence that Francis Bacon had written the plays of William Shakspere. A Chicago judge decided that a citizen of that place had given Edmond Rostand the idea for his romantic poetical play, Cyrano de Bergerac, apparently oblivious to the fact that Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, born in 1620 at the château of that name in Périgord, was a French writer and duelist; had the personal idiosyncrasies that were the identifying marks of originality in

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates

the work of the Chicago author; had himself written plays and poems and had already suggested by his life and writings Micromegas, a philosophic romance by Voltaire, and Gulliver's Travels by Dean Swift.

A year or two later than the time of which I am writing I was called as an expert witness in a suit at Washington, where a newspaper man somewhat new to the theater was suing a dramatist who had never seen the newspaper man's libretto, charging that the second libretto was taken from it. One resemblance was that both books had two elderly couples and two juvenile couples in love. The judge thought this not so important when it was pointed out to him that a majority of operas, especially comic operas, were made up of double quartets. It was a musical rather than a literary requirement.

At a risk of being tiresome on the subject, let me relate an instance of the month of April, 1922. A few weeks ago at the request of their author I wrote an introduction to four little plays by Mr. Percy Knight that are to be printed in a single volume. One of those plays has for its subject the burial of the unknown soldier in London, and deals in poetic fashion with the meeting of a girl and an English veteran who come to the pallings of the graveyard, both believing that they knew the man. The girl has

in America who have lost a son. The topic is the burial of the unknown soldier at Washington. For some reason the father feels that the unknown boy is theirs, and upon the breast of the mother whom he has endeavored to console he pins a star. A very experienced and indignant dramatist was proposing that Mr. Corrigan should be disciplined for this appropriation of an idea. When asked to give an opinion upon the propriety of such a proceeding my answer was that the unknown soldier's official burial in France and in England and in America was for the very purpose of honoring all unidentified and giving to everybody who had a loved one among the missing the faint comfort that might lie in the slight belief that the unknown was his or her missing boy. Poems had been written about it and thousands of editorials, and thousands of patriotic and memorial speeches had been made on the theme. The wonder was not that an English playwright and another American playwright should have chosen the subject but that hundreds had not done so.

There are so many starting points for writing plays that if one were to name all of them it would be a real draft on attention. A good play is a completed thing, with a beginning, a middle and an end, and should make some disposition of the considerations it raises and presents.

Along this trajectory, this line of travel which would be rather improperly but most effectively diagramed by a circle, one can take almost any of its three hundred and sixty degrees as a starting point.

The Starting Point of a Play

I HAVE written in these chapters of beginning a play with only the actor, Mr. Nat Goodwin, in mind; getting a character that would fit him, a set of circumstances in which the character would be put and a series of situations through which he would pass in that environment. I have suggested somewhat of the same process in speaking of Pawtucket for D'Orsay. Earlier I wrote of The Burglar, made from Mrs. Burnett's story, in which the burglar is confronted by the ingenuousness of a child. By making that child his own daughter the meeting itself became a situation, which is another way of starting a play.

Sometimes one takes a theme, a question acceptable in the public mind, and by making it articulate, and selecting characters expressive of it and affected by it, uses the theme as his starting point. Often the dramatist takes a story ready-made but in narrative form, as was The Soldiers of Fortune, by Richard Harding Davis, eliminates the descriptions, arranges its dramatic situations in proper sequence and crescendo, supplies what other situations are needed, puts the whole expression into dialogue and thereby achieves his play.

There have been many pictures that have inspired plays. In one of the Paris artist of the early 70's there was a canvas showing a wrecked boudoir in a château in which a band of vandal German officers were carousing. Paul Potter took that as the inspiration for one of his acts in The Conquerors. When Maurice Barrymore dramatized somebody's novel of Roaring Dick he made a stage setting and a situation from another salon picture called The Will in the Cheapside, which showed a bland and unsuspecting husband introducing to his wife a lady-killing officer in uniform.

I have an impression that some of Hogarth's Rake's Progress got into plays. But I don't recall any complete series of pictures used as the skeleton for a full evening's play with the exception of Charles Dana Gibson's Education of Mr. Pipp. That was a set of two-page cartoons satirizing the little, accidental, limited, unassertive American nouveau millionaire and his large, aggressive, dominant and overriding wife and the offspring of this counterbalancing mixture, two lovely daughters. The daughters were the first of the stately Gibson girls of the middle 90's, with the crown of puffed-and-pompadoured hair, long necks, the stately bearing and the royally draped costumes. When Gibson had made one or two of these pictures their reception created a demand, and he was obliged to show his family of Pipps in various attitudes and with occasional new acquaintances. When he had exhausted the round of fashionable entertainments in America and the stories had still to go on he carried the Pipp family to England, where their money got them into the fringe of the nobility, and later took them to Paris, where they were most unmercifully fleeced and imposed upon.

Without setting up to be the supreme court on matters [illegible] America, I will venture the opinion that Charles

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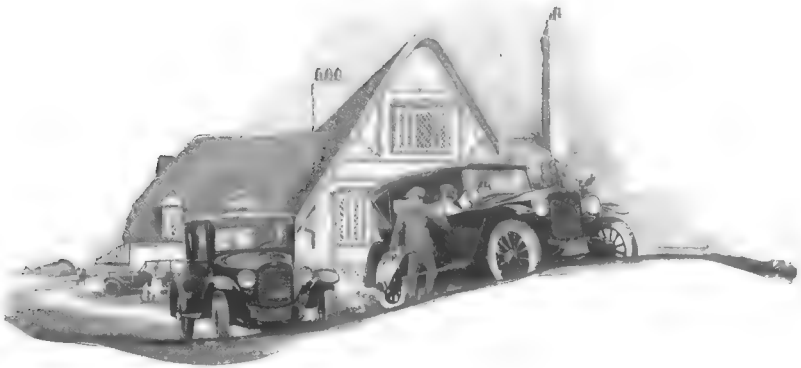

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(Continued from Page 26)

of line and precision of execution; some have his understanding of character and his capacity to interpret it. But I know of none who has all these qualities, nor in Gibson's degree. Nor do I think of one that has his wide and deep understanding of the human family.

In Gibson's character sketches of the Pipp family, and the friends and satellites that they attracted, there were exponents of every fine and nearly every despicable emotion; not only the broader Hogarthian elemental passions but the very shades and nuances into which any psychological spectrum could dissolve them.

It seemed to me that to translate these visible expressions into words, not the descriptive and narrative array that would make a novel but the etched and vital kind that would put them into a play, would be agreeable employment. Nothing that I remember writing was more fun to do. The three-act comedy followed closely the vicissitudes of the Pipp family as set down by Gibson. That experienced comedian, the late Digby Bell, gave a faithful and understanding interpretation of Pipp, and the other characters of Gibson were closely realized by the men and women that manager Kirke La Shelle was able to find in the profession. Of course, the strong character parts more nearly realized the pictures. Two such goddesses as we needed to impersonate the Gibson girl and that long, rangy, athletic type of young man that Gibson popularized at that time were harder to find. The young men existed plentifully enough in America, but they were in the engineering camps and on the frontiers and directing great enterprises and not learning lines in the theater. The Gibson girls were also otherwise employed, and not numerously in the theater or the agencies. We were fortunate, however, in Janet Beecher, then an unknown ingénue, and Miss Marion Draughn for the girls. We had an ideal Mrs. Pipp, a sterling actress by the name of Mrs. Eugene Jepson. Gibson's heroic young men were finely realized by Robert Warwick, then playing his first engagement in America after a fine tutelage in France, and by Mr. Frederick Courtenay, younger and taller than his talented brother, William Courtenay, still prominently in the public eye. The rest of the cast, though actors then and now less prominent than those named, were adequate.

Mr. Nat Goodwin at that time was living with his third wife, Maxine Elliott, in a house on Riverside Drive. Miss Elliott, who had a sense of the artistic, had remodeled this little house by taking out the partition which divided its narrow drawing-room from the hallway, throwing all into one apartment, with the staircase frankly mounting, English fashion, to the next story, and a corresponding staircase under this descending from the parlor level to the street. This, adopted for Pipp, made a most amusing set, the only one of its kind I ever saw in the theater.

I am tempted here to tell a little comicality of Nat's. We were alone in the parlor. I was admiring a pretty landscape on the wall, a canvas some fifteen by eighteen inches, then the property of the third Mrs. Goodwin, as it had formerly been the property of the second Mrs. Goodwin.

As I expressed my admiration Nat said with the little stutter which he protectively assumed when he wanted to advertise a comic utterance, "Yes, that p-p-picture cost me thirty-five hundred dollars."

"Really?" It looked good, but not worth all that.

Nat continued, "Yes. Th-th-thirty-five hundred dollars two thousand the first time I bought it and fifteen hundred the second."

Trying It Out on the Lambs

IN THE part of Mr. Pipp, Bell, with his excellent support, was a success. He played the piece that season and the better part of the two years that followed

In four years I had written in fairly close succession the comedies, The Earl of Pawtucket, The Education of Mr. Pipp, The Other Girl, Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots, The Embassy Ball and De Lancey. I felt a real inclination to try something more serious. Among my papers was the little one-act play, A Constitutional Point, made in 1890 for Mr. Palmer. Shortly after that year, perhaps in '92 or '93, my neighbor at New Rochelle, the late Henry Loomis Nelson, showed me a letter from Mark Twain refusing [illegible]

Mark Twain had found "that a short story was a novel in the cradle, which, if taken out and occasionally fondled, would grow into a full-sized book." Partly on that hint, my one-act play was occasionally taken from its cradle and caressed. Mr. Palmer had refused the play because there is a maxim in the theater that no material is useful there until it has served as subject matter for all other literary forms and been made familiar to the public through poetry, fiction, lectures and reportorial and editorial comment.

During the years since 1890 there had been an increasing public interest in telepathy and the public's information had grown. In my own mind my playlet had also grown and was now a four-act play. Before wasting time on its actual writing, however, I accepted a chance to have the one-act piece played to a private audience of some two hundred men in the Lambs' Club; and as the little play contained what was most diaphanous and attenuated in the whole story, if such an audience, entirely lacking the feminine element, would accept the fable, the remainder of the venture would be up to the skill of the dramatist. In the club, with the late Edward Abeles playing the woman's part and Forrest Robinson playing the part of the old judge, the little piece made a decided impression

I have said earlier, I think when talking of Mr. Paul Potter, that plays are constructed backwards. Paul Potter was the first person to bring that to my attention. The playwright doesn't take his pen in hand and begin placidly to write dialogue which develops without his intention into something dramatic. He starts with a dramatic situation which has a possibility in the theater of some strong effect and tries to find for that the immediate cause, and for that cause one still farther back in origin, and it is in that fashion that his construction grows. Very often this effect, which is the starting point in the development of a story, can be expressed in one act, and

it is not uncommon for a playwright to try out his idea in condensed shape. If it has sufficient fiber and power to make a big scene of the play he may then develop it. Denman Thompson's Old Homestead began in that shape. Muldoon's Picnic was once a one-act vaudeville skit. Mr. Royle's The Squaw Man, as told earlier, was drawn at the Lambs' as a sketch. So was John Willard's The Cat and the Canary, one of the reigning successes of 1922. My own plays, The Burglar, Alabama, The Harvest Moon, As a Man Thinks, The Rio Grande and The Copperhead, were each at first one act.

A Motif From Bret Harte

THE one-act play, A Constitutional Point, had grown out of my experiences with Bishop, the thought reader, of whom I have written in an earlier chapter. Bishop was so constituted that by throwing himself into a receptive condition, which he called autohypnotize, he was impressed by thoughts of other people. He didn't see these thoughts as words, but as pictures, unless the thought was about a word in a book, when his percept would, of course, be that particular typed word and the surrounding print on its page. This power had come to be called telepathy. Oliver Wendell Holmes had written concerning it in his Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, except that he called it cerebricity Somewhat later Mark Twain, writing of his personal experiences in association with its phenomena, had referred to it as mental telegraphy. Dr. Thomson Hudson, in 1893, published his The Law of Psychic Phenomena, the first of a series of five books on telepathy and related subjects. In one of these, in making an argument for immortality, he raises the question whether telepathy might not be a means of communication between a disembodied entity or spirit, as commonly called, and a person still living. I think it was this hint that brought to my mind A Newport Legend, the poem by Bret Harte, about an old house at Newport, haunted. A young girl in the colonial days died of a broken heart in this house. It seems that her sweetheart sailed away and left her. Bret Harte tells of her coming back:

And ever since then when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled, that she passes through,
With a subtle, and perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

The poet's way of suggesting the idea is so much more acceptable than a scientific one that I used those two verses, which an old judge reads to another, as my way to introduce the subject, and just after the reading had him say:

"Beautiful to have a perfume suggest her. I suppose it appeals to me especially because I used to know a girl who was foolishly fond of mignonette."

So that when the daughter of the judge's old sweetheart comes to talk about her mother and brings a forgotten letter of the judge's from among the time-stained papers that the mother left it seems to him somewhat more than coincidence; and when the daughter has gone, after a pathetic appeal for her son, who is under sentence of death, and the old judge, alone, gets from the old letter the remembered odor of mignonette, the Bret Harte lines come back to him, and he fancies there has been an influence upon him from the other side of the grave.

This little act I decided to make the second and not the third act of a four-act play, because, moving as it had been to the audience when it was tried in its detached presentation, I felt there should be something more positively dramatic as a climax for a play. Casting about for that, I encountered the subject of hypnotism. Telepathy and hypnotism are not especially related, except that telepathic communication is clearer under hypnosis. While Hudson and others had been writing of telepathy and of the therapeutic value of suggestion to hypnotized patients, a religious and ethical opposition to the practice had found expression in some notable protests. One of these, written in a tone of warning and with a claim to esoteric knowledge, called an act of [illegible] great psychological crime

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THE CITADEL IN THE GRASS

(Continued from Page 31)

furious mêlée they were routed and fled back into the depths of their nest, leaving half their number dead or mortally stricken on the field, while the casualties among the invading ranks were hardly worth mentioning.

The battle once decided, the victors were not vindictive. They had come not to slaughter needlessly but to procure slaves. For this purpose adult captives were of no use to them. They wanted the larvæ and pupæ of the vanquished, whom they could rear in captivity and who—knowing no other state and not regarding their captors as foes—would be contented and unaware of their bondage. At the doorway to each tunnel guards were placed, while strong parties dashed down through all the galleries. At the narrow entrances to the nurseries and to the great central chamber there were brief but sharp struggles with the guards, who all died on the spot rather than betray their trusts.

But, entrance once gained, there was practically no more fighting, as the thoroughly beaten black army had disappeared into the underground passages beneath the stump.

The actions of the invaders within the nest were deliberate, disciplined and swift. To the big black queen, whom they regarded less as an enemy than as a potential mother of a future supply of slaves, they paid no heed whatever. The scattered piles of eggs, too, they ignored, though they would have been glad to devour such succulent fare had there been time. But for some reason the order had gone forth that there was to be no delay and no divergence from the one supreme object of the expedition.

In the main chamber and the several subsidiary nurseries there were almost enough pupæ to burden the whole army of the invaders. The remainder had to content themselves with larvæ, who, being able to wriggle, were less convenient to carry, especially as they had to be gripped without wounding their delicate skins. As soon as each marauder had secured her prize she hastened with it to the surface of the nest. There the column again formed up, but this time rather loosely and irregularly, as there was no longer any fear of attack; and the triumphant red warriors, each bearing aloft in her mandibles, very tenderly and without apparent effort, a captive as big and heavy as herself, were soon streaming back homeward in long procession through the grass roots.

This expedition, however, hitherto so triumphantly successful, was not destined to reach home without a measure of ill luck to dull the brightness of its triumph. A sharp-eyed, sharp-nosed animal, about the size of a cat, of a glossy black color, with a white stripe down each side of its back and waving a long, fluffy, handsome tail, chanced to be nosing along the fence in search of mice, beetles or grasshoppers. His sharp eyes detected the richly laden procession of the ants just as the head of the column reached the fence.

The skunk was not particularly partial to full-grown ants as an article of diet, because the formic acid in their poison sacks was rather pungent for his taste. But their young, whether in the form of larvæ or of pupæ, he regarded as a delicacy.

Standing astride the procession, he began hastily licking up as many as he could, munching and gulping down captives and captors together with huge satisfaction. Formica, with her burden, just evaded this horrid fate. Alert and observant as always, she slipped under the edge of a pebble as the long red tongue of the skunk was descending upon her. But the hot breath of the devouring monster filled her with wholesome fear. Still clinging to her precious burden, she crept aside from the crippled column, taking a path of her own, and rejoined it only under the shelter of the fence.

When the remnants of the rear guard had escaped him the skunk climbed through the fence, hoping to find the procession again on the other side. In this, however, though he searched diligently, he was disappointed, for the line of march lay for several yards along beneath the bottom rail before emerging again into the open. The skunk, stumbling upon a mouse nest in the grass, forgot all about the ants. And the expedition, diminished by fully a third of its number, made its way back to the citadel without further misadventure, the survivors still clinging doggedly to their booty.

As Formica was one of the wisest, most efficient and most courageous citizens of the community, she was usually hunting and foraging farther afield than most of her comrades.

Sometimes, she being inveterately hostile to all other ants except those of her own tribe, she got into savage duels, from which she always came off victorious, though frequently not without scars. Once in a while, moreover, she was rash enough to tackle a quarry too powerful and pugnacious for her—a nimble hunting spider or a savage little bronze scavenger beetle with jaws as destructive as her own. When she made a mistake of this sort she was driven to using the pungent venom at the tip of her abdomen in order to confuse the foe and enable her to escape

Being thus endowed beyond her fellows with wisdom and quick perception to direct her courage, Formica would probably have lived to follow the fortunes of her tribe through several eventful summers had it not been for her restless and intrepid curiosity. She was of the stuff of which explorers are made. One day, adventuring through a patch of blueberry scrub many yards upon the forest side of the fence, she came upon a strange plant, quite unlike any she had ever seen before. There was no main stalk; but a cluster of stout stems, arising from the crown of the root, bore each one leaf, some three or four inches in length, shaped like a broad-lipped water jug. The leaves were of a lucent, tender green, veined and striped with vivid crimson, and gave forth a subtle odor, perceptible to none but the most delicate senses, which seemed to suggest honeydew. What reasonable ant could resist the lure of honeydew? Formica could not.

But if she had known that this was the terrible carnivorous pitcher plant, the relentless devourer of insects, she would have fled in horror.

Instead of fleeing, however, she eagerly ran up the nearest stem, and up the cool, translucent, red-veined globe of the lower leaf, delighted to find that the firm hairs which covered stem and leaf alike all pointed upwards instead of downwards, and so offered no obstacle to her progress. Gaining the rim of the pitcher, she peered inside, looking for the source of that honeydew fragrance. Beneath her she saw a fairylike interior, filled with cool green light, and about half full of water. In the water, to be sure, there floated the drowned bodies of a wasp, a spider and several small flies. But this fact conveyed no warning to Formica. Rather it suggested to her the hope of easy prey after she should have found the honeydew which she was seeking.

The broad lip of the pitcher offered her an easy path; and she was gratified to find that those fine hairs, which on the outside all slanted upwards, were now, most conveniently, all slanting downwards. The slope grew steeper and steeper, till presently, when she saw the water just beneath, she found the hairs so slippery that she had great difficulty in keeping her foothold. At this point she became apprehensive. Deciding to seek a safer path, she turned to retrace her steps. But now those treacherous hairs, which had so sweetly aided her progress, turned hostile. They became an array of sharp needle points, leveled in her face. She tried to thrust them aside, to penetrate them; but in vain. In a sudden panic she forced herself against them desperately. For an instant they yielded; and then, with savage recoil, they hurled her, kicking and sprawling, into the watery abyss.

A few hours later a young girl, a summer visitor at the farmhouse on the hillside, chanced to be wandering along the edge of the woods, looking for wild flowers. Overjoyed to find so fine a specimen of the Sarracenia, she dug it up carefully by the roots to take it home. But first, of course, she emptied the lovely, pale-green, ruby-veined pitchers, pouring forth upon the moss, among other victims, the bodies of a wasp, a spider, several small flies—and Formica.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Mysterious Duck

MANY moons ago something was said herein about a mysterious duck found in Upper Illinois years and years ago, which was a bluebill duck except that it had lobed feet. As in the case of the passenger pigeon, countless correspondents have come to the front stating that they have found the identical critter without the question of a doubt. The most of these friends have rediscovered the mud hen, which in the South is sometimes called *poule d'eau*, sometimes Blue Peter—the coot, well known to all duck hunters. It is not our mysterious duck. As near as I can tell that bird must have been a Florida gallinule, sometimes seen in that latitude. If all these owners of mysterious creatures would send in the skin a lot of discussion could be saved.

What Rifle?

I SUPPOSE a thousand men have asked me what rifle is best for big-game hunting. If I were looking for trouble I would answer that question, and give reasons for my answer.

By that means I would antagonize every maker of firearms in the country; also every man who owned any other kind of a rifle. Hence, what I say here must be strictly *sotto voce*.

I have a whole rackful of rifles, and every time I go on a big-game hunt I get another [illegible] But if I

ammunition, thirty caliber, but I don't think I should want the spitzer bullet, in spite of its splendid trajectory. You can get that rimless cartridge, 1906, with a soft-nose bullet, and I think that is what I should use, all things considered. I don't think I should use it in the United States Springfield, beautiful weapon as that is, because for a hunting piece I do not like the bolt action or the high foresight or the enormous and complicated hindsight of that rifle.

A lot of things are fine in a room which are not so good in the woods. Not that I would disparage the best military rifle in the world—our own.

I was out on a horseback hunt not long ago with a friend who carried a Springfield in his scabbard on the saddle. Before that time I had always thought well of this rifle as a sporting piece. But the great bolt made it extremely clumsy on the saddle, and the rider dragged enough bark off the trees with that long foresight to start a tannery. Another friend in the same party had a finger-lever rifle, shooting precisely the same cartridge, a 1906 rimless soft-nose.

This rifle, being flatter and thinner, went along through the jack pine very comfortably in the scabbard and comfortably under the leg, and we all liked it better.

I thought then that if I were going out to hang up meat in any sort or all sorts of American country I would just take that finger-lever gun, the sort I was always used to, but would strip the back sight off

would want this so low and strong that nothing could break it off. I would not care a whoop one way or the other about the elevation, because with that cartridge the trajectory is very flat over all hunting ranges, and the cartridge shoots a great deal better than you or I can offhand. I would sight-in my gun at some easy point-blank, say at seventy-five yards. If there is any gun to be made any better than that I don't want it, for it would kill game enough, without any delay, without any inconvenience, without any misfiring or clogging, without any fussing about elevation of sights or any monkey business at all.

And if that load meets a moose or a bear, no matter how big, it will drop it plenty well enough. My old .405 would no doubt stop a big moose or bear a little bit closer; but it would not have equally flat trajectory over hunting ranges, from fifty to three hundred yards

There is great interest in sporting equipment, and we cranks all love to have a lot of rods and a lot of guns. When a real crank gets to theorizing over his equipment there is no stopping him. When it comes down to a practical horse-sense, simple sporting outfit, we can get along very well without very many theories. If I should lose all my fine rifles and someone should give me such a piece as I have above described, and two six-ounce split bamboo fly rods, and two twelve-gauge shotguns, one improved cylinder both barrels, and the other with right barrel rather open, left

I have a dozen rifles, bolt action included, and I don't know how many rods, and several and various shotguns—not half enough.

Fish and Thunderstorms

AMONG many angling superstitions there is one that fish will not bite when it is thundering—every boy has heard of that. I usually have found that trout take the fly most eagerly when a storm is coming up—they seem to know that the water is going to be higher and bring more food, or else feel that they ought to lay in something for a rainy day. Quite often I have found that after the rain had begun to fall trout would not take the fly. Very often I have known trout and bass both to take the fly when it was thundering heavily.

Last summer, with a young angling friend, I was standing in what I call the loveliest fishing stream in America, the south fork of the Madison River, in Montana, just west of Yellowstone Park. We were fishing for grayling, and were caught in a very heavy thunderstorm. The lightning struck all about us—so close that my young friend thought he would go ashore and lay down his rod for reasons of personal safety. I kept on fishing all through that storm, and after it had passed to one side we both fished practically all through it, declaring we both wanted to see whether fish would bite in a thunderstorm. They did bite for an hour before that storm, and all through the storm, before the rain be-

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Each MAZDA LAMP for automotive service has a MAZDA LAMP NUMBER stamped on the base. Look not only for the name NATIONAL MAZDA on the base of the automobile lamp you buy but make sure the MAZDA LAMP NUMBER is the proper one for the particular socket on your car where you intend to use the lamp.

Car	Year	MAZDA Lamp Numbers: Head Lamps	Headlight Side or Tail	Rear Lamps	Dome
Allen	'19	1130	64	63	63
Allen	'20	1129	63	63	63
Allen	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Apperson	All	1129	63	63	63*
Auburn	'20	1129	63	63	64
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Auto-Car	All	1129	63	63	64
Buick	All	1129	63	63	63
Cadillac	All	1129	63	63	63
Chalmers	All	1129	63	63	63
Chandler	All	1129	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'19	1129	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'20	1129		63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129		63	64
Cleveland	'19, '20, '21	1129		63	63
Cleveland	22	1129	63	63	63
Cole	'20	1129	63	63	
Cole	'19, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	22	1129	64	64	63
Dixie Flyer	'18, '19, '20, '21	1130		63	63
Dixie Flyer	'22	1130	64	63	63
Dodge	All	1141		63	67
Dorris	All	1129	63	63	63
Dort	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Dort	'20	1129		63	64
Dort	'21 (17 12)	1129		63	63
Dort	'21 (40-60)	1129	63		
Dort	22	1129	63	63	63
Elcar	'19	1129	63	63	63
Elcar	'19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Elcar	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Ford (head-lights only)	'18, '19	1130			
Ford	'20	1129		63	.
Ford (with dimmer coils)	'21	1129		63	.
Ford (without dimmer coils)	'21	1158		63	.
Ford (starter)	'22	1196			.
Ford (without starter—hand-cranked only)		1130			
Franklin	All	1142	64	64	64
Grant	All	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	64
Haynes	21 (47, 48)	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	21 All others	1130	64	63	64
Haynes	22	1129	63	63	64
Hudson	'19, '20	1129	63	63	64
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Hupmobile	'20, '21, '22	1129		63	64
Jordan	All	1129	63	63	63
King	All	1129	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19	1130		64	64
Kissel	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
LaFayette	All	1129	63	63	64
Lexington	'19	1129	63	63	64
Lexington	'20, '21, '22	1129		63	64
Liberty	All	1129	63	63	63
Lincoln	All	1129	63	63	61
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Marmon	All	1129	63	63	63
Maxwell	'19	1130		63	64
Maxwell	'20 (12 volt)	1141	67	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 volt)	1129	63	63	63
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Mitchell	19	1130		63	64
Mitchell	20	1129		63	64
Mitchell	21	1129	64**	63	64
Mitchell	22	1129	64**	63	64
Monroe	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Nash	22	1129	63	63	
National	'19	1129	63	63	63
National	All others	1129	63	63	63
Oakland	'18, '19, '20	1129		88	63
Oakland	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	22	1129	63	63	63
Overland	'19 (889)	1130		63	64
Overland	'19 Others	1129		61	61
Overland	'20	1129		61	61
Overland	'21, '22	1129		61	61
Packard	All	1129	63	63	63
Paige	All	1129	63	63	66
Peerless	All	1129	63	63	63
Pierce Arrow	All	1129	63	63	63
Premier	'18, '19	1130		63	64
Premier	'20	1129		63	64
Premier	21	1129	63†	63	64
Premier	22	1129	63	63	64
Reo	'18, '19	1130		62	62
Reo	'20, 21, '22	1129		63	63
Rommer	'19, '20, 21, '22	1129	63	63	66
Saxon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Saxon	21 (25 DR)	1129	63	63	63
Saxon	21 (25 DR), '22	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	'18, 19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	21	1129		63	64
Simplex Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	67	63	64
Stearns-Knight	21	1141	63	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	63	63	67
Studebaker	All	1129	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	64
Stutz	21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Velie	'18, 19	1129	63	63	62
Velie	'20, 21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	62
Westcott	21	1129	63	63	62
Westcott Sedan	21	1129		63	62
Willys-Knight	'20 Same as 21	1129	Sedan†		
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Winton	All	1129	63	63	63

*64 on closed 1922 models. **64 on closed cars only †63 auxiliary head —64 side

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(Complete car and lamp list at right)

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LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 19)

on that door. As you say, you do not know yet where it has led you."

"It's led me to you. I don't give a damn for your ices, or your mocking, or your mummery—or for anything in the world but that, though I certainly hope to heaven that a kind Fate's going to see that you pass the rest of your life explaining the black hours that you've spent turning a fine, reasonable, upstanding, cautious young fellow into a raving lunatic with one idea left in what used to be his head."

"You tell that young man from me that it is a great risk that he takes in keeping even one idea in there. Better put it out, quick, before —"

There was a sound of a brief but animated struggle at the far end of the veranda, a crash of tinkling glass, and a small raging voice lifted high above the confusion.

"La Rue Sinclair Tolliver, don't you ever dare to speak to me again as long as you live!

"Ugh! Let go of me, you—you unspeakable pig!"

"Well, for the love of Moses!"

The luckless wight's voice was filled with an amazement so palpable that it served as oil to fire.

"You're worse than a pig! You're a great, horrible, chimney bumpkin, and I'll loathe and despise you till the day I die. I won't keep quiet. I'll tell everyone in the world what I think of you as long as I have any breath left! Get out of my way! I think this is an absolutely poisonous party!"

The voice broke on the wail of a thoroughly overwrought small child, and Rod rose violently to his feet.

"Tolliver, what have you been up to with Babbie?"

"I kissed her," said Tolliver, startled into a state of bald indignation. "What's all this about anyway? Hasn't anyone ever kissed anyone before in this crowd? You'd think to listen to 'em they never did anything else! Look, here, Babs, you told me yourself —"

"I don't care what I told you!" stormed Babbie. "The trouble with you is you haven't got sense! Here, where are those lights? I think it's absolutely sickening out here!"

"Yes, for the Lord's sake somebody find them," demanded Joan fervently. "Peter's on his fourth log; he's eating them with one hand and holding on to Patterson's coat tails with the other. Go on, let go the chaperon, darling, and maybe he'll turn up the pretty lights for you."

Peter's laugh rang out, suddenly carefree.

"Gosh, you're an idiot, Joan! I thought you'd gone to sleep, honestly. Here, there's some raspberry left. Hand over your plate and I'll split with you."

"Bob is asleep," drawled Paula Grahame softly. "Aren't you, Bob?"

"No," replied Bob briefly.

"Then it's Mendoza. Someone at this table certainly is asleep. Mendoza!"

"Pardon?"

"What did I tell you? Wake up and turn on the lights, Mendoza! Romance is dead."

"Est ces not that I have been asleep," explained Mendoza politely and mendaciously. "Est ces only that for one or two small moments my thoughts they go astray."

"Well, you needn't get brain fever trying to explain where they strayed to," Paula remarked with leisurely amiability. "I took a cat nap myself. Between what used to be in this glass and what I've gone through in whispers well, never mind, it's over now! Only next time you start to give one of these porch parties, Sarah Anne, you might remember that three's an awful handicap for a pleasant evening."

"I shall not give another porch party, Polly—no, not ever. Have you forgot that this is my farewell? It is you who must now remember how awful a handicap three can be when you give parties and—when you do not give parties. Now, shall we go inside? Patterson has taken up all the rugs in the great drawing-room; in the den that my Aunt Madeleine no longer uses, now that my uncle is dead, Bowling has also fixed all as I desired it. We go? My Babbie, you are still here? You no longer sulk?"

"I wasn't sulking," replied Babbie with dignity. "I never sulked in my life, did I, Rod? I simply have my own opinion about the perfectly rotten way some people behave, and I don't intend to change it till I die—probably not then. In the meantime I'll stay at your party if you'll get out of this disgusting black hole into the light."

"Ah, but come, come, my child, what nonsense is this? Will you tell me, perhaps, that never before have you sat out in the darkness on a veranda?"

"No, I will not tell you any such thing!" replied Babbie hotly. "I've sat on verandas about nine million times and I'll probably do it nine million more, but I'll tell you this—I've never sat on one in my life just after someone had turned loose a whole menagerie of crawling ideas that would make any crowd of self-respecting reptiles turn red in their faces."

"Patterson, put on all the lights—every light in this hall; yes, the little ones, too, so that these poor children shall no longer be afraid of the dark! That's better now? Babbie, it was not that I meant to interrupt you—continue, *chérie!* Was it of me that you were speaking when you told how my ideas would make good snakes bluish? Yes?

"But what was it that I said of such frightfulness? I am absorbed with interest, I assure you."

"It wasn't what you said," replied Babbie, staring back somberly at her gleaming adversary, who stood balancing herself on the jeweled tips of her toes under the most merciless light in the room, tilting her face to it audaciously so that the enchanting mockery of her mouth stood like a small flame-colored challenge. "It was what you didn't say. You left rotten little gaps for us to fill in for ourselves—and you took darned good care that we'd fill 'em with the kind of stuff you wanted. I don't like double meanings, and that's that. I don't mind people being rough, but I want 'em to say right out what they're driving at. Then you know where you are, and you can take it or leave it. If it's any satisfaction to you, Sarah Anne, I don't get you even a little bit. Got a cigarette?"

"Alas, no—did I neglect to mention all this time that I did not smoke them?"

"I thought you were through with that line," remarked Joan acidly.

"Line? But it is no line, believe me. It has been many and many a day since I

"Sarah Anne Carstairs! You Aren't Pretending That You Actually Knew a Thief Who Killed Eighteen People, are You?"

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Jim Henry's Column

A Habit Forming Powder

I have made quite a study of the matter and am convinced that everyone who has learned what Kora-Konia means in bodily comfort is definitely committed to its use for the remainder of his or her life.

Let's take a few every-day examples. Baby is all speckled and inflamed from prickly heat, diaper rash or teething rash. Thoroughly miserable—can't sleep—loses weight. A few applications of Kora-Konia and Baby is O. K. Absolutely normal. Happy. Eats, laughs and grows.

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(Mennen Salesman)

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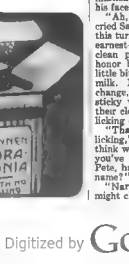

ceased to smoke cigarettes—unfortunately, perhaps. Only here I keep you all standing! Come into the den of my Uncle George; there we can have coffee and—be at our ease. A little later, perhaps, we try some dancing in the drawing-room? *Voilà*—you see I have fixed it over for my amusement, to serve as a small retreat and refuge when I grow a shadow weary of—well, of lemonade and the evening paper and the brown mahogany phonograph. You like it? You think it original, the den that belonged to my Uncle George?"

The den that had belonged to Sarah Anne's Uncle George was undoubtedly original—its least fervent admirer would have admitted that. Its furnishing consisted entirely of four low teakwood stands arranged symmetrically against the walls, and about one hundred and twenty-two sofa cushions of every color in the rainbow and the majority of those in the Russian ballet grouped about the stands in queries of seductive nests. On each stand stood a framed picture flanked by two lighted candles, very slim and black, and in the exact center of the room sat a little scarlet leather chest, shabby and battered and demurely gaudy. There was literally nothing else in the room, except Sarah Anne's dinner party. Joan was the first to recover her voice.

"Cozy little place!" she remarked with feeling. "Lovely, lovely to have one spot in the world that you can feel perfectly at home in, isn't it? It's going to be the jolliest kind of a surprise for Mrs. Carstairs too; she must have been sick to death of the sight of all that old brown leather furniture and those calfskin law books and steel engravings of Mr. Carstairs'. Does she know yet about the way you've brightened it up?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Carstairs' gifted niece happily. "It's to be for her a great surprise! Patterson, you may put the coffee on the little chest; and that will be all—I will not need you this evening nor Bowling. Come now, you will all make yourselves comfortable and we shall have coffee! Mr. Thorn, you will sit by me and help me to put in the sugar! Draw the red chest nearer to me—so! Polly, you take a piece of sugar, too?"

"Yes—no; two, thanks." Paula's eyes were fastened incredulously on the nearest photograph.

"Two, then; no, do not move, Mr. Thorn. Peter will give this to her, will you not, Peter? How many of sugar, Joan?"

"None for me, thanks."

"You know I don't think Mrs. Carstairs will like your teaching her place up like this one bit, Sarah Anne," said Babbie anxiously. "Honestly, I don't. She kept all of Mr. Carstairs' books in fancy pink rods and everything just the way he left them."

"Ah, *fluté!*" rejoined her hostess gayly. She sank back on her heels as lightly and easily as a Japanese geisha, a great splash of silver against the peacock-colored cushions. "She was undoubtedly too lazy to throw them away. Uncle George, he was a man of the greatest excellence and the most impeccable rectitude, it is not to me that you need tell that, *ma chère*—and for these precise reasons it is not within the realms of any probability whatever that she continued to lament him for one single minute after he had adjusted to himself his well-earned wings and his heavenly heavy halo. No, no, I assure you that she will be entirely grateful. Sugar, my Babbie?"

"I'd like to assure you before you go any further that I consider your remarks about Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs entirely unfounded, and atrocious bad taste," remarked Rod equably, but in the candlelight his face looked addressed.

"Ah, but you are delicious, you Thorns!" cried Sarah Anne, obviously enraptured by this turn in affairs. "So grave, so good, so earnest—like little children in very clean, clean pinafores who would die dead of honor before they would steal even one little bit of jam to eat with their bread and milk. No, I adore that—I forbid you to change, ever. We bad children still all sticky with the jam, we can see where their clean pink fingers, even while we are licking our own, can we not, Joan?"

"Thanks, don't include me in your finger licking," replied Joan coolly. "I don't think we use the same jam pot. After all, you've got to draw the line somewhere! Pete, haven't you got a cigarette to your name?"

"Nary one," replied Pete gloomily. "I might chase over to the club, though."

"Sarah Anne, whose picture is that?" Paula's drawl had vanished completely, lost in a quiver of ill-suppressed excitement.

"That? But it is mine, Polly, naturally."

"No, no; I mean who is it of?"

"Ah, it is of Georges Carpentier: you do not recognize it?"

"I thought it must be," said Paula in a hushed voice. "And then I thought it couldn't be; it has writing on it. Did—did you know him?"

"Ah, *tiens*—that is good! Did I know him! You cannot read the writing?"

"Bob, look, she knows him! She knows Carpentier! Look, he's written on the picture for her! I saw him twice, Sarah Anne—once at the Biltmore, almost as close as I am to you—and once at the fight. Bob got simply wonderful tickets and we were so close that we could see him pant, weren't we, Bob? And he looked absolutely like a demigod, even if the man behind me did almost tear the hair off my scalp. What's he like, Sarah Anne?"

"*Lâche!* Oh, he is very *joli garçon*," replied Sarah Anne tranquilly. "Yes, quite handsome and most romantic, and not at all a bad dancer. Polly, Mendoza?"

"Did you dance with him?"

"But of course I danced with him! You should be excited more often, Polly: it is most becoming to you when you are all ruffled like that and your voice gets quick. Coffee for you, Mr. Grahame?"

"What does it say on the picture?"

"Surely, surely, Polly, you do not tell me that you cannot read?"

"Oh, but it's awfully funny writing and the candle makes it look queerer."

"Very well, then, I tell you. It says on the picture: *A Sarah Anne, souvenir troublant et d'héroïsme, de Georges.*"

"What does it mean?"

"To Sarah Anne, disturbing and delicious memory," translated Saranne obligingly. "From Georges." Coffee, Peter?"

"Well, but—but not how could he say that?" inquired Paula in stunned accents.

"How could he? Ah, it is easy to see that you do not know Georges! How could he not?"

"Well, but—but isn't he married?"

Sarah Anne set free once the silver flight of her mirth.

"But naturally he is married! He is also, I understand, the father of a very nice small baby. In the United States of America does one cease to be able to write when one is married? Perhaps it would be better to tell you that Georges he wrote that in the days before he had that nice wife and baby. I am sure—positive now!"

"It looks like one of the pictures that he had taken over here," commented Paula feebly. "Carpentier then, wasn't he?"

"Possibly I have no memory of dates of any kind, and his matrimonial affairs were not of the most faint interest to me naturally!"

"N-no I suppose not. Are all these pictures of him?"

"No, no; you do not use your eyes, my Polly. The one next to Joan is of Madame Guilbert. You do not know of Yvette Guilbert?"

"No."

"No, that is to be expected. She is merely the greatest artist in France some think the greatest in all of the world. Why should you know of her?"

"Yes, you do know about her, Polly," prompted Joan from the depths of her nest. "She's the one dad and your uncle were talking about the other night at dinner; you remember, the old lady who's in New York now; she used to sing the roughest songs in Paris in long white gloves and fuzzy red hair; you remember?"

"She sings them no longer, alas! Her long black gloves are now quite white, and so are her songs; but she is no less the joy of my life; she is entirely a miracle."

"You know her well too?"

"Indeed and indeed yes! I am proud to say. You do not see what she writes? 'To my great little friend, Sarah Anne, from Yvette Guilbert.' For me she occasionally puts on those black gloves and we forget the long years that have made her great and wise and sad. There is one little song like a waltz it goes so." She hummed the lilting bars almost beneath her breath, but clearly enough to rivet Rod's glance of horrified amazement. "Ah, *pardon, pardon!* I forget myself! Mr. Thorn, he knows it, too, it seems. You do not think they would care for it?"

"I'm glad to say that I don't think that they'd understand it."

"*Non?* Possibly you are correct! Well, we must search our repertoire for something within their comprehension. There are those most delicious small fragments from Pierre Louys of a simplicity almost classic."

"Who's the gentleman in the shrine next to me?" inquired Rod hastily.

"That? Oh, that is the Grand Duke."

"Which grand duke?"

"But the Grand Duke, *mon cher*. To those who know him there is but one. You do not recognize him? The beard, the eyes, the earrings of the head? I should have thought them unforgetable."

"He has apparently thought it more discreet to put his investigation in Russian!"

"Yes," murmured Saranne pensively. "His discretion, I lament to say, ceased with that."

"We're not to have one of your inimitable translations?"

"No, no, I think not. It is hardly subject to translation; he has beneath that royal demeanor a thick streak of Oriental and savage life, the many of his race. Best, therefore, not to attempt even to adapt his sentiments to the rigors of our native tongue! You agree with me?"

Emphatically. Who's the good-looking beggar in the frame that Babbie's got hold of?"

"You do not think he has a charming face so sensitive, so *sympathique*? There is I regret for you in that little green frame, my Babbie!"

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he is dead; killed."

"Fighting?"

"As you say fighting."

"He looks sad, doesn't he? As though he knew he was going to die."

"He did know it."

"He was awfully young, wasn't he? Was it former, Mr. Thorn?"

"He was awfully young, Babbie—and it was long before there was any war to get him, that he died."

"Before there was any war? But then how could he have died fighting?"

"Fighting, my Polly, men have died fighting long, long before there was a war! You are too young to remember, Babbie, but once this boy's face, it was known to every man or woman or child in all of Paris. Your brother will remember, possibly. You remember, former, Mr. Thorn?"

"Garnier?"

"The youngest of the auto bandits surely you remember? They killed how many men—those bandits? Fifteen—eighteen? No, I forget. But never while I live do I forget the day that they dragged him in that burning house, and turned their machine guns onto him. It took out all of the militia of Paris to capture *le petit Garnier* and even all the militia in Paris could not capture him alive! He was incredible, that boy—so brave, so reckless, so intelligent and so unhappy. It was that that killed him in the end—he did not care to live. That and the yellow-headed female she-devil who betrayed him—always, always I told him she was not to be trusted! But he was blind and out of love with life, *le petit Garnier*." She sat dreaming for a moment, wide-eyed, and then straightened herself swiftly, sketching a phantom shrug with the unbelievably bare white shoulders. "Come, there is no need for sorrow—he was not sorry to die in nature's order. More coffee, Mr. Thorn?"

"Sarah Anne Carstairs!" Babbie's voice was literally an explosion. "You aren't pretending that you actually know a thief who killed eighteen people, are you?"

"Most assuredly I am not pretending," replied Sarah Anne Carstairs blandly. "He was not, of course, an ordinary thief."

"But you couldn't know a bandit!" cried the distracted Babbie. "Why—why, you were in the convent! Mrs. Carstairs said—"

"No, no; you did not listen carefully to Aunt Madeleine; it is from that that all this misunderstanding has come. She told you that I had been in a convent for five years, but she did not tell you how long ago I had been there, did she?"

"No."

Babbie's incredulous eyes traveled frenziedly from the exotic small figure in the green-and-silver nest to the romantic young man in the green-and-silver frame She looked thoroughly exhausted by the journey.

"No. Well, it was very, very long ago, believe me—so long that I am too vain to tell you more exactly. I was not, however,

(Continued on Page 36)

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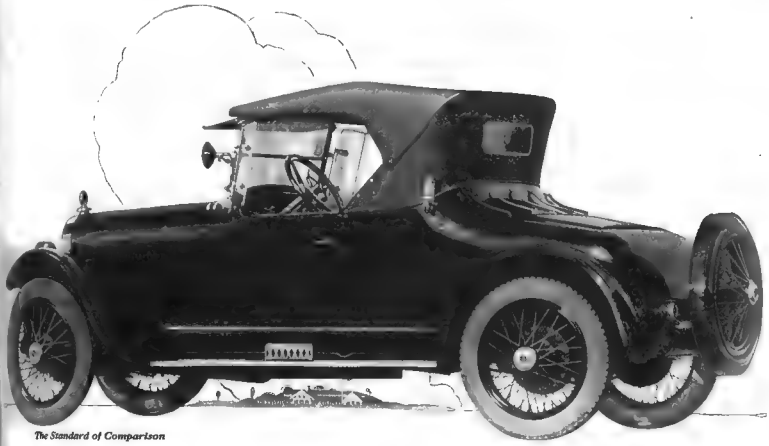

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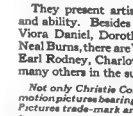

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(Continued from Page 34)

of so vast an antiquity at the time of all this tragedy; I was young enough to be more disturbed than I care to remember."

"He's written on the picture."

"Yes. You see, always he called me his little sister. Naturally, it is argot that he uses, but he did not write so bad a hand, did he? 'To thee, little darling sister, from thy wicked vagabond of a brother.'"

"But, Sarah Anne, how—how did you get to know him?"

"Well, not in the salon of *petite mère*, as you may imagine! He was a friend of our chauffeur, the brother of my good Marie, and even at that time I was not averse to escapades! Leon—the brother—he helped me one evening to dress myself up in some of his old clothes, and we got out over the balcony to the courtyard, and off to the café of the Dead Snail. I made a very nice and amusing small spache, and Garnier, he took a most enormous fancy to me, and I thought that never in my life had I seen so beautiful a young man! He charmed me."

"But, Sarah Anne, you didn't play around with chauffeurs and criminals, did you?"

"Why not, *chérie*? The young men in my mother's salon were very, very respectful and respectable and correct—and dull to tears. At the Dead Snail, well, they were none of those things, and I was young, and a little mad perhaps. They taught me many things, between them all—for which I am not quite sure whether I owe them a debt or a vengeance. Sometimes I think it is not great good fortune, to know too much—too young."

She sat staring at the battered red chest, her lips curled to irony—something more bitter than tears behind her shadowed eyes.

"Listen!" Joan's peremptory voice indicated scant sympathy with reverie in any form. "I want to get this thing straight. Do you mean to tell us that you didn't come here from a convent?"

"Of course I did not come here from a convent! Never, never for one minute did I tell you that! It was you who told it to me."

"Then will you be good enough to tell us where you did come from?"

"Joan, there is something in your voice that tells me that you would not really think me good even if I told you that I came straight convent from heaven! I will therefore admit that, to be entirely candid, I did not. I came from Dinard, because I was tired, tired, tired down to the innermost center of my smallest bones of being that mad thing that we call gay. I desired to rest with a hunger, with a thirst, with a fever that ate me up entirely. I had been gay for too long; I felt as though I would burn quite up and die if I could not find some place in which to rest—and to be safe—and to be dull. So I came here."

"Here!" echoed Babbie, not inclined to be outraged. "To be safe and dull? Here?"

"As you say, my Babbie, here. *Petite mère*, she was badly shocked at the collapse of her mad daughter, and she remembered Aunt Madeleine, who had been to her like a real sister when she was a small strange bride, and she said to me, 'My poor child, I ask your Aunt Madeleine if she will not for a while take you away from all this that you have come to hate and fear. She lives far off in America on a little island in a little house called Tranquillity Farm. Will that give you happiness?' And I said, 'Ah, *maman*, the green trees, and little birds, and white peace. Let me go quickly.' So she cabled to my Aunt Madeleine, and I came quickly."

"Some rest cure!" said Robert Grahame. "White peace—you poor kid, hasn't anyone in France ever heard of Long Island?"

"That's all right, Bob," said Joan, going to your pity for a while yet. I'm not through with this patient. Is the wardrobe you arrived in the kind of thing you wear around Dinard, Sarah Anne?"

"My very pretty Joan, it will be more pleasant for us all if you try to remember that it is not a lady on the rack that you address, but your very fortunate hostess for the evening! Since it is far more amusing for me to answer your questions than to refuse, however, I inform you with delight how it is I come to wear those frocks and hats that gave you and Babbie and Paula so great a concern and diversion."

She settled herself deeper into the brilliant cushions, and the assembled company glared apprehensively; every time she stirred it suggested that once more Venus was about to emerge, exquisite and triumphant, from her silver wave.

"When the cable arrived from my Aunt Madeline saying 'Come,' my mother, she cried out: 'But never, never can you go to that little quiet village in these most outrageous clothes that you wear! Even in Dinard they are a scandal, and there it would be of an unheard-of taste. One or two you might possibly take to wear in New York—though it is now twenty-seven years since I have been there, I remember distinctly that French gowns are worn in New York—but in the country! Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, what clothes do they wear in the country in those United States of America?'

"And I replied to her, 'Tranquilize yourself, *chérie*. There is one thing that you have forgotten—the great, the supreme educational force of the world—do they not themselves admit it? *Vive le Cinéma!* Tonight they give A Country Rose, To-morrow Hearts and Homespun. Both nights I go, I take Marie, we observe with our eyes, we create with our needles—and behold a dress! A blue suit in the morning—I arrive, Babbie, it copies exactly to the button which is gone, the one which that inimitable *tragédienne*, Miss Jewel Carfax, wears when she climbs down off the great train into the great city, in the well-known drama of Hearts and Homespun. The pink dress in which I later made my début at the tennis court was ruffle for ruffle like that one in which the enchanting *comédienne*, Miss June Darling, gets chased through a cherry field by a most inhospitable cow in that heart-warming comedy A Country Rose. Imagine, therefore, my confusion and chagrin when I discover on the tennis court how cruelly I have been misled by the greatest educational force in all the world, and that I am not arrayed in a manner to give edification to the rural inhabitants of America!"

She executed a dramatic flourish with the emerald-green feather that nearly upset Reid's coffee cup, and was on her feet as lightly and swiftly as though she had been blown there.

"Come—I bore you. We must seek some other way to amuse ourselves! What if we ..."

"It's getting pretty late for hayseeds to be up," remarked Joan, patting her white ruffles with a dangerous light in her eyes. "Every good little hick ought to be thinking about bed by ten o'clock! How about moving on, Reid?"

"No, no! Why, we have not begun! This is madness! Hayseeds? Hicks? What are those?"

"Rural inhabitants. Coming, Peter?"

Sarah Anne wrung her hands despairingly.

"Ah, now I have offended you, wicked goose that I am! Listen, Joan, I am guilty, I am guilty; but alas! I am penitent. It is true that when I saw how you were all making a mock of me that day I cried out inside me that the villains in the Hearts and Homespun, 'Ah ha, I shall get a revenge. Wait, wait, my fine lady, it is I who will make a mock out of you!' That, it is true, I have seem how wicked and how it was to be good like I pretended to be, and I am repentant, and I take off the costume of the part. I am very bad just like you. And yet you hold me off from you and are solemn and cross like you were grandmothers in Sunday schools! Truly, Reid, I do not understand!"

"Well, rid your active mind of any idea that we're grandmothers in Sunday schools," assured Joan with a carefully ostentatious yawn. "And while it may be bad manners to remark on it, Sarah Anne, the only spectacular thing about this party so far has been you. You've been to some fairly mournful festivals in my day, but this one gets the gold medal. The only excitement that we've had so far is to sit around looking and wondering what on earth you were going to do next; and the novelty of that's beginning to wear off. How about some game that all of the girls and boys can play?"

"Yes, yes!" She was all gracious animation. "Dancing, perhaps? The drawing-room?"

"Well, you may be from Paris, France, dearie, but I doubt whether there's much that you can teach this gang about dancing—eh, what, Polly?"

"I guess not," replied Polly, striving valiantly to inject nonchalance into a voice that had suddenly shaken by the events of the past hour.

"Nope—unless you have something better than that to lure us with we'll be moving along. All this is pretty hot slow, Sarah Anne. Great cats, you haven't even got a single mortal thing to smoke in the wh blooming house!"

"Oh, yes," said Sarah Anne softly, de ing the green feather gently across the of her fingers. "There is a single m thing to smoke in this house."

Joan stared at her with undisgu hostility.

"Do you mean to say that you're cigarettes around all this time? Well, the love of Allah, cough me out!"

"Again you misunderstand. Not arettes."

"What is it—a pipe?"

Sarah Anne contemplated the scar face with a strange little smile.

"Yes—a pipe. You would like to try i

"Sure, I'd like to try it! I was wor to get one out of Rod the day that dropped in on us—wasn't I, Rod?"

"Yes."

Rod threw the syllable to her indi ently, his eyes riveted on the small sar face of his hostess, exquisite and enigm under its clusters of jeweled flowers. stood for a second considering her sembled guests with a flicker of indul amusement, then with the lightest of sh and a swirl of silver dragonfly dipped to knees before the scarlet leather box.

"As you wish! Only remember, I of you, that I must exact discretion, e it is entirely against your most exc laws! The pipe is perhaps a little plicated for the first time—you would prefer something simpler?"

She flung an inquiring glance ove shoulder at the transfixed Joan, her fi busy with the contents of the chest.

"What—what on earth are you tal about?"

"Well, it must be held just so see—breathed just so; these little p must first be warmed and softened, urally. Peter will help you, perhaps; really a task for two. For myself I j something less complicated."

"Less complicated than what?" manded Joan in strangled accents.

"But than opium, *mon enfant!* Co in this powder form, either out of this bottle on a bit of soft cotton—it is rapid, more direct; *enfin*, more si However, it is entirely a matter of one can only serve by experiment which is your pipe, your pellets, your ligh your saucer. Peter will light it for yo show you how it is done."

"What do you mean—show how done?" demanded Peter furiously. never laid eyes on the infernal stuff be

"No? Ah, truly? You Americans you are extraordinary! Well, the balls they must just cook—then I will you myself. In the meantime I fix so the cotton for Polly. For me, I favorite, the technic is nothing breathe soft and deep—nothing more for a long, long time I did not have and when I breathed it again—ah relief! Like heaven, like Paradise. you shall see for yourself."

Polly shrank back into the cushion dilated eyes, her terrified gaze on th urated bit of cotton so hospitably ext

"No, no! It makes me sick—h it does. Honestly—it makes me the time that — Bob, Bob, take it Don't let her—don't let her! T away!"

Her voice rose for a terrified shrie Grahame snatched at the piece of furiously, his face an incredulous m anger.

"Here, what are you doing? shake like that, darling! Don't! thing's all right; nothing's going t you. Bob's got you. Look, I've th out of the window; it's all gone. deep breath of that air—that's righ other—now another."

"What children!" laughed Sarah gayly. "No, but that is touchin delicious! Come now, Babbie, w them what it is to be grown up. here your hand!"

Babbie extended the small, firm hand obediently, saucer-eyed and tipped.

"No, palm down—like that. Now back a little soft pinch of it, like None of those cruel sharp needl are wiser! Your heart is strong? Now lift it to that so small, so ingu nose—higher—higher—like that. smiff quick!"

"Stop that!"

The gentleman from California's protest was followed by action

(Continued on Page 38)

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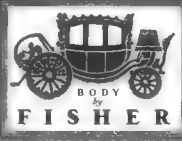
FISHER BODIES

When your attention and admiration are attracted by the beauty of a motor car body of Fisher design, you can definitely identify it by this symbol. It will appear from this time forward, on the right side of the car, close to the frame, and just back of the motor hood.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONT. CLEVELAND



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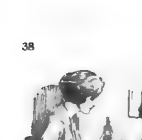


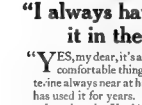
"I always have it in the house"

"YES, my dear, it's a wonderfully comfortable thing to have Listerine always near at hand. Mother has used it for years. *I know* it's a safe antiseptic. You'd be surprised how many uses we find for it."

* * *

Listerine is a safe, unirritating antiseptic that has been in high public favor for half a century.

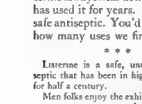
Men folks enjoy the exhilarating feeling of Listerine after shaving. Just douse it on full strength. It allays irritation and provides a safe antiseptic for any abrasion or nick the razor may leave.



Delightful after the rasp

As a gargle to ward off or relieve sore throat it will often help you avoid more serious ills. Don't take chances with diseases that start with sore throat. Have Listerine in your medicine cabinet.

Listerine and warm water used as a nasal douche will often hasten the recovery from colds in the head. It is cleansing, refreshing and healing.



Guard against sore throat

And for that subtle trouble which may so easily escape your notice halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath), Listerine is ideal. It halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Just use it as a mouth wash and gargle.

Another most interesting use for Listerine that fastidious people have discovered is its value as a deodorizer. In many matters of personal hygiene (applied to the under-arm, particularly) it has become highly prized as a toilet aid. As such it is a safe, fragrant lotion of great efficiency. You *know* you are taking no chances when you use Listerine this way.

Your mirror can't tell you

Many other uses for Listerine are described in the circular which is packed with every bottle.

It is a most versatile antiseptic to have *always* at hand in your home.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

(Continued from Page 36)

and violent that even Sarah Anne gave way before it. He fell on Babbie like a cross between an avalanche and a whirlwind, scattering the white powder into space, shaking her like a kitten, utterly oblivious of any of the less primitive emotions of dignity and consideration.

"Come on out of this hole before I drag you out, you little idiot! Come on! Do you think I'm going to have my wife fooling around with that dirty stuff! Come on where I can tell you exactly what I think of you!"

"Steady on, Tolliver!" recommended Rod pleasantly. "Babbie's not your wife yet, you know. We might all move on to the drawing-room, however, and—"

"I'll go wherever Tolly wants me to go," retorted the ungrateful Babbie shakily. "It's none of your business what we do, Rodman Thorn. It's no thanks to you I'm not a dope fiend for life this minute! I think we're all gone perfectly crazy, and I want to go home—Tolly."

"But one little dance before you go!" pleaded Sarah Anne, sparkling from the doorway. "One little, little dance! I show you a new one—from Java. See, the rugs in the drawing-room, they are all rolled back. And have you forgotten the prizes? But you cannot go without the prizes! No, come!"

She flitted across the shining expanses of the drawing-room floor to the piano, a creature from another world in the gracious candlelight of the great room—a creature made of moonlight and tinsel and thistledown, at once magical and mischievous.

"Monsieur, you play for us! You do not know the air, naturally, but one of your tangos will not be so bad; only more trailing, more slow. Behind it you must think of little drums, very soft and wicked, beating—beating like hearts. Now with whom shall I begin? With you, Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tollyer?"

"Thanks," replied that gentleman stiffly, his hand on Babbie's arm. "I'm pretty rotten; better try someone else."

"You then, Mr. Grahame?"

"Sorry; I'm not at it at all!"

"Then you, Peter? Come, it is quite simple—as simple as Africa. They call it Javanese, but that I doubt! It is more primitive, I think you will agree. One arm you put quite around me—so; the hand behind the neck—so."

"Why not try it with me?" suggested Rod amiably. "Peter will be self-sacrificing, won't you, Peter?"

"Rather!" said Peter.

Sarah Anne stood swaying uncertainly, the languid beat of the music hovering in her eyes.

"But you—you do not care for dancing!"

"Well, not as a general rule, but this sounds a bit different. Let's have a try at it, anyway, shan't we? Let's see now—one arm clear around you—that right? And the hand behind—"

She slipped from the circle of his arms as silently and easily as a snake and stood poised and shimmering just out of reach.

"No, it is absurd, but I cannot remember the step. Like that, it is nothing to me—like that, I tell you! It is perhaps what you call stage fright—my mind it is quite entirely a blank. No, I will be excused. Never, never has that occurred to me before!"

"Perhaps it'll come back to you; let's try it again."

Sarah Anne fluttered a little farther back, shaking her head until the emerald flowers danced.

"No—no -it is no good; it is quite gone."

"Well, if you ask me I'll say it's a darned good thing it is quite gone!" exploded Babbie, flushed and emphatic. "Don't you ever have it come back to you at the Country Club, either, Sarah Anne; we may not be exactly fussy, but believe me, we draw the line somewhere and I'll say when where we'd draw it would be about eight thousand miles this side of your little dance. I never—"

"But, Babbie, it had not yet begun!" protested Sarah Anne plaintively.

"Not begun! Well, it's—"

"Come on, let's cut this out!" interposed Joan curtly. "If you want to know what I think about the whole thing I'm about fed up. We can get over to the club in time for three or four good toddles if we hurry, and I'll telephone for them to have some hot coffee and chicken salad and strawberry shortcake ready for us. Believe me, I feel hollow as one of Sarah Anne's wicked little drums. Sarah Anne, you can come along too if you'll put on some clothes and remember that you're in the United States of America and not the Dead Snail or Central Africa! You going to drive me over, Pete?"

"You better believe!" acquiesced Pete fervently.

"I wish when you telephone you'd tell 'em to turn on every light in the place and get two extra coons for the band," implored Paula. "I'm feeling crawly all over. What I need is noise and light, and a lot of it. Joan, they're going to guy the life out of us about these clothes!"

"Well, it's better to be kidded than arrested," rejoined the lady in white, with a withering glance at Sarah Anne's shameless silver. "And anyway, I'm going to hand out a long fancy line about how the dead smart thing nowadays is to be proper, and I'll bet you in on it, Polly. Hop along, boys and girls—the night's getting older every minute!"

"But you are forgetting!" said their hostess softly. "You are forgetting the prizes."

"Oh, murder! Well, for the Lord's sake, speed it up! I suppose your idea of something really good would be a week's allowance of bathing-suits, they are all rolled back. And have you forgotten the prizes? But you cannot go without the prizes! No, come!"

"That makes one true thing that you've said this evening, doesn't it, Sarah Anne?"

She turned slowly back to the deserted drawing-room, trailing the empty basket a little wearily by its bright ribbons.

"There is a very great deal that I have said this evening that is true, my friend."

"And nothing that you've said that wasn't!"

"Oh, nothing—that is a large word. It is possible that one or two small inaccuracies may have occurred. My memory is an atrocity, I assure you!"

"Yes; I gathered that. Sarah Anne, aren't you going to wash your face? Honestly, I've forgotten what you look like."

For a moment the frozen eyes met his cruelly, then suddenly they wavered, danced, and melted to a lovely laughter.

"But with what shall I wash my face, forgetful one?"

Here!" He swept down triumphantly on the Venetian bowl in which two roses floated languidly. "Haven't you got a handkerchief? Oh, great! Wait, you can have mine for a towel—that's it. Oh, that is it!" His joyous voice was suddenly shaken. "You're so beautiful, Sarah Anne. You're so beautiful that I'm afraid of you!"

Sarah Anne stopped long enough in her task of stripping jewels from throat and hair and fingers to smile at him, tremulously mocking.

"Ah, ah, this pale face beautiful! No, I will blush for you, untruthful that you are, so that it will be no longer pale. Turn now your head away—only for one minute—so!"

There was a quick swish of sound, a mighty rustling and ripping, and she stood before him in a silver gown that her great-grandmother might have worn, demure from throat to ankle.

"Marie, she is a magician—she bastes up here, she tucks down there, behold, I am a spectacle to make angels weep and devils dance! This way you like me better?"

"This way, that way, any way—what difference does it make, little masquerader! Underneath I'll be thanking you just the same!"

"Mr. Rodman Thorn, you talk to me not at all like that sensible young man of whom Babbie has told me quite a young man who has no heart, and who is so sure that he would tire of any girl alive before one year. Is it not so that he has talked loud when he thinks of marrying one."

"I'm not going to marry one," Rod assured her. "I'm going to marry one or ten or eleven—and I'm going to do it pretty quickly, thank you."

"I must go to think that packing," said Sarah Anne hastily. "There is all still to be done; I must —"

"Sarah Anne, do you really think that Canada is a nice place for a rest cure? Canada? A great, huge, cold place with nothing but an aunt in it? Listen, I have an island that's just exactly the right size for you and two green parrots, and a hundred acres of flowers, and a thousand blue butterflies, and twelve gray monkeys no bigger than squirrels, and a tame flying fish. I'll have a strip of white sand for a beach, with water spreading out from it like a peacock's tail, and a house that's nothing but a roof supported by pillars, open to thatch it and a swing to furnish it, and the moon for a lamp and the stars for candles. You can be there all day and all night with red flowers in your hair and white flowers in your hands, and a brown lady in a bright head necklace to play to you on your harp, and a little black boy in gold earrings to fan you and swing you and put cool fruits before you. You can rest there—you can rest until you will never be tired or sad or frightened again. It's my island, and I'll lend it to you."

"And where will you go then, if you lend me your island?"

"Oh, I'm coming too," replied her landlord promptly. "I need a rest cure myself. I told the editor about it and he said, 'By all means. We're tired of seeing you around here anyway' and ended a death of hearing about that play you're going to write. Don't let us see your face again until you've done it. What's it going to be about anyway?' And says I, frightfully modestly, 'My dear man, it's going to be the play of the century. The eternal feminine in a setting of tropical splendor humor, pathos, passion, wit, beauty, moonlight.' And says he, 'Good night!' More ukulele stuff! Why don't you get married and cut out the moonshine?'"

(Continued on Page 40)

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The *Newest* of the *New* Oaklands

$1285

Chassis . . . . $ 895
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Oakland's newest achievement—a six-cylinder, two passenger Coupe for $1285—offers an unequalled value, outstanding and impressive. Nowhere can you match its rugged construction, its pleasing beauty, its wide utility, or its genuine economy at anywhere near its price.

This newest of the New Oaklands gives you everything you want in a closed car, at a price you will gladly pay. Its overhead-valve, six-cylinder, Oakland-built engine, backed by the 15,000 mile guarantee, assures an abundance of power, with that inherent suppleness and quiet of the six, so desirable in a closed car.

The body is rugged and substantial. It is designed and built exclusively for this Coupe; it is neither a makeshift nor a compromise body. Its thoroughly high-grade construction conforms, in every detail, to the finest coach-making practice. Genuine leathers and rich automobile cloths embellish the interior; plate glass windows of generous proportion afford unobstructed view in all directions.

Wide doors, lever-operated windows, walnut instrument board with silver-faced glass covered instruments, rear-view mirror, visor, windshield cleaner, snubbers, secure door locks, non-skid cord tires and nickeled fittings—all standard equipment—add materially to the beauty and value of this remarkable car.

You will appreciate its beauty; you will sense its wide utility; you will enjoy its comfort and convenience. But not until you know the careful and exacting manufacture that has gone into every detail of its construction will you truly marvel that such a fine closed car can be sold at so low a price. At $1285, this newest of the New Oakland 6-44's completes a line that satisfies every motoring taste and requirement.

As this advertisement goes to press

we learn that an Oakland 6-44 stock Touring Car won the annual Los Angeles to Camp Curry, Yosemite Valley, Economy Run, according to A. A. A. records.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

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Exit flies!

LAST summer thousands of families found in Flyosan the new way to keep their houses free from disease-carrying flies and other insects.

Hundreds of public institutions, hospitals, hotels and restaurants use Flyosan regularly against flies, mosquitoes, ants, roaches, bed bugs.

You apply Flyosan with an ordinary garden sprayer. For flies and mosquitoes just pump a few sprays of Flyosan into the air of a closed room. Inside of five minutes all insects will be dead.

Flyosan leaves no stain or unpleasant odor. It is safe to use. It is absolutely non-poisonous to everything except insects.

Get a can and a sprayer today. If you cannot secure Flyosan from your drug, grocery or hardware store, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

To Dealers

You should stock Flyosan in the interests of public health—if for no other reason. And there are plenty of other reasons. Write for dealers' prices today.

Colonial Chemical Corporation
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PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

Flyosan

SAFE INSECTICIDE

Kills Flies by the Roomful

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(Continued from Page 38)

"And what then did you say to that editor?"

"I said then to that editor, 'Great Lord, what did you think I'm going to do? I'm as good as married this minute!'"

"You are?" inquired Sarah Anne in accents that she endeavored to render startled.

"I most certainly am, and you're the last person in the world that should manifest any surprise about it! Now then, how about the packing? I don't think that there's any use in going to Canada first, do you?"

"First before when?"

"First before you get married. As your future husband and present well-wisher I should suggest that sudden changes of climate from Canada to the South Seas are highly undesirable in any case, and particularly undesirable in your case, as there's a nice boat leaving tomorrow afternoon for the island, and our Aunt Madeleine will be perfectly delighted to hear that I've married you—she adores me."

"It is ridiculous how you talk," said Sarah Anne tremulously. "It is ridiculous and idiotic and quite entirely mad to even think of such a thing for one little moment. What time does that boat leave?"

"It leaves at three o'clock," he told her, his voice a good deal unsteadier than her own. "Are—are you coming, Sarah Anne?"

"But naturally I am coming," said Sarah Anne.

Rod crossed the shining space between them in two long strides and stopped.

"You don't know much about me, do you, darling, darling? I probably oughtn't to marry you at all. I haven't any money to speak of, though you may have noticed that I'm extremely bright, so that I'm liable to make a good deal any minute."

"I have not any either," replied his fiancée. "So that way it will be quite all right and most amusing. And it is absurd to say that I do not know about you. I know that you have black hair, and eyes that see through everything, and a smile like magic, and brown hands that are strong, and knowledge of all that is desirable to know, and ignorance of all that is stupid to know, and a dearness and a kindness and a foolishness that I have ever found anywhere. So you see! It is you who do not know anything about me. Not even if I am truly Sarah Anne Carstairs."

"I know that you are truly you. Anything else, in my present state of uncanny lucidity, seems of minor importance."

"Were you not frightened then, when you saw of what depravity, of what wickedness and boldness I could be?"

"Well, I wasn't so awfully frightened. You see, you do overdo it just a bit, darling. As a dramatic critic it's my duty to inform you that your various characterizations are just a shade too perfect for Nature. Also I can tell birch beer and lemonade and brandy from absinth and vodka, and I happen to have been studying at the Sorbonne at the time of the auto bandits! Who was your friend in the picture?"

"But you are marvelous!" she cried joyously. "Like that Sherlock Holmes—only more. That young man in the picture, he was Marie's brother Leon, but it was not birch beer; no, no, it was cider with tea and brandy and ginger from Jamaica—and, naturally, licorice to make the taste like absinth. You liked it?"

"Like most of the party, I don't believe that I got much beyond the first swallow, darling. Who was the rest of your portrait gallery?"

"Well, the Grand Duke, he is the brother-in-law of Marie, who runs a store of fur skins from Russia in the Rue du Bac, and the one of Carpentier I bought in New York to send back to my little cousin who thinks him a far greater fighter than Foch, and Madame Guilbert's she gave to me, because I took lessons in diction from her for quite a time, and she was adorable enough to think that I showed possibilities as a diseuse—what do you call it?—a reciter. Rodman, you do not know how fast and hard I have worked this evening to make that party a failure for me. You do not know how tired, tired, tired I am, now that it is over."

"My blessed little sinner, what am I thinking about to let you stand there? Look, here's a chair with two fat cushions, and a nice piece of floor for me to sit on. Close your eyes—that's better—so."

"No, my eyes I cannot keep closed—I cannot! If you could see all those things I did—to fix those opium pellets from sealing wax and chocolate, and the baking soda for the cocaine, and the ether which Marie used on my slippers—no, to get them all done it required a frenzy! The chest with the pipes and the sofa pillows I found in the Chinese curiosities of my uncle—but there was the dress to arrange and the things to drink, and the work to persuade Patterson and Bowling that it was of an absolute necessity to drag all the things from my uncle's study into the next room, and tomorrow to drag them all back once more. Dinner also—if you could hear how I pleaded with those two great blockheads! Even when I tell them that it is but a farce, a jest, a diversion, they stand there all stiff and stony like they die of horror. No, no—I am exhausted."

"It's dying to be wicked, isn't it, darling iniquity?"

"Oh, it is nightmare, no less! Hold fast my hands, Rodman. I am so tired. What I told about coming here, you see, that was all true; I was so tired just of being alive that I was frightened. For five years—all during the war and after—I was *in frisettes*—trained nurse, you know; that time you heard me singing in that Paris canteen I was on my first leave, and I thought my heart would break because I was so sad and monstrous and cruel a world to have to laugh in. If you knew how much more it takes to laugh than to cry, Rodman!"

"I know—I know."

"The worst, it was not even that horror of misery we called war. The worst was when it was over, and the whole world went mad trying to forget what they had suffered. You don't know that—Nice and Deauville and Dinard and Paris and Biarritz and Monte Carlo and San Sebastian—I dragged myself through the crazy nightmare of each one of them before I broke all into pieces and frightened my small mother so badly. You don't know what they say, what they think, what they do, those people who are dancing on the graves that they have made themselves out of."

"Sarah Anne, we'll find lovely and gentle ways to forget—to forget the horror and remember the splendor."

"Oh, you must find them for me, my Rod dear; I am too tired to look any more. When I come all the way across to America and see how the English children are playing with the dreadful fire that I have run and run to escape, I feel sick like I have never felt sick in all my life—and tired—so tired. When I feel like that I begin to laugh, because there is nothing else to do except to die. And that I am afraid to do, even when I remember how ugly and absurd and long a thing this life is; so I laugh because the jest, it is on me, without a doubt."

"Sarah Anne, don't, don't! You're forgetting the island, and the moon, and the silver beach." Sarah Anne laid her cheek very softly against his brown hand.

"No, no, I am not forgetting. You are going to teach me all those things I never even knew how to dream. You know, I went straight from that gray Belgian convent out into the war—and straight from the war into the world it left behind it; no one has ever taught me how to dream of peace and happiness and beauty—and I was wearied out trying to teach my foolish self. You do not know how glad I was to see you when you came, how I had missed you when you were not there."

"When you talk that way, my loveliness, how do you think I'm going to be able to say good night to you?"

"Good night—ah, but that is true!" She leaned forward suddenly, the silver flounces spreading about her like a great flower. "You must go, and quickly, because tonight it is late, and tomorrow—tomorrow it is my wedding day. It is possible in America to get married so quickly as that?"

"Yes, God be thanked—there's always Greenwich. We'll take Babbie and Tolly along for chaperons, if you haven't shocked 'em so that they won't speak to you."

Sarah Anne's lovely laughter flooded the quiet room.

"My Rod dear, I tell you something. If I did not run away from this place right one of those strong, wise, shocked people they would be here in this house tomorrow afternoon."

"Darling, I hope that you'll forgive me if I tell you that I doubt it!"

"They would come, I tell you—they would come to save me! They might think that I was more wicked than it is possible to be, but they would know that I was to be quiet and gentle and kind—that I would be, oh, most ridiculous, but that I would! oh, most polite; so they would want help to try to save me."

"Of course, Sarah Anne, there's no doubt in the world that you are the most unscrupulous and endearing flatterer that ever drew the breath of life."

"Flattery is something in my head, not only on my lips, my Rod. Everywhere in America we who are women are taught that you who are men are wiser and stronger and braver than we are; we believe it, I think, as though it were true. If it is true"—the light caressing voice paused and then swept bravely on—"if it is true—why, then perhaps it is better it truth! I will believe it till I die—it is so than my laughter when I laugh at deeper than my tears when I cry and it is because I believe it of you that you will always, always be braver and stronger and wiser."

He bowed his black head suddenly in the small curve of her hands.

"Sarah Anne, who taught you how to ribble a weapon gentleness could be?"

Sarah Anne dropped the lightest of kisses on that bowed head.

"It is no weapon—no, no; but it may be for us, perhaps, an armor! Now I will say good night to me, my Rod! have many dreams that I must sleep through before tomorrow!"

"Ah, I am beast to keep you here one minute longer, little tired angel! Sarah Anne, couldn't you remember the seven years that I waited to hear you again? Couldn't you sing good night to me instead of just saying it?"

"Because I am at present an angel. She swayed toward him, all shining, mischievous grace. "Because all good angels should say good night upon a harp! But no, no, no, I thank you—I am angel yet, for which I am very truly grateful. I am that most lucky lady, Sarah Anne Carstairs, who is now glad that life is long, because she has found someone to whom she can sing good night to always. Wait now—wait very still, you shall hear!"

She slipped through the shadows noiselessly than a shadow; the candlelight shone kindly on her as she knelt by the golden harp in her silver dress. A ripple of fall fingers, and she was singing.

"Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels,"

sang Sarah Anne beneath her breath to her lord and master,

"Less than the rust that never stained thy sword.
Less than ——"

The fairy voice wavered—sank; Rod swept her up and caught her to him, shaken by sudden panic.

"Oh, life—life's so damned short, Sarah Anne! That devilish miser Time doles out the years to us—twenty—thirty—beggarly years to hear you sing."

Sarah Anne stood high on the tips of gleaming feet so that she could lay her fingers across his lips.

"Hush!" she whispered, lifting to the enchanted eyes that danced through tears. "Hush! What folly is this to bring with your talk of forty years? Forty years! No, no, no, you will not so soon done with my singing! Have you forgotten that it is I who am an angel? Have you forgotten that already I have learned to play upon the harp?"

(THE END)

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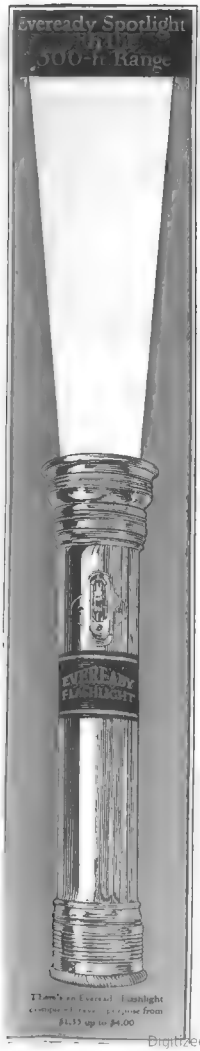

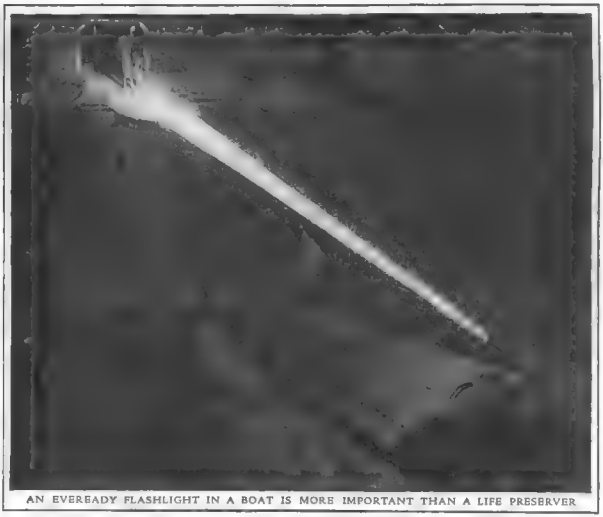

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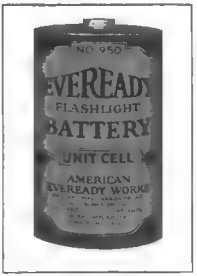

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HOW WILLIE CAME ACROSS

(Continued from Page 7)

So it was her necklace—her necklace after all. Softly he stepped to the door, removed his handkerchief from his sleeve and plugged it in the keyhole. Then he did a curious thing. It seemed almost like a capricious play to fancy. He drew from his pocket another long cigar with its curiously stamped band, but he did not light it. Instead he stared at it intently, sadly shook his head and seated himself on the single chair of which his quarters boasted. He sat for a long time very quietly, but finally he sighed. And then he did another curious thing. He crossed his left ankle over his right knee and bent for an instant over the seam in the leg of his trousers. There was a snapping of threads and his hand had moved away. He was pulling something from the seam, something that glittered like the sun on a rippling bay, but more brightly and dazzlingly than sun has ever glittered on water. He was holding a diamond necklace, each stone a thing of beauty, and their aggregate enough to make a more stolid man than he involuntarily catch his breath. No wonder he had forgotten to return it. Yet it was not so grand as she was: no, not half so grand.

For a moment he had closed his eyes, but it was not long before he opened them wide again, and passed a deft hand into his inside pocket. Carefully he smoothed a thumb-marked piece of paper on his knee and diligently perused the penciled writing.

"Dere friend," it read. "The joint is Palermo. I got you, buddy. Hop off the boat. I'll be there. Trust your old buddy to do the rest. Yra till We Bust Fetto the Wop."

He smiled faintly and closed his eyes again. Before his vivid fancy the events of the day were running—strange crowded moments, tense and stupendous; but always in back of his mind he could see her still, half smiling, but wholly friendly.

Willie had always been a popular guy, popular without courting popularity. Down in Sammy the Swede's billiard parlor, for instance, all the guys used to let out a yell when he came in, and sometimes the bribe from the bar-shop out front would come waltzing through the door with the lather still on their faces and the towels around their necks just to have Willie hand them the dope. For Willie was a great kidder. But never before had he fully realized his mirth-provoking powers.

From the very first, people wanted to meet him—more friends of Alicia's, and still more. Indeed, as time went on everybody seemed anxious to make his acquaintance. Everybody hung on his words and asked him polite questions.

Even his simplest speeches were received with gales of laughter. And when he sang about the café on Broadway at the ship's concert, how they cheered! It was touching, their anxiety to have him keep on singing. How often he wished the guys could see him as he sat in the center of an admiring crowd and made quarters disappear up his sleeve!

More than anything else he wished they could see him as he walked back and forth by the rail with Alicia, his hand courteously supporting her elbow, while she glanced up at him in smiling candor.

Up at Rooney's dance hall in the days before that tenor of merry souls was closed to the general public, you used to do a dance where everyone stood in a circle. When the music started you would turn on your heel smartly and grab the hand of the girl beside you, pull her by you, and continue, with your hand, as it were, along your course. To Willie life sometimes seemed like the mazes of that dance—and now the music was starting again. To put it another way, he was a trousered Cinderella—neatly creased—and the clock was striking twelve.

If he failed to realize the relentless purpose of Fate until the very end it was because he was an opportunist, as anyone must be who leads a varied life. Yet when the moment came he was ready. If he wavered at all it was not through fear or selfishness. It was dark, and he and Alicia were standing by the rail. The day had been cloudy and the night was very black.

"Look," said Alicia. "There's land! See the light? We should be anchored tomorrow early."

"Cheest, lady," said Willie, "I can—"

"Cheest yourself," she said; "there it is again. It comes and goes. It's a lighthouse."

Willie whistled softly through his teeth.

"You win," he said. "It does come and go—don't it? I wonder what's the big idea. Everything's like that—comes and goes, goes and comes."

"I wonder," said Alicia. "It is funny, isn't it? I wonder what we'll be doing this time tomorrow? What will you be doing, I wonder?"

She was looking at him with unusual kindliness—so kindly that he felt a lump rise in his throat. It was just the way he had felt when he had stood by that rail two weeks before, and had watched the buildings of New York fade into cloudy palaces and disappear. He had a vague wish to expectorate to conceal his emotion. He felt that she would understand, and yet he still refrained.

"I wish I knew," he said wistfully.

"Haven't you ever been here before?" she asked.

"Lady," said Willie, "I've never been two miles east of Broadway."

She laughed a little rippling laugh. He could not understand, but now, by some how she always laughed when she was with him.

"You know," she said, "you've been an awfully regular guy."

"Tie out the bull," he replied. "Do you think so—honest?"

"Of course I do," she said.

"Lady," said Willie slowly, "you've been white to me. You gave me a crown to your swell friends. You gave me a good time, and you didn't know who I was—see? You're some sport, lady."

Alicia laughed again

"Tie out the bull," she said.

"I wish I knew what to be as white to you," sighed Willie; "but times are hard, lady."

"I haven't been very nice to you really," said Alicia on a sudden impulse. "I've remembered something, will you?"

"I certainly will," she said.

He looked at the light again, and wanted to say some more, but then he saw he was lingering? He had not known he would feel so badly. He had thought it would be a simple matter, but instead he was experiencing a most uncomfortable sensation. Deliberately and with open eyes he had double-crossed a friend. No wonder he was hissing a tuneless melody through his teeth when he opened his stateroom door.

He opened his stateroom door and then he stopped whistling. He had always been neat and careful about his things, but now——— He gave a quick lurch forward and closed the door behind him, and instinctively his hand dropped toward his hip pocket. He had always been neat, and now——— The clothing he had hung so carefully on the pegs on the wall was disarranged, the box of cigars at the foot of his berth had been opened. His face became as immobile as though it was carved from marble. His suitcase had been exactly in the corner, now it was at the feet nearer the washstand. Someone had been searching his room. Noiselessly he bolted his door and stuffed his handkerchief in the keyhole. Yes, the clock had struck twelve and the ball was over.

The steadily throbbing of the Sicilia's turbines had dwindled to a low and fitful murmur when Willie opened his stateroom door again. It was very dark, and he listened a long early that the day was still soft and misty and the lights were still on in the Sicilia's passages. He opened the door at first the merest crack, and then stood very still. Then he opened it wider and glided, a dark and silent shadow, past the stateroom. The three noiseless bounds Willie was through the door that led to the second-class deck And then for the first time in his life he shivered, not from the cold, because it wasn't very cold, but because everything seemed queer.

It was still hardly light, but even in the shadows he had never seen a joint like that before. The trouble was that it did not look real. It was like something in the movies, one of those movies that are educational and make you shut your eyes. In the first place, there was the odor—the odor was like that. There wasn't a house over three stories, and all of them were colored—like in a stage set. Yes, exactly like in a stage set. And that wasn't all—not all by five fingers. In back of the town were mountains rolling up toward the sky, so high that they swept back into the sky itself, to be lost in a rack of cloud and mist. Was this to be his journey's end?

The Sicilia was still moving, but she was almost drifting now, and the mist was beginning to clear. Down by the water he could make out a forest of masts and spars, masts of little fishing boats, and from the shore he could hear strange calls, like the noise of many venders on the East Side at home. Then something else caught his attention and quickened his pulse. Out from the nest of masts there had glided a long thin launch. In the stern of the launch, easily discernible to Willie's keen eyes, was standing a man in uniform. Willie knew what that meant. It was time to be going.

Hastily he leaned over the rail and then he saw a welcome sight. Close beside the Sicilia was a little boat, a queer boat, but a boat just the same. It was queer because it was painted all red and blue, and at the bow and stern were two useless protuberances of wood, carved and ornate. But that wasn't the queerest thing about it. In the boat a bird was rowing, standing up; a bird who looked about to do a vaudeville act. His pants were all covered with patches, and he had a red undershirt torn in the back. A toboggan cap incased his shiny black hair, and he had a beard and earrings. But Willie was an observant guy; he had seen them like that before, though not so black. That bird was a Wop. But what was a Wop doing in a boat? Anyone like that should have been pushing a handcart—selling oranges and peanuts along frequented ways.

He was looking up at Willie and grinning a horrible broad grin.

"*Signorelli*," he said. "*Favore*," and propelled his boat nearer the Sicilia's side.

Willie was used to acting quickly. Beside him, lashed to the rail, was a life preserver and a long coil of rope. Willie produced a knife from his side pocket. A second later the rope was cut and tied to the rail.

At times like those the well-lubricated wheels of memory work at phenomenal speed. Once he was sliding down the rope he was as quick and accurate as the man who turns ladies at the restaurant window. He had to drop the last ten feet of his journey—first, because the rope was not long enough, and second, because he heard a frantic splashing of oars beneath him.

Willie fixed the boatman with a hard stare. For his part, he was looking at Willie with his mouth half open, seemingly devoid of speech. He suddenly he uttered a loud and angry cry.

"*Walso!*" said Willie, drawing hastily on the Italian he possessed, which was not much. "You shutta da mouth—see?"

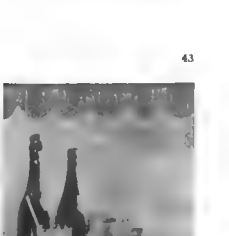
But for some inexplicable reason he couldn't understand Italian, for he uttered a still louder cry. An ugly smile appeared on Willie's pale lips, and he hopped across the thwart.

Willie struck him clean on the jaw. Then Willie took the oars and rowed for shore. That was all there was to it—a crack on the jaw and a pair of oars. The Gordian knot was cut and he was free. Willie rowed toward an old wrecked schooner by a stone jetty on the water, and Willie did it. He turned up a narrow street, lighted a cigarette and walked away, cool, observant and brazen, to face the unknown.

How was he to know that the worst day in his life was just beginning?

If Willie had had been able to work a chewing-gum machine without the requisite penny he had been a being sufficient unto himself, and able to cope with each vicissitude of the world he knew. It was impossible for him to suspect that he was pathetic, credulous and ignorant, now that the scene was new and strange.

But almost at the beginning he had a slight shock. An old man was coming toward him down the street, and as he came with



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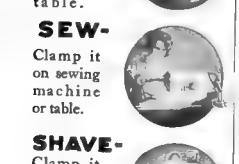

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His shoes had holes in them, and he was picking his way forward with a cane.

"Hi, buddy!" said Willie genially. "Feelin' your oats?"

But the old man only looked at him vaguely and answered with one word.

"*Sigaretti*," he said.

"Why, sure," said Willie. "Stick it in your face, kiddo. Now you ahowa me da placa to eata. Getta me?"

The old man only stared at him vaguely. Didn't anybody in this town understand anything?

It really seemed as though they didn't. Around a corner came a little boy, a bright little boy with ragged pants. He saw Willie and hurried toward him.

"*Sigaretti*," he said.

"Smoke up," said Willie.

"You speak Engleesh?" the other inquired.

"Sp'y!" cried Willie, slapping him on the shoulder, "I'll say I do! Listen, buddy. Do you know a guy here named Petto the Wop?"

"You speak Engleesh?" said the boy. "Good morning!"

"Huh?" said Willie.

"Good morning."

And that was all he could say. He was a half-wit too.

Willie sighed and went on his way. Was there anything wrong, he wondered. Everyone was looking at him, and no one could say anything at all. Pretty soon even his spirits began to flag. It was all so very queer. Everything was queer—phony. Everyone had on phony clothes but Willie. All the houses were phony. He decided that he must be in the foreign section of the town.

Everywhere people were shouting in loud meaningless voices. He tried his best to walk by coldly and aloofly, but his efforts became less and less successful. For almost two hours he walked aimlessly about before he even had a ray of hope. Then he came into a little open square all covered with stones. In the middle of the square was a statue of a bird with all his clothes on. It was just like all the statues in that place. None of them had clothes, but this one was funnier than the rest. A stream of water was coming out of his mouth, gushing high in the air, and falling down into a basin. The little square was all full of people, all hollering at one another like the Wops at home. But they all looked phony, queerer than the Italians of Grand Street, queerer than those of the Bronx. There wasn't a whole pair of pants to the lot of them, and some of them didn't have shoes. There wasn't one who didn't look like a vaudeville skit. Some were sitting in the sun, and some were dipping jars in the basin of water, and some of their pants made out of skin with the hair outside were standing by little carts, smoking pipes. And the shrimp carts, they looked like a circus! Not a cart that wasn't painted like a band wagon, all over with beautiful pictures; and not a cart that was pulled by a horse. Little donkeys were in the shafts, little donkeys that wagged their ears. He was in the Italian quarter of the town, all right.

But then in his darkest moment Willie had a ray of hope. Across from where he was standing was a ditty little building of yellow plaster, with a big sign above the door, a sign as welcome as the hand-clasp of a friend—American Bar! Willie almost ran to that American Bar. But that was like a dream, too, because when he got there it wasn't a bar at all; just a ditty black little room with a ditty little table.

"Hey!" cried Willie. "Shove up the suds!" And nobody understood that, either.

It was the first time that he was badly frightened. If they couldn't understand plain English in a place like an American bar could they understand it anywhere? He felt weak and faint as he hurried to the door.

"Cheest!" murmured Willie. "They're all Wops! The whole burg's Italian!"

Just outside the door, however, he encountered a new adventure which made even this grisly suspicion a light matter. Beside one of those colored carts was standing a guy in uniform. He had a cape around his shoulders, a funny little cap with rooster's feathers. For a second Willie stood as though turned to stone. That guy was giving him the once-over, and that guy was a bull!

Willie walked to the corner of a dirty little alley. But once around the corner his feet seemed to have wings, so speedily did they bear him over the cobbles.

Couldn't he ever find some quiet place? Wasn't there a single regular guy anywhere? He walked and walked, looking for that regular guy. He must have walked for two hours. He began to be afraid to try to say anything. Everyone was so queer that it was dangerous. Three times as he turned a corner he saw a cap with rooster's feathers, and once a great big bird with spurs and boots and a sword, and each time he turned and ran. In a little while all the bulls in town would be wise, and here he was as easy to spot as an electric sign. Wasn't there anyone—anyone at all?

It was quite a long time later that he happened to look over his shoulder. His heart nearly stopped beating at what he saw. There was another of those birds with a rooster feather in his hat. He had come around the corner right where Willie had been walking. He was looking at Willie. Willie made for a flight of steps. He heard a shout behind him. He whirled round a corner and out into the sun.

Could you beat it? There was that little square again, and the same painted carts, and the same bird in uniform.

Willie was a game guy, but he knew it was nearly over. He stared wildly about him. He was out of breath and his hands were trembling.

Then, right behind him, he heard the toot of an automobile. He heard a voice calling him, an unmistakable voice.

"Lady!" said Willie hoarsely. "Lady!"

It was Alicia, Alicia and the old dame, in the back of a big red automobile.

Yes, Willie was a game guy, but even a game guy sometimes has his lapses, when he forgets that a gentleman of the world should never give way to an emotion. He had a funny buzzing noise in his ears just then, and little black spots seemed to float across the square.

"So there you are," said Alicia. "Now isn't that funny? Father has been looking for you all morning."

Willie pulled his cap from his moist and matted hair. His voice had a peculiar break in it.

"Cheest," he said. "Cheest, lady."

Though that was all he said, he said it with a reverence, deepsinging and sincere. She was smiling at him as she always did, but her smile seemed to have the radiance of a bright and kindly light.

"Have you been seeing the town?" asked Alicia.

"Yes," said Willie simply. "I've seen all I want, lady."

She looked at him kindly and laughed. He must have looked funny out there all alone with his hair all matted, and his collar all dirty, and mud all spattered over his pants and boots.

"Why, mother," she said, "why don't we take him with us? Father said we ought to have a man."

"But perhaps he has something else to do," the old lady suggested.

"Mmss," said Willie, with the courtly grace that never quite deserted him, "tis out the bull. It's a pleasure to be anywhere with you."

"Hop in then!" cried Alicia, and Willie hopped.

"Drive ahead, Emilio," said Alicia.

"Isn't Emilio nice?" Alicia whispered. "We brought him from New York. He's so glad to get home again."

"Cheest," said Willie. "He must be nutty too."

The big red automobile glided forward. Willie grinned and half closed his eyes.

"Say, lady," he inquired, "have you got a sandwich on you?"

"Oh!" they both cried. "Haven't you had anything to eat?"

Willie made a sweeping comprehensive gesture.

"Folks," he said, "they're all nutty in this joint. They don't grab off anything—see? Say—these birds don't even get me when I speak Italian!"

The old lady looked at Willie, and suddenly burst out laughing, but Willie didn't mind. They had handed him a sandwich, a large sandwich, from a wicker luncheon basket. Again the sun felt warm and benignant, and again he felt like a strong man who has run a race.

"You haven't even asked us where we are going," Alicia said.

"Cheest," said Willie. "What do I care?"

"Well," said Alicia, "you must sit up now, and you mustn't close your eyes. We're going to a wonderful place, a place that Emilio knows all about. We're going up into the mountains to a temple."

Couldn't he ever find a quiet guy anywhere? He walked and walked, looking for that regular guy. He must have walked for two hours. He began to be afraid to try to say anything. Everyone was so queer that it was dangerous. Three times as he turned a corner he saw a cap with rooster's feathers, and once a great big bird with spurs and boots and a sword, and each time he turned and ran. In a little while all the bulls in town would be wise, and here he was as easy to spot as an electric sign. Wasn't there anyone—anyone at all?

It was quite a long time later that he happened to look over his shoulder. His heart nearly stopped beating at what he saw. There was another of those birds with a rooster feather in his hat. He had come around the corner right where Willie had been walking. He was looking at Willie. Willie made for a flight of steps. He heard a shout behind him. He whirled round a corner and out into the sun.

Could you beat it? There was that little square again, and the same painted carts, and the same bird in uniform.

Willie was a game guy, but he knew it was nearly over. He stared wildly about him. He was out of breath and his hands were trembling.

Then, right behind him, he heard the toot of an automobile. He heard a voice calling him, an unmistakable voice.

"Lady!" said Willie hoarsely. "Lady!"

It was Alicia, Alicia and the old dame, in the back of a big red automobile.

Yes, Willie was a game guy, but even a game guy sometimes has his lapses, when he forgets that a gentleman of the world should never give way to an emotion. He had a funny buzzing noise in his ears just then, and little black spots seemed to float across the square.

"So there you are," said Alicia. "Now isn't that funny? Father has been looking for you all morning."

Willie pulled his cap from his moist and matted hair. His voice had a peculiar break in it.

"Cheest," he said. "Cheest, lady."

Though that was all he said, he said it with a reverence, deepsinging and sincere. She was smiling at him as she always did, but her smile seemed to have the radiance of a bright and kindly light.

"Have you been seeing the town?" asked Alicia.

"Yes," said Willie simply. "I've seen all I want, lady."

She looked at him kindly and laughed. He must have looked funny out there all alone with his hair all matted, and his collar all dirty, and mud all spattered over his pants and boots.

"Why, mother," she said, "why don't we take him with us? Father said we ought to have a man."

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"Well," said Alicia, "you must sit up now, and you mustn't close your eyes. We're going to a wonderful place, a place that Emilio knows all about. We're going up into the mountains to a temple."

As stolid a guy as Willie was, he loved the beautiful, for, like other gentlemen, he had a strain of romance; and poetic sentiment too, when he had a sandwich in his stomach. They had passed the last of the little stone houses now, and were going on a muddy road between high walls of masonry—up and up. Sometimes you could look over the walls and see fields, with grand little trees, all in rows, trees that had leaves gray as mice, yet shining like silver. Sometimes you could see little houses that looked like the houses in the toy-store windows at Christmastime, and sometimes flowers grew in the chinks of the wall, as that the very stones looked like a florist's on Fifth Avenue, save that they never had a sky like that out there. It was hard to assume a cynical exterior when you saw things like that. Gradually the beads glitter died out of Willie's eyes. The studied repression left his lips. He yawned.

"Oh," said Alicia. "You're not bored already?"

"Cheest, no," said Willie. "I'm just tired. You wouldn't get me, but the whole place makes me tired. Cheest, lady, it makes me feel nutty."

"I know what you mean," said Alicia. "It doesn't seem real."

"Yes," said Willie respectfully, "it's like a scenic railway at Coney when you've had a drink. Have you ever tried it, lady?"

The car rounded another curve and Willie held his breath. It was like a scenic railway. Ahead of him were the mountains he had seen from the ship, looming higher now as they approached them, great rugged monsters with deep ravines and rock bowlders that seemed somehow soft and kindly against that velvet sky. Was it an wonder that for hours he forgot that he was a complete man of the world? Great men than he had felt a silent awe, a simple childish wonder as they crossed those mountains.

Perhaps, however, he only partly forgot, for he was a successful man. And a successful men have a sixth sense, which watches while they sleep and play. It must have been that sense which warned him as time went on. The place was becoming lonelier. There seemed to be no electrical change in the air. Willie moved restlessly and began to look at Emilio's neck. It was brown and ordinary, with close-cropped black hair curling down the scruff. Willie looked at Emilio's ear and began whistling through his teeth.

The road was becoming rougher. The car was lurching from side to side and was puffing loudly. The little stone houses were becoming fewer and fewer. Big rocks were casting shadows in front of them, and great big plants that he had never seen before were growing out of those rocks—plants with ugly bulbous leaves as big as your head, leaves with pricklies over them like the top of the penitentiary wall.

"Say," said Willie at length, "there something phony about this, lady."

"Phony?" said Alicia. "Why, what funny word!"

Willie blew on his finger nails and polished them briskly on his sleeve.

"Listen," he said, "no reasonable guy would build a temple in a joint like this. That's phony."

And it was phony. The whole place was phony now; not a sound except the automobile; not one of those guys with skin pants; not a donkey; not a goat—just nothing. Willie looked quickly between his teeth and looked thoughtfully at Emilio's neck.

Panting and puffing the red car struggled on. Suddenly Willie sat bolt upright. It had seen something that had made him forget the world again.

"Say," cried Alicia. "How lovely! How darling!"

They hadn't been reasonable guys, after all, because there was the temple. It stood up on a little shelf of rocks, perhaps half a mile away, outlined sharp against the sky. It was as lonely and silent as the rocks themselves, so lonely but very beautiful. It looked like one of those little houses on top of a big frosted cake, except the sun was shining clean against it, making it seem golden. He never quite knew why it made him feel the way it did, because, when you took it one way, it was just as phony as everything else. Perhaps it was so beautiful because it stood so still and almost seemed to radiate silence. Emilio stopped the car and they just sat looking.

"Can we climb up there?" asked Will in a hushed voice.

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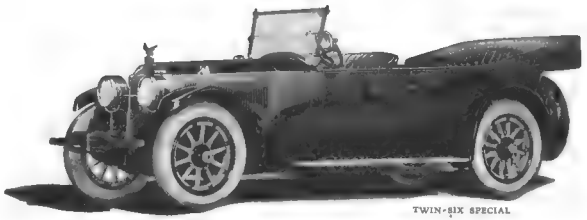

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PACKARD TWIN-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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(Continued from Page 44)

"We certainly can," said Alicia. "Come on, mother, Emilio can wait for us."

She was pointing to a little winding path that lost itself among the rocks.

"Cheest," said Willie, scrambling out of the car, and professionally alert. "Maybe there's some stuff inside it."

"Perhaps there is," said Alicia. "You never can tell."

Her voice was soft, and her eyes were looking away beyond the temple, away beyond everything. She had never been grander.

"Almost anything might happen here," she said.

Willie started and became very grave.

They were climbing up and up between the rocks in single file, Alicia first, and Willie helping the old dame.

It was a tough walk. You couldn't get a grip on things. You kept sliding back. They had come among some big rocks and the temple was lost to view. Then the way became more level, and they reached a little open space all surrounded by big stones and more of those queer plants.

"Let's stop and rest a moment," said Alicia, and she stopped, looking straight ahead of her.

Just then Willie felt a tingling feeling in the back of his neck. He had heard a noise behind him. His right hand shot into the side pocket of his coat and he flattened himself against a rock.

At almost the same moment Alicia gave a little stifled scream, and before he knew what he was doing Willie was beside her. Right there in the path in front of her a big guy had stepped from behind a rock, and was giving her the eye. He was different from anyone Willie had seen before. It must have been years since he had pushed the cushions of a barber's chair. He had a mane like the wild men of Borneo. He had a bandanna rag tied round his head. He was holding a shotgun.

First he looked at Alicia, then he looked at Willie.

For just an instant Willie stood as though turned to stone. His eyes were like darting points of light. His face had grown as white as a sheet of paper, but Willie was a hard guy.

"Stand to one side, lady," he said politely; "you spoil the view."

Then, before he could continue, something else happened. He heard a voice saying something he didn't understand, and then there were birds all around him, sliding out from behind the rocks, all of them big birds, all of them with guns.

It all happened in just a second. Before anyone else really knew what was all about, Willie knew that just one thing was left for a guy like him.

"Ladies," said Willie, "hop back to the buzz wagon. I'm the guy they want."

It was a great moment, great with the glory of sacrifice. About him the halo of the martyr. He spat hastily before him and stood quite still. His head was erect, even in defeat.

"Boys," he said gravely, "you win. Bring out the wrist muffs."

He felt their eyes upon him. He felt Alicia looking at him, and expanded his chest.

"And when you take me in, boys," he added, raising his voice, "you can tell 'em this -and don't you forget it—see? You can tell 'em I'm a perfect gentleman—when ladies is around."

Suddenly he gave a little start. Was it possible, the sound he heard? He looked at Alicia with-pity and soft reproach, and his eyes felt hot. She was laughing—actually laughing a broken little laugh.

"Lady," said Willie, "I hadn't thought you were that kind of a dame."

"You stupid!" cried Alicia a little hysterically. "Why should anyone want you? They want our rings. That's what they want. Don't you see they're bandits?"

Willie raised a trembling hand to his brow. If he were standing on the threshold of the promised land his expression could have been no different. Still with his hand on his brow, from under it he looked at the bearded faces, no longer coldly but with pleasant trusting candor.

"Pardon," he cried, "bring on the drinks! It's grand to see a friendly face!"

Then he drew a sharp breath. He was looking up the path, and instinctively they all followed the direction of his glance. Down the path was coming another little man—an individual that looked something like Willie, as though they had been made under the same auspices. L

Willie, he was a strange and incongru spectacle in that place. He had on brown suit, which bore something of grandeur of the creation which Willie w although it was bagged and wrinkled fr travel. He had on a brown derby thrust far back from his forehead, expos a mat of curly black hair. He had bla sparkling eyes that darted birdlike glan and skin like a ripe olive, and shiny tee

"Cheest," said Willie in a low underto "It's Petto the Wop!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Alicia. "You do know him, do you?"

They were game, all right, those t ladies. They had hardly let out a peep, now they were just standing still. The dame had a proud, stagy expressi Alicia's face was pale, but she had a fa half smile on her lips which recalled t from unpleasant reverie to the needs of present.

"Know him, lady," said Willie. "I business way. That's all."

He glanced up hurriedly at the approa ing brown derby and made a sliding s close to her side.

"Listen, lady," he whispered. " gonna be all right—see? You're a frien mine—see? I'll protect you, lady."

Even she could see that his face alight with high resolve. His smile firm yet kindly. Slowly, as though re ing a momentous decision, he stepped front of the old dame and Alicia, and t was a gentle clicking sound in his pocket.

Petto had stopped, stopped perfe dead. His mouth had opened, but he re no sound. His eyes looked a little bu He shaded them with his right hand better to see the apparition before him

There was something strange and int about those two little men as they st there face to face. Though they were l quite calm they were circumspect and served, like two doctors who meet unan over the bedside of some rich patient.

"Hi, Petto," said Willie with an atte at nonchalance, though his eyes rema beady and still. "Where were you morning—huh, Petto?"

There must have been something turbing in Willie's question, for Petto replied his voice had a slight tre in it which one could hardly lay to liquid foreign accent.

"Forget it, kiddo," he said. "Shak hand —see?"

And he smiled a nervous oily smile.

"You didn't know you'd see me, did Petto?" said Willie. "Cheest, it's a g surprise!"

Petto looked at the bearded silent behind him and then back at Willie.

"Shaka da hand, kid," said Petto a tionately.

But Willie still kept his hand inside coat pocket.

"Say, Petto," said Willie, "why d you meet me at the boat—huh? Like said you would—huh?"

Again Petto glanced at the big l round him and lowered his voice sh to a whisper.

"Bulls," said Petto. "Forget it, kid shaka da hand."

But Willie still kept his hand in his coat pocket.

"Petto," he replied slowly, "maybe don't know it, but you don't start thing here -see? These dames are fr of mine."

There was a second's silence, and Petto answered, very soft and sm "Say," said Petto. "You better not funny."

"Say," said Willie with something borrow, "say you don't mean to tell you don't mean you're going to try hold-up stuff on me?"

For answer Petto said something lo which Willie couldn't understand, every one of those big birds was almo him with a double-barreled shotgun, ju though he was a real bird and not a hu one.

It was like one of those penny-in-the machines in that balcony land across sea, where you put your head in a box, and turn the crank and look at pictures. First, you see a picture of men doing nothing, and then—click! Willie and Petto had been standing s and motionless, stiff and polite, and Petto was suddenly active and menaci though something had been turned inside his little body.

(Continued on Page 48)

Rice-Nuts

Just your morning Puffed Rice doused with melted butter

Children eat Puffed Rice like a confection if you crisp and lightly butter. For the grains are like nuts puffed to bubbles.

They are used in candy making—as garnish on ice cream. Millions mix them with their berries, to give a nutty blend.

Yet these enticing tidbits are just whole-grain foods, with every food cell blasted.

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than dainties. They are Prof. Anderson's creations. They are steam-exploded—shot from guns. All to blast the millions of food cells, so digestion is made easy and complete.

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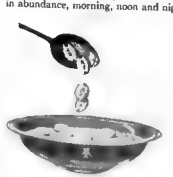

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(Continued from Page 48)

"So—you little stiff!" he snarled, shaking his fist under Willie's nose. "You try to get fresh with me—hey? You think you're a highbrow, hey? You think you're back on Broadway, do you? Why should I neet you at the boat? Ask me—why should I? Why should I be on the level with a little squirt like you? Say, you make me sick! Say, what did you ever do for me at home? Gave me the laugh—hey? Called me a Wop—hey?"

Petto paused for an instant, but continued to shake his fist.

"Maybe you forget you kicked me out of Sam Sweeney's joint hey? Didn't I tell you then I'd get you? And mebbe I haven't got you now—hey?"

"Look here," said Willie stoically. "What are you tryin' to do? That's what I want to know."

"Do?" Petto suddenly became quite calm. "I'll tell you what I'm trying to do. I'm going to take these two dames to a place I know, and keep 'em there until they pay me ten thousand dollars. That's what I'm trying to do—and you better not get funny about it—see?"

"You don't mean kidnaping?" gasped Willie.

"That's what," said Petto simply, "And now I've heard enough from you. This is my busy hour—see? You throw up the hands and shut the mouth—see?"

Willie had always prided himself on his manners on occasions like this. He gave a long slow whistle, but he did not move an inch.

"Quick!" cried Petto. "You t'row up da hand!"

But Willie just stood perfectly still.

"You hear me?" snarled Petto.

Willie sighed and nestled his hand deeper in his right coat pocket.

"Petto," he said, "you got hayseed in your hair. They shoot, and you and me will be pushing the pansies together—see?"

He leaned forward, and suddenly his voice sounded like a file against iron:

"Say, you poor Wop, you move a finger and I blow off your bean—see? I got a gun on you—see? And you know what kind of a guy I am."

Could anything have been spoken more elegantly under such circumstances? Could anything have been more finely attuned to ladies' ears? There was a restraint and courtesy about it that smacked of the old school, and yet no one could doubt the hand of iron beneath the velvet glove. Somehow without saying another word he had become a man to whom all paid involuntary homage. Even Petto must have felt it, for he stood perfectly quiet just as Willie directed.

"Petto," said Willie, "it's tough to do this, but I'm a polite guy—see? Call off the stage gang. Tell 'em to beat it—see? And I won't do a thing. We'll just talk on the quiet—you and me and the ladies—see?"

Petto cleared his throat and looked at Willie almost timidly. Perhaps Petto knew more about Willie than the rest.

"Then," he said hoarsely, "you givva me da double cross huh?"

"Petto," said Willie, "ladies is around. I'm going to treat you white."

"You tell me how I know," suggested Petto.

There was a moment's silence. Then Willie's answer rang out proud and strong:

"How will a guy like you know when I'm on the square? I'll tell you how—see? Because I hand you my word—the word of an American crook! That's how!"

No wonder the voice trembled. No wonder the love of country made his heart beat faster.

"Send 'em off, Petto," he said sadly. "Give 'em the nod. Don't'cher see they're bothering the ladies?"

And Petto said something in that weird tongue, and a moment later they were standing alone.

Was ever a man of the world placed in a more embarrassing position? Willie passed his hand across his forehead. He had wanted to appear so grand before those ladies, and now they had his number. He was a crook. He had never been ashamed of being a crook before, but somehow in this gathering his calling did not possess its usual glamour. He drew a deep breath and

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stuck his brown derby a trifle more to one side, and even his English became more perfect in his moment of triumph

"Sure," he said, "I let 'em go. They pay me ten thousand dollar. That's all."

"Petto," said Willie, "I've been in a lot of tough places, but none of them was tougher than this. Maybe you might be nut enough to do it. I don't know."

"Of course he wouldn't," said Alicia suddenly. "He's just trying to frighten us. Or, if he wants to take me—why, let him. I'm sure it would be most amusing."

Could you beat it? She was still smiling. She was still as cool as a barkeep. She was grand, all right, that girl; and the old dame was grand too. Even at a time like that he could feel that what she said was very splendid.

"Can it," he said firmly. "I'm doing the talking here, Petto. I said I'd protect these ladies—see?"

He paused and began pulling with deft fingers at his coat front.

"Petto," he said simply, "you let these dames go. You send 'em back in the taxi. And I go back, too, and I give you this!"

There was a noise of ripping threads, and Willie's hand began to move away. Slowly, reluctantly, he was pulling something from the lining of his coat, something that sparkled like a hundred suns. They were watching him now with something between awe and amazement. Petto's hand shook and his eyes began to glitter.

The old dame had a funny comedy look.

"Petto," said Willie, "you come across, and I come across—see?"

For a moment, however, no one spoke. It was hard to say which of you saw the thing that Willie was holding carelessly in his hand. Then Alicia broke the silence.

"Heavens!" she cried. "If it isn't my diamond necklace!"

She was not looking, however, at that tempting and lovely thing. Instead she was staring straight at Willie, quite as though he were a perfect stranger. Nor was she staring coldly, but rather with silent wonder

"Heavens!" said Alicia again. "Now who would have thought it of him?"

There was no doubt about it. She was as cool a lady as Willie was a cool and gallant thief. In that fleeting moment he never so much as winced, though his heart was leaden and his feet felt like sodden clay.

"Honest now," he said with the sad resignation which belongs only to the truly great, "I wouldn't of took it if I'd known it was yours. How was I to know you'd be a friend of mine? Don't you get it? Don't you see? It's tough on me too lady. It's my necklace now."

"Hey!" said Petto quickly. "All right, kiddo. Verse good—see? You give it to me now!"

Willie laughed a light but bitter laugh.

"Petto," he said, "you must think I'm green. You get it when the ladies is safe—then we're in the back wagon and Emilio has turned the crank—see? That's when you get it, kiddo."

Petto smiled patiently.

"Step out, kiddo," he said. "I'm on."

Petto turned and walked down the path. Then came Willie, his chin sunk on his chest, his automatic dangling listlessly in his long fingers. Then came the two dames, awed and silent.

His face set as he walked along had become as expressionless and watchful as a Monte Carlo croupier's, until the red automobile was in sight.

"Ladies," he said sadly, "hop into the buzz wagon."

"Hey!" cried Petto anxiously.

"Petto," said Willie patiently, "won't you never get wise? I can't pull anything! You tell Emilio to crank her up."

There was a buzzing from the motor, and Emilio got to his seat. Willie sidled towards the car, keeping his head.

"Emilio," he said, "start going—slow."

"You come across," cried Petto more loudly, "or I call de gang!"

Willie drew his left hand from his side pocket. He was holding the diamond necklace. There was a grinding of gears and the car began to move.

"Hey!" shrieked Petto, and then he stopped. The necklace was nestled in the palm of his hand. Willie was standing on the running board, twirling his automatic. The car began to move faster. He sighed

rocks with a gun on me all the time! It was tough—I'll say it was!"

They needn't have been so hard on a guy, those two dames. They might have said something, but they didn't. Instead they both sat looking at him in stony silence. They were dropping down from the clouds now into a stern and ruthless world. Again he seemed to feel cold fingers clutching him. Already the bay seemed nearer, and the houses of the town were no longer little and beautiful.

"Cheest, lady," said Willie.

But she did not reply. She just looked at him in a funny way. There was not a trace of mirth in that look, nothing at all of that old friendly gayety. Her eyes were large and solemn. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap; and the old dame looked solemn too—solemn and very pale.

"You needn't be so hard on a guy," he said more loudly.

But still no one answered. She still was looking at him in that funny, mirthless way.

"Honest," said Willie desperately, "I tried to be a regular guy." His voice became strained in an agony of self-justification. "Honest now. It isn't every guy I know who would of done what I did. You'cher own you feel bad too?"

He was not entirely sure, but he thought her lips relaxed. He gave a little start. She had laid a hand on his arm.

"You didn't need to try to be a regular guy," she said softly: "because you are one. You've been one all the time."

Willie looked at her dazed. He drew a deep strangled breath. He had a queer suspicion of unreality. But she was still speaking and in a voice that seemed as soft and sweet as distant music.

"And you mustn't feel badly about the necklace. You mustn't feel so. Of course you couldn't help it. You couldn't help it at all. And why shouldn't you have stolen it? You didn't steal it for a little buddy if you had thought it wasn't worth stealing, because, you see"—her voice gave way to a little sob—"because, you see, I was rather proud of that necklace."

"Say," gasped Willie. "Say! You mean you're nuts huh?"

"Of course we're not," she answered.

He could seem to feel the wheels of his mind whirling, pushing him on to some strange resolve. If she had only not said it, but she had. What was a guy to do when a lady was as grand as that?

Really the old dame, with to his narrow forehead and his hand clutched convulsively at his knee.

"Lady," he said slowly, "do you still mean I'm a regular guy?"

He felt her hand tighten on his arm, but it was the old dame who spoke.

"Of course she means it," said the old dame, "and you mustn't feel badly. Really you mustn't. Don't you see you did everything you could, that you were very brave? Don't you see? Why we both of us understand."

And then he did an absurd thing.

Then he leaned down and fumbled at the leg of his muddy trousers. The car swayed and there was a sound of ripping cloth. He leaned back. He was holding something in his hand. He was holding it out to Alicia.

"Here, lady," he said hastily, "take it—take it quick before I change my mind. I must be nuts, but there's something about you gets me, lady. Take it, and the next time take a tip from a guy who knows. Put it in the safe deposit—see?"

He was playing with the motion of the car but gripped fast between his fingers was Alicia's diamond necklace.

Slowly she cried. "Where did it come from?"

"Didn't you see me pull it outa my pants?" he inquired.

"But I saw you give it to that man!" cried Alicia.

Willie sighed wearily.

"Folks," he said, "but you must think I'm a simple guy. Did you think I'd hand him a thing like that?"

"But you did give it to him," Alicia persisted.

"Lady," said Willie, "when a guy like me does a job he does it right—see? A guy like me always has two of anything see? You never can tell, lady, when accidents may happen."

Suddenly Alicia gave a little laugh.

"Oh!" she cried. "How splendid and

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

You can join the "Edgeworth Club"

There are thousands of members, most of whom don't realize they belong. There are no initiation fees. No dues. No assessments.

Nearly every man who smokes a pipe is either a member or a prospective member. (We say "nearly" because there are some men who find Edgeworth not just right for them.)

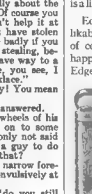
Any pipe-smoker becomes a member of the "Edgeworth Club" as soon as he starts to smoke Edgeworth.

It won't dawn on him at first, perhaps, but after he has smoked a few cans he will notice other Edgeworth smokers.

He will find a comradeship that he shares with them—not easy to explain or understand, but real and lasting.

Suddenly he knows *he belongs*—that he is a life member of the "Edgeworth Club."

Edgeworth smokers are generally good, likable chaps. It isn't smoking Edgeworth of course, that makes them so. They happen to be the kind of men who choose Edgeworth.



If you have never tried Edgeworth and think you might like to join the "Club," we'll be glad to introduce you as our guest.

Write to us.

A post card will do. Just send us your name and address and say "I'd like to try Edgeworth," and we'll send you free samples of Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

If you'll add the name and address of the dealer you usually buy your tobacco from, we'd appreciate the courtesy.

Edgeworth comes Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into the bowl of your pipe.

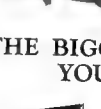
Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants. If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a

THE BIGGEST INVESTMENT OF YOUR LIFE IS YOUR HOME



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET
It contains instructive information on pipe coats and the best installation methods. Also literature on Reading Cat Nails, which hold and prevent squeaking floors.

WHEN you buy or build a home, it's not merely a purchase, it's a huge investment—a life-long investment from which you want a high percentage of dividends in low upkeep and in happiness.

A building like the Western Union Building, Welles and Bosworth, Architects, is an investment too—only much bigger. It is built with all the care and economy that can possibly be put into any structure. The plumbing system is installed with the pipe that endures—Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

Reading Pipe resists rust and consequent corrosion. It gives long life that is free from the expense and annoyance of pipe replacement. Its ultimate cost is so low that you can't afford not to use it.

So, if you build a home, don't take it for granted that the right pipe will be installed—see for yourself that Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is used. And if you buy a home, look for the Reading imprint on the pipe. It assures you of an investment that gives big returns in long uninterrupted service.

STEEL *IRON*

The above are actual unretouched photographs of cut pipes on Watchmaker's Store, Philadelphia. Both these pipes were installed in 1907. Under the conditions Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe for outlived the steel pipe. Note conditions at both pipes.

"Reading" on every length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PENNA.

BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
PITTSBURGH
CINCINNATI
CHICAGO
PORT WORTH
LOS ANGELES

World's Largest Producers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

READING
GUARANTEED GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

"But why are you giving it back?" Alicia asked. "You didn't need to. You didn't need to at all."

His brow wrinkled again, but when he spoke he failed to give his real reason.

"I don't know," he said. "I must be nutty, I guess. That's why."

"Do you want to know why you really did it?" Alicia demanded, and her eyes were so bright that he turned away. "You did it because you are a regular guy, because you couldn't help being a regular guy. That's why you did it!"

And then Willie said something that was very gallant.

"How could a guy help being a regular guy," he answered, "when a dame like you's around?"

Although she laughed her old pleasant laugh he knew she was glad he had said it. He felt that she was glad about everything, and perhaps that feeling was the reason for a sudden irrational return of carefree merriment. Or possibly without ever having bothered with the Sunday-school books he knew he had done the right thing, and, Rollo-like, was reaping his just reward. Again he felt like a strong man who has run a race. Once more he was his normal competent self, ready for any adventure in a kindly, jolly world.

The car was coasting down and down now, nearer and yet nearer to danger and strife, but he minded it no longer. He had met the denizens of this country now, and they, too, were simple folk, and was he not a regular guy again, blameless and free, with nothing against him but a simple criminal record? Everything was grand again. The little fields and hills were grand. The sun was warm and kindly. It was almost as though he had taken a drink, only it was more than a drink, for the cup of righteousness has a potency far superior to fermented grain.

She was looking at him now, not only kindly but with a sort of admiration.

"Would you mind my asking you something?" Alicia inquired.

How pleasant it was to reply without a hint of dread!

"Shoot it, lady."

"Well," said Alicia, "of course I don't suppose I understand much about these things, but I can't help feeling a little worried about you. What are you going to do? We're almost back in town now."

"Cheese," said Willie, "don't you worry, lady. A guy like me's all right most anywhere. I'll find something to do, lady."

"But how are you going to live?" she asked. "You know we're friends now. Have you got enough money until you find something to do?"

Willie leaned back against that leather upholstery and laughed a merry, careless laugh.

"Listen," he said, "turn on the crank in your bean. What has a guy like me been playing bridge with your old man for, what?"

"Why, of course!" said Alicia admiringly. "You think of everything, don't you?"

He laughed again, and for a little while they were silent as the automobile sped on.

"Why," said Alicia, "what is that tune you're humming?"

"What!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember? It's a grand tune!"

"Sing it," said Alicia; "sing it out loud."

And Willie's voice rose in joyous song, and his spirits rose also until they seemed to soar beneath the vault of that blue sky:

There ain't no other café girl on Broadway,
There ain't no other girlie in the town,
Either in the darkness or the broad day,
That I had rather put my arm around.
And, kiddo, if you let me that you love me,
Why, I'll be just as happy as can be,
For you're the one I love best
An' we'll have a little love nest
In Harlem—just you and me!

They were coming into the streets now with that curious smell of fish and dishwater. All about them they could hear the strange shouts of a strange unwashed folk; but Willie didn't mind. Any lingering doubts he may have harbored regarding his ability were dispelled by the poetic rhythm of those words. He looked coldly to right and left, and then leaned back again comfortably on the cushions. From inside coat pocket he had drawn a long with a band of red and gold and blue, and beautifully embossed. In spite o motion of the red automobile he light with unconscious ease and placed it in corner of his mouth at a jaunty angle

"Folks," said Willie, "you needn't w about a guy like me. But say—li lady—you won't forget me, will you?

"No," said Alicia gravely, "I'll forget you."

"Now," murmured Willie, "what do know about that?"

But she made no immediate respo Instead she was staring fascinated at cigar which reposed between his thin

"Why, mother!" she cried. "I Isn't that cigar just like one of fat private brand?"

The old dame looked and gave a l gasp.

"Why, it is one of his cigars," answered.

"How funny, mother!" Alicia contin "Why, I wonder —— Do you remem the way he's been bothering us about cigars all the way across —asking us remembered where they were that n and everything? Mother! Do you pose ——"

"A guy like me," said Willie, "h chance to try lots of smokes—see? you can take this from me, lady -you man knows what's what. And I guess a wise old guy, too, lady."

"Why, mother!" cried Alicia. "Do suppose that's why he wouldn't go wit to the temple?"

Willie hitched himself towards the of his seat.

"Lady," said Willie, "he is a wise guy."

They were going through a crow street now, with shops and little nar alleys. They were going more slowly Emilio kept blowing the horn. People walking everywhere, on the sidewalk an the street, too, all hollering at each o just like the Wops at home. The slant of the sun were lighting up the scene, m ing it colorful and sublime. Willie glancing restlessly from side to side and missing a little tune through his teeth.

Once again he was a Cinderella, one trousers, rather muddy trousers now, the clock was striking twelve; but W did not mind. He still felt as though he had a drink, only it was more than a dr

"Why," said Alicia, "what's the matt What are you getting up for?"

"My legs is cramped," said Wi "That's why."

He was staring fixedly far down street, and something in the narrow wat ful expression of his eyes made Alicia l also.

"Oh," she said. "There's father now

Sure enough—there he was, com around the corner; and he was not com alone. With him were four little men capes, and funny little tufts of roost feathers in their caps. Willie had skip out of the car and was on the runn board.

"Good-by, lady," he said pleasant "Remember you won't forget me?"

"Don't!" cried Alicia. "Oh, don't away! Father will understand."

"Maybe," said Willie, "but you ne can tell about the old guys. Watch 'e Emilio! They're bulls!"

Emilio, too, was looking at the figu and suddenly the car stopped dead, a Emilio, too, was on the ground.

For just a second longer Willie st there, a muddy, battered little figure w the long cigar still in his mouth.

"Lady ——" he began, and then ac the street he heard a shout. "So lo lady," he said.

Then he gave a little skip to one side

"Wait!" she cried again. "Don't go

But Willie never answered. She heard gentle laugh, but that was all. Then s saw him running, dodging here and the a little active unit in that crowded stre His legs seemed to dance and twinkle ur he became but a fitful speck. Then whirled around the corner and was gone search of new worlds to conquer.

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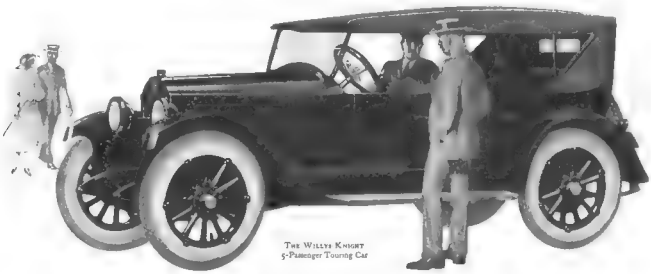

THE WILLYS KNIGHT
5-Passenger Touring Car

"I've Never Looked at the Motor"

One of our officials asked a strange chauffeur what he thought of the Willys-Knight. "Don't know much about it," said the chauffeur. "Been driving one off and on for a couple of years for a doctor over here, *but I've never looked at the motor.*"

That's it! That's just the point! You don't have to look at the motor. It just keeps on going and going without being touched. *And getting better as you use it.* The Knight sleeve valve principle accomplishes this. Just two sleeves sliding smoothly on a film of oil, instead of intricate, delicate poppet machinery.

The Willys-Knight is the highest development of this amazing motor, and we have enthroned it in a car worthy of it—beautiful; graceful; built to last and match the motor's silence; easy riding; easy steering.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio · Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Roadster, $1350 · Touring, $1375 · Coupé, $1875 · Sedan, $2095
f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

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SLENDER, graceful ankles. Lovely silken hose. And then zip!—a garter run to spoil the whole effect.

Inevitable? Yes, with ordinary stockings, but

True Shape Hosiery

STOPS THE GARTER RUNS

The wonderful cross-stitch below the garter top holds the run out-of-sight—totally harmless.

Wear True Shape and forget ruinous, conspicuous garter runs. Wear True Shape and know the joy of hosiery that feels right, looks well, wears long and yet is moderate in cost.

When you buy stockings be sure to ask for

True Shape No. 564

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is made for men, women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sense and Nonsense

Specifications

WHEN an animal is killed on the railway it is the duty of the nearest stationmaster immediately to make a report of the accident to headquarters, so that the company may be prepared with a statement of the facts in the case of action. This report is made on specially prepared forms furnished by the company.

On one occasion a newly installed stationmaster found himself confronted with the necessity of making out his first report. Although it was a new experience he described the cow and the circumstances accurately, and all went well down to the last line, when he discovered that he had neglected to question the owner of the deceased cow concerning one important point. It seemed safe for him, however, to rely upon his own judgment, and he did it.

The line was headed "Disposition of Carcass."

Underneath he wrote, with all earnestness. "Kind and gentle."

The Rewards of Punishment

"DOCTOR," called the small boy, "come up to our house quick!"

"Who is sick at your house?" asked the doctor.

"Everybody but me I'd been naughty, so they wouldn't give me any of the nice mushrooms pa picked in the woods."

Real Presence of Mind

SHOELESS, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him without being detected.

Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said: "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, telling the rest of the story, said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

A Modern Joshua

AN AGED colored man was arrested for the illicit distilling of liquor among the hills of Eastern Kentucky, and while loudly protesting his innocence was taken before the local judge for the preliminary hearing

JUDGE: Prisoner, what is your name?

PRISONER: My name is Joshua, jedge, Joshua.

JUDGE: Ahs! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?

PRISONER: No sar, jedge, no sar; Ise da Joshua what made da moonshine still.

Very Provoking

A NEGRO was receiving bricks at the top of a ten-story building in Los Angeles, where some repair work was going on. Another negro on the ground was loading the bricks on the carrier. The negro above accidentally dropped a brick, hitting the one on the ground squarely on the head.

He was very indignant and yelled to the one above, "Be a little mosh car'ful up thar, nigger. That brick hit me and made me bite mah tongue."

Ask the Clerk—He Knows!

LAST winter an association of college professors held a convention at one of the Chicago hotels. In one of their meetings the discussion waxed warm and they finally decided to settle the disputed point by referring to the encyclopedia. Two of them went down to the desk to ask the clerk if a copy of the much-needed book was available.

"May I inquire if you have an encyclopedia?" said one of the professors, looking benevolently over his glasses.

"No, I am sorry we do not. But"—solicitously—"what is it you want to know?"

FOOD, FUEL AND SMOKE

(Continued from Page 15)

workman in an eight-hour day is one-tenth of a horse power. Therefore, generally speaking, two pounds of an average grade of coal equal the energy one worker expends in laboring eight hours. Now an American miner producing four tons of coal in one shift has multiplied his energy more than 4000 times.

Following this line of reasoning, it is plain that when one miner produces 8000 pounds of coal in a day the energy he has made available for use in industry is equal to the labor expenditure of 4480 workers It is estimated that the 41,000,000 wage earners in the United States expend only a little more than 4,000,000 horse power daily, or a total output of energy no greater than that produced by 9000 coal miners in a single shift. Therefore when 600,000 miners strike one day the loss of potential energy is equal to that expended by all the workers in the nation in sixty-six days. During the first six weeks of the coal strike the loss in possible energy production was as great as that which all our American workmen expend over a period of several years. We should measure the waste caused by the coal miners' idleness in terms of the possible energy that might have been produced.

Since energy in one form or another is of such extreme importance it is a sad commentary on our national intelligence that of all our basic businesses the fuel industry of the country is the most wastefully conducted. Without fuel our industrial activities cease and our domestic life drops back to a primitive age. Less than a million American miners could bring this about, and although they have not succeeded in doing so, why should the nation forever be content to face a disaster that would bring complete ruin? America is great largely because of its abundant energy resources, and the mere fact that these resources are abundant has caused Americans to be criminally wasteful.

Wherever we turn we find errors in practice and a disinclination to exert ourselves in remedying them. For example, we have adopted reverse practices in the handling of farm and mine fuels. We burn the bulk of our coal raw, whereas great advantages and large savings would result from refining it, while on the other hand we refine the greater part of the fuel produced by our farms, although greater efficiency would come from utilizing that farm fuel in its raw state. Just why we have overlooked or, rather, ignored the fact that the human furnace needs the ash in the fuel, while the mechanical furnace does not, is difficult to explain. We take the ash content out of wheat, corn and other foodstuffs, when it would be better if we left it in, and we leave the ash content in the coal that is fired in the furnace, whereas it would be far better if we took it out.

If we fire the human furnace with pure fuels containing only heat units the fire will gradually go out and the human engine will stop operating. In order to go on working, it must have a goodly supply of the vitamines and the various mineral salts in the ashes, which have practically no heating value at all. But the mechanical furnace operates with highest efficiency when it is fired with pure fuel containing no incombustible matter whatever

The human furnace is self-repairing, while the mechanical furnace is not. The iron, calcium and other incombustible constituents of food must be left in the raw

(Continued on Page 54)

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The Van Camp Way

The beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals. This insures tender skins.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

The baking is done in steam ovens, so perfect baking can be done without crisping or bursting the beans. This leaves the beans mellow and whole.

The beans, the pork and matchless sauce are all baked together, so every granule shares the zest and flavor.

The dish that changed the habits of a nation—*Please don't forget*

THIS was the situation when Van Camp perfected this new-type Pork and Beans. About 94 per cent of all housewives were baking their beans at home. And the process took 16 hours.

They lacked the needed facilities. So some beans were crisped and some mushy. All were underbaked. As a result, the beans were hard to digest. They were considered a heavy food.

The beans were cooked in hard water. That made the skins tough. They were usually baked in open dishes, so much of the flavor escaped.

For all these reasons, this national dish was neglected. Few served it even once a week.

What Van Camp Did

The Van Camp kitchens made a study of this dish. Famous chefs and culinary experts gave years of attention to it. Over $100,000 was spent to perfect ideal Pork and Beans.

We found that minerals made skins tough, so we freed our water from them.

We found that open baking lost much flavor, so we baked in sealed containers.

We built modern ovens, where the beans could be baked by live steam under pressure. We could thus apply high heat for hours without bursting or crisping the beans.

We made baked beans easy to digest. Yet we brought them to you mellow, mealy and whole. And that made the dish inviting.

Then, by hundreds of tests, we perfected a sauce with the ideal tang and zest. And we baked that sauce in the sealed container, to permeate every bean.

This Was the Result

Then Pork and Beans gained a new popularity. Thousands of hotels and restaurants bought Van Camp's, because men liked this dish. Men told their wives about it, and we told them in magazines too.

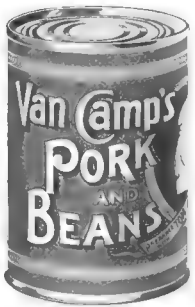
Gradually millions of homes adopted Van Camp's. They gained a new conception of how good Pork and Beans could be. And they served the dish more often.

They compared Van Camp's with others—home-baked and chef-baked. And they found Van Camp's supreme.

Now we have built, to bake these beans, the finest kitchen in the world. It cost $1,700,000. All the country over, housewives who know, demand them. This dish alone has saved women—in total—thousands of years in the kitchen.

It has given to them ready-baked Pork and Beans such as no other process produces.

If you don't know this master dish, won't you try it now?



Cans of three sizes
Baked with the Van Camp Sauce

Other Van Camp Products include

Van Camp's Soups
Van Camp's Spaghetti *Peanut Butter*
Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Catsup *Chili Sauce* *Chile Con Carne, etc*

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's

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BOYCE MOTO-METER
Authorized Service Station

Look for this sign!

THIS is the sign of the BOYCE MOTO-METER Authorized Service Station.

It means *two* things:

1. That the garage or store is a responsible BOYCE MOTO-METER dealer.
2. That the dealer provides a definite service to every owner of a BOYCE MOTO-METER.

If your BOYCE MOTO-METER is put out of commission by a *mechanical injury* (no condition of *actual service* can damage a BOYCE MOTO-METER) you need not be deprived of the use of "the most necessary instrument on the car" while it is being repaired.

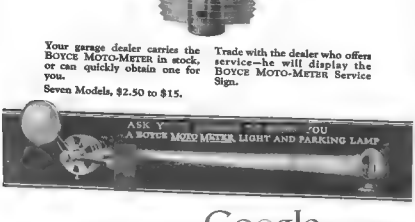
Go to the dealer displaying this Service Sign—he will give you a brand new BOYCE MOTO-METER right out of his stock, *at one-half the regular price.*

The instrument shown on the left is the Standard Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

Your garage dealer carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock, or can quickly obtain one for you.

Seven Models, $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service—he will display the BOYCE MOTO-METER Service Sign.



(Continued from Page 52)

material that provides the human engine with its energy, but the mechanical furnace does not need and cannot utilize any such growth-promoting substances. Protein, sugar, starch and fats are the principal elements in the food that provide heating value, but both animals and humans will die if fed continuously on these four foods of high calorific value. They must be supplemented with vegetables and other unrefined foods low in heat value. In warming up our bodies the calorie is of great importance, but it is not self-sufficient. If it were we might go one step farther than alcohol—which probably has the highest calorie value of anything that is fed to the human engine—and refine part of our large supply of gasoline, making it tasteless and odorless, and then adding a few tablespoonfuls of it to the various soups we eat.

If business continues its recovery it will not be long before we shall hear complaints about a shortage of cars. It should be understood by everyone that the hauling of waste in the form of ashes and water in coal is one of the chief causes of our transportation difficulties. Our normal production of bituminous coal alone is 500,000,000 tons each year, and if we assume that this coal contains only 5 per cent of ash we find that 650,000 cars are required each year to carry this incombustible matter from the mines to the markets. And this is not the end; for after this incombustible waste has been carried into our homes and factories it must again be carried away and disposed of. The urban dweller may think that the disposal of ashes is a matter of small consequence, but he will alter this opinion after an investigation disclosing the percentage of his taxes that goes for handling ashes.

Labor Troubles

Coal is a wasting resource, and one that cannot be replaced. Though we have an abundance of solid fuels remaining, our highest grade and most easily accessible coal seams have already been largely depleted. We may talk of our available water power yet unharnessed; we may add to this our entire oil resources and all the fuel that our farmers can grow, and still the total supplies of fuel from these resources will be only a drop in the bucket when it comes to supplying the country's fuel needs. The more we search for a substitute for coal the more we are impressed with the wonderful job Nature has performed in supplying us with such a tremendous quantity of energy in such concentrated form as is the case with coal.

We hear a lot of talk about our coal supplies being sufficient to last us for a number of centuries. Much of this talk is pure nonsense, as will be found if one will figure on the deteriorating quality of our fuels, the growth of our population, and the continuous increase in the annual per-capita rate of energy consumption. If we assume a net increase in the population of the United States of but 1 per cent a year during the centuries to come, we shall find that in less than four centuries this country will have a population larger than now inhabits the whole earth. On a similar basis of calculation there will not be standing room on this globe for the world's population ten centuries from now. The future is too uncertain to justify any waste of our present national wealth, even if we were to disregard our responsibilities as stewards for future generations of Americans.

This year's coal strike, notwithstanding the public's apathy, has brought forth more discussion pro and con than any similar trouble ever did before. All kinds of remedies have been proposed. Some students of the situation contend that the cure for the bad conditions lies in the consumer, who can help greatly by arranging his purchases so that there will be a more regular demand for coal, which will result in a more regular operation of the mines. Others believe that the greater storage of coal is a partial solution of the problem. Then there are those who assert that in order to let demand overtake the present overdevelopment of our coal fields we must enact legislation which would prohibit railroads from putting in sidings or arranging to serve new mines until after receiving from the Secretary of Commerce or other prescribed Federal official a certificate of convenience and necessity. Such a plan is now in force with respect to our railroads. The nation's carriers are required to secure such a certificate before they are permitted to make capital expenditures for branch or main-line extensions, including n and equipment for same.

We hear that the mine workers must be incorporated, bringing it corporation and partnership reg laws, including the payment of inco excess profits taxes; that concer must be centered on those mines wh function most efficiently, meaning operating end the survival of the A great many people contend th miners' union is an evil thing as it conducted, and that the downfall organization would be a national b

It is a fact that the leaders of the union, as one has said, have Nap ideas of empire, for they propose coal operator in West Virginia or or one of the other states shall barga all the miners on the North Americ tinent, under rules originally dictat not signed in Europe. No consider given to the fact that working con differ radically not only from dist district but from mine to mine; ar rules which may be entirely appr in one region may be hampering other.

Furthermore, it is true that the mi overmanned because the wage rate coal miners are higher than those most other industries employing a large percentage of common labor. condition has resulted in intermitt employment, which certainly can eliminated by maintaining a wage high that the workers can make as money in the mines in one-half the n of working days as they can earn in industries working full time. N would be more fallacious than to ac intermittency of employment as a for extra high wage rates. Again, fact that two-thirds of the miners a tract workers, and so all practical pu are their own bosses, having freed come and go as they please, leaving places of work when they desire a maining idle on any day they wish. freedom is enticing to many men.

Two Solutions

It is difficult to avoid the conclusio the mine workers are asking the pul subsidize them by paying them an wages for 150 working days in the y is paid to other classes of employes f days' work. The mine leaders in this try are no less intelligent than the England, and they are equally aware only through nationalization of the can they bring about a perpetuity of present wage scales. In other word mines would have to be operated at and the deficit made up by the impo of a public tax. There is every reas believe that back of the miners' figh been one great purpose—nationalizat coal.

But even though the position o miners is unsound, the cry of many fo abolition of the union is premature, t the least. Unfortunately the coal ind has within its ranks conscienceless operators whose ethics are questionabl who observe no standards of practic cept such as are stamped with the c mark. In certain fields today non mine operators are paying their men s of wages so low as to encourage revol

After all is said and done, there are two real solutions for our fuel difficu The first is education, not only of miners but of coal producers, through medium of a bureau of coal econo Such an organization would be able t more than all else in the stabilization o bituminous industry. It could point the great public dangers from disorga tion in the country's primary business could compile and analyze data on cost of production and distribution, could publish facts and figures each m on coal consumption, coal traffic and storage. It could inform the public cerning the cost of living and mi wages and earnings in each and every trict. The data the operators would obliged to furnish this bureau would held in confidence, and all individual porta would be destroyed after they served their purpose in supplying ne sary statistics. The coal industry sh be guaranteed that such a proposed bu would never be employed to formulate lations, policy or legislation, and that the information it collected would be h inviolate and be immune from confiscat

(Continued on Page 66)

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The Coach
$1745

HUDSON

See its New Motor

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six. None had won greater fame for endurance and reliability. More than 125,000 owners know its patented advantages.

Its popularity has increased with each year. Yet at the height of its success, we adopt a new motor.

It retains all the advantages of the Super-Six. It has its patented principle for minimizing vibration and increasing car life. It has its tremendous power and quick acceleration. It is, in fact, a *super* Super-Six. The performance is a revelation even to Hudson owners. They are accustomed to unusual motor operation. But they never have experienced any car quite so delightful to drive as today's Hudson. Won't you learn its charm? There is a treat in store for you. Any dealer will show you.

A Ride Tells All

Look for the White Triangle

Phaeton - - $1645
7-Pass. Phaeton $1695
Cabriolet - - $2295

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Coupé - - - $2570
Sedan - - - $2650
Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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Each leaf in every Harvey Spring is accurately shaped and properly tempered in Harvey patented machines.
Out of every batch of springs, one is chosen to undergo a continuous test of greater than it would ever meet in actual use. If this test spring breaks or sags the whole batch is discarded
Another test that every Harvey Spring must pass is one in which each spring must stand deflection beyond anything it will get on a car and the spring must not break or settle
Harvey Dealers, all over the country, offer you immediate Harvey Service
From Here to There
Measure the Distance by Comfort and Pleasure
On this summer's tour or for short drives, forget the distance and the roads. Go wherever you want to get there faster and in greater comfort. Taste the real joy of riding on Ride Rite Springs.
Thousands of other motorists are enjoying the same experience as this Chalmers owner, who says:
"I believe these (Ride Rite) Springs are the best springs that were ever installed on any automobile regardless of price. I can hit bumps and storm drains at 15 miles an hour and hardly feel a jar. When cars are equipped with these springs you eliminate the necessity of ever putting on any sort of a shock absorber."
Because of their scientific design Ride Rite Springs function as springs should function and absorb all jars, jolts and shocks before they are communicated to the car and its occupants.
As a result—tires conform to the road—vibration is eliminated—the motor runs more smoothly—unnatural strains are removed from body and motor, resulting upkeep cost and adding thousands of miles to the life of your car
There is a set design for your car
Know more about springs—learn how to judge the riding of your car—send for the Joy of Easy Riding, a meaty little booklet, that gives six definite tests to judge riding comfort
HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Dept. 7 Racine, Wis.
Designers and manufacturers of ballistic automobile springs. Makers of the famous guaranteed Easy Riding Rite Springs for all cars
Harvey
RACINE
Ride Rite
PAT APP'D. FOR
Springs
Make Rough Roads Smooth

(Continued from Page 54)

Above all else it is essential that coal mining shall be established on a basis of facts rather than on a foundation of rumors and guesses. It will not be easy for professional agitators to mislead the miners if a reliable, disinterested and unprejudiced bureau gives the workers the facts. The individual consumer of coal will not refuse to pay a fair price for his fuel if he knows beyond doubt that the price asked is fair. The public's mistrust of operators and miners would be largely eliminated if it knew approximately the true earnings of the business and the difficulties peculiar to it. With the facts made public, operators would not dare to profiteer, and on the other hand they would not ruin themselves by engaging in orgies of price cutting based on erroneous rumors concerning reductions in prices made by their competitors.

A great many people object to any plan proposed for the betterment of business that entails interference of any kind by the Government. Years of experience in coal have shown that it is futile to expect any educational program to be carried through effectively except by compulsion. The proposed bureau of coal economics must be placed under government control for two all-sufficient reasons: First, the operators and consumers will not compile the necessary information, even for their own benefit, unless compelled to do so; second, if the necessary facts were collected and published by any private agency nobody would believe them. Certain bills providing for the spread of fuel information have already been drawn up by members of Congress, and upon being presented were bitterly opposed, and defeated, largely because of the opposition of the coal industry. It is safe to say that one such bill, at least, would have met with favor on the part of a large section of the coal fraternity if the author of the bill had stuck to the real purpose of the act and had not permitted the inclusion of certain provisions which were interpreted to mean a definite step toward government regulation and restraint. Purely informative legislation need not be feared, and cannot be honestly opposed by anyone inside or outside of the coal industry except for selfish reasons.

The Heat-Unit Basis

Second as a coal remedy, and of even greater importance than the establishment of a bureau of coal economics, is the development of new practices that will wipe out a large part of the enormous waste now entailed in the handling and utilization of our different fuels. Higher fuel efficiency will enable the operator to obtain more for his coal, and therefore earn larger profits; it will provide an opportunity for the miner to earn larger wages and at the same time permit the public to get heat units at lower prices than prevail today. If miners' wages are reduced the saving to the public in a lower price for coal will be of small consequence. Likewise, the benefit that will come to fuel consumers through a reduction in railroad freight rates will amount to very little in the price of coal per ton. Why should we confine all our attention to coal wages, transportation rates and retail handling charges—although all these are at present excessive—when the total saving to the consumer from forcing reductions in all three of these items probably would not amount to more than a 10 per cent lowering of the price of coal? It would be far better if we applied a little scientific engineering to the problem and benefited to the extent of cutting our fuel bill perhaps in half.

The first thought the coal consumer today must get in his mind is that he is not buying a certain number of tons of black mineral at the lowest possible price per ton. He is buying a certain number of thousands of available heat units—British thermal units—at the lowest possible price per thousand. One ton of coal may contain only 27,000,000 heat units, while another ton which looks very much the same may contain 33,000,000 heat units. There can be no satisfactory stabilization of our coal industry until consumers buy their fuel on the basis of its heating value. The consumer using gas would object strenuously to paying the same price for a thousand feet of gas containing 550 heat units per foot as for the same quantity of gas containing 550 heat units per foot. When we commence to burn coal with higher efficiency, consumers will go to great lengths to choose the coals that they consider advantageous to them. Then the producing the higher-grade fuels will operated more regularly, and one effect such stabilization will be to bring prices and eliminate the high-cost m

The economic crime in fuel today is burning of coal raw. This presents us of all with our smoke problem, which is recognized in its true importance. ishers appointed a committee in 191 investigate the smoke question, and recently the report of this committee handed in. The public was informed 3,000,000 tons of potential fuel in the of soot, representing a direct was $30,000,000, escapes into the atmos of London each year. Black smoke re always from the incomplete combusti the volatile matter in coal. It comes errors in burning coal rather than any variation in the composition of fuel itself. The blankets of smoke w hang over many of our cities and near our industrial centers not only de property but exert a more direful influ upon the human organism than most ple believe. The population residing smoke-polluted area are directly affe by the immediate contact of the po laden air with the skin, mucous membr and sensory organs of the body.

The Smoke Menace

A smoke-laden atmosphere is filled acrid, poisonous compounds and soot tiny which serve as carriers of the injurious products of human fatigue. T floating particles increase pulmonary nasal disorders and reduce individual w ing capacity. Pneumonia increases the density of atmospheric smoke, and assumed an acute and fatal form in sev cities that burn large quantities of coal. More persons are devitalized, abled and poisoned by the impurities tained in smoke-polluted air than by injurious ingredients of the gases. Smoke lessens the duration and inten of sunshine, increases humidity, mists, frequency and duration of fogs, and sibly retards electrical conditions. S shine is the most important factor in preservation of health. Besides promo perspiration and increasing the percen of haemoglobin in the blood, the blue ultra-violet rays of sunshine are said destroy the injurious bacteria which on the human body.

In many cities the residents boast their hundreds of smoking chimneys. I think we understood that black smok not a sign of prosperity but rather inefficiency, waste and false pride Smoke clouds not only hamper the high esthetic development of urban communities but they destroy artistic effects d in brick, stone, marble or metal.

They soil the wearing apparel of inhabitants, adding to the size of laun bills; and, last but not least, smoke converts an otherwise desirable city i place to be avoided by all persons wealth who are searching for an invul community in which to build a home settle down.

The economic cost of the smoke nuisa in many of our American cities and to is far larger than most people imagine. qualified committee of engineers estima that the cost of smoke to the people of large Eastern industrial city was $10,0 000 annually. Among the items inclu were $2,250,000, cost to household through necessitating additional paint cleaning and renewing of wallpaper, an added expense of $2,300,000 for a ficial lighting. In the business sector this city the limit of visibility was only tenth the limit in the open country. smoky or foggy days the chemical act of daylight was only 75 per cent of wha was on clear days. The soot fogs were result of the water globules in the atm sphere becoming coated with a film of bi sticky, tarry soot which retards evapo tion. These soot fogs often reduce light one-half, making it necessary to crease the time and intensity of artifi illumination.

What smoke does to our laundry b is evidenced by the fact that the laun business in Pittsburgh amounts to ab $3.12 per capita each year; in Chicag is $3.25; Cincinnati, $3.14, and St. Lo $3.06. Compare these costs with that the city of Philadelphia, where smoke

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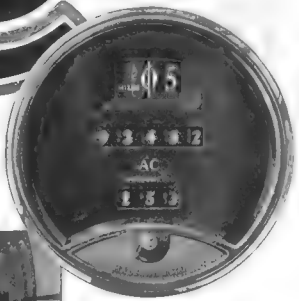
Showing AC Speedometer Installed on Instrument Board. Also close-up of Speedometer Dial



The AC Speedometer and Drive for Fords

A Necessity for Ford Owners

No Ford car or truck can be operated economically or intelligently without an accurate, dependable speedometer. Only by referring to a good speedometer can you know:

How fast your car is going—the distance you have traveled.

When to change your motor oil—what mileage you get from gasoline.

What service tires are giving—how to follow road guides and detour instructions.

For many reasons the AC Speedometer is the best instrument for Ford owners. It is absolutely *accurate* and *noiseless;* its **sturdy, improved construction assures dependable, trouble-free service throughout the life of the car.**

The driving attachment of the AC Speedometer has many improved and exclusive features.

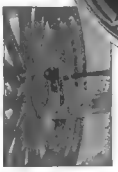
It is easily attached. No holes to drill. The crown road wheel gear is held by the regular Ford hub flange bolts. The fiber pinion gear meshes into the crown road wheel gear, keeping it clean and free from mud, snow or ice, eliminating the constant troubles of the conventional spur gear type. It has no swivel joint to require care and attention. Its flexible shaft is of the cross-wound piano-wire type. The driving attachment fits all Ford spindles, old or new type.

The AC Speedometer is highly attractive. When installed it appears as an original part of the car instead of an "after-thought." It is silent, steady in action and completely reliable. The dial is jet black with legible, white numerals. The rim is of brass, heavily nickeled.

The price of this instrument puts it within reach of every Ford owner.

Good dealers everywhere can supply you with the AC Speedometer, or can get it quickly for you. It comes complete, with all attachments and instructions for quick, easy installation.

Price, complete with all attachments $15
Western Schedule 16
In Canada 21



Showing How AC Speedometer Drive Is Attached to Wheel

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY FLINT, *Michigan*

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The drink for rose-time and snow-time

YOU can drink it in the hot summer when the mercury tries to climb out of the glass, and you have a cooling, thirst-quenching drink that is sheer delight.

When the white carpet covers the land, when the trees glisten with their icy coats as if encased in glass, when it is cold—you can drink Clicquot.

It's such an obliging, friendly drink—this Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

An all-the-year-round drink—and *they all like it.*

You can give Clicquot to a child and offer it to a man's man without apology. Women do not find it too harsh for their delicate taste; on the contrary, it is one beverage that women who entertain have no hesitation in serving to their women guests.

And winter or summer, January or July, the taste of Clicquot is the same. Always it is made with spring water, Jamaica ginger, fruit juices, and sugar blended to an exact nicety.

Order Clicquot Club by the case for the home. Keep a few bottles on ice or in a cool place. Serve it at meals or between meals. You will find it a constant delight.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

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(Continued from Page 58)

fuel is generally used, and the per capita laundry business amounts to only $2.01. A research report shows that smoke costs the people of one city an average of $100 per family per year. In this community the average loss to the people from smoke is greater than the total expenditure of the community for domestic fuel.

There is also a material difference in the length of life of sheet metals in smoky cities and in towns free of smoke. One investigation showed that galvanized sheet iron and sheet steel last twice as long in a smoke-free city, while tin sheet iron lasts one and a half times as long. In the matter of stone it has been found that smoke not only soils the surface of the stone, necessitating frequent cleaning, but the acid products of the combustion of coal actually exert a destructive action on all stones, especially those containing calcium or magnesium carbonate.

Just a word about soot: Briefly stated, soot contains finely divided carbon, which is in reality lampblack, the basis of black paints. Carbon in the air is injurious, not only because it soils all substances but because of its power to absorb injurious gases. Soot also contains tar, ash, ammonia and sulphur compounds. The tar is injurious because it makes soot sticky. The ammonia in soot is corrosive to copper and its alloys, but on the other hand it tends to neutralize the free acids in the soot. The sulphur acids in soot do great damage to property, and the activity of these acids is increased because the tar content causes the soot to adhere firmly to anything with which it comes in contact, thus retaining the acid where it can do most damage.

A number of remedies have been proposed for the smoke nuisance. Two-thirds of all the smoke vomited into the air in our large cities comes from house-heating furnaces in the residential districts, where it has the greatest opportunity to do damage to private property. It is a fact that any coal, no matter what its composition may be, if properly burned, will produce very little, if any, black smoke. Experience has shown that uniform firing is the one important essential to smokeless combustion. It is practically impossible to prevent smoke and an enormous waste of fuel when intermittent hand firing is employed. When a quantity of green coal is suddenly shoveled into a fire a large percentage of the volatile matter is distilled off, and the fire is killed by the cool blanket of coal that has been thrown on it. There is an old saying that one way to prevent smoke is to fire little, fire often and fire quick. Everyone knows that such a rule is not easy to follow, even in the operation of industrial furnaces, and it is practically impossible to do so in running a house-heating equipment. Summed up, we may say that when hand firing is employed smoke is inevitable, and even in the case of mechanical stoking of raw coal, smoke is a likely result and fuel waste a certainty.

The Domestic Use of Coke

For no less than two centuries inventors have devoted time to designing and perfecting smoke-prevention devices. Some of these have served to relieve the situation, but none of them has proved to be a final remedy. Practically the only way to solve the smoke problem is either to use fuels that are low in volatile matter, like anthracite or coke, or to substitute gas for solid fuel altogether. Anthracite coal is a wonderful fuel, but it is growing scarcer year by year, and unless something enters the field as a competitor of anthracite the consumers of this fuel will be compelled to pay an ever-increasing price for it. Furthermore, anthracite constitutes only one-fifth of our coal production, and its field of usefulness is confined to a limited Eastern area.

One logical step for those who would find a substitute for anthracite or for bituminous coal is to use coke. It is all very well to talk about the installation of smoke-prevention appliances, but it would not be an easy matter to persuade householders to undertake the expense and trouble to adapt such devices to their own needs, even if smoke-consuming appliances could be obtained. Furthermore, such action would be only a sorry palliative, for it would not correct the waste entailed in burning raw coal. Unfortunately, with respect to coke, which is an ideal solid fuel, of the country house furnaces are equipped with fire pots designed to burn anthracite or a high-grade bituminous coal.

The fuel consumer should understand that a cubic foot of anthracite weighs fifty-five pounds, bituminous forty-nine pounds, and coke about thirty-five pounds. Though hundreds of householders, desirous of burning a smokeless fuel, are now using coke with entire satisfaction in furnaces designed to burn coal, the ideal plan in going over to coke is to take care of the increased volume of this fuel by designing the fire box of the furnace for greater depth. If we assume the same efficiency for the three fuels, and figure that 200 pounds of each is required to bank the furnace at night, then the fire box for anthracite needs to hold 3.6 cubic feet; for bituminous, 4 cubic feet; and for coke, 5.7 cubic feet.

Coke is the cleanest of domestic solid fuels. It is nearly dustless, and such dust as it does carry is of neutral color and will not smudge white material. When bituminous coal is burned in a furnace it practically always forms a soot on the heating surfaces of the furnace, and this soot, which is an admirable heat insulator, destroys the efficiency of the furnace. Tests conducted by the University of Illinois showed coke to be 7 per cent more efficient than anthracite and 11 per cent more efficient than bituminous coal. In burning coke, have the fuel bed at least eighteen inches deep; use very little draft after the fire is started; shake the grates only once a day—preferably in the morning; insist that the pieces of coke shall not be too large—from one-half to two inches is a desirable size; and do not allow ashes to accumulate under the grate. Due to the angularity of the pieces and to the porosity of the structure, less draft is needed for a coke fire than for one of coal.

Soft Coal By-Products

A great step forward in fuel conservation will have been taken when people building new homes will have been educated to equip their houses with furnaces that are not too small for the best possible results with coke. Increasing the size of the fire box one-third would not add greatly to the cost of a home, and it is certain that this would enable the owners to get splendid results with smokeless fuels. Recently the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers went on record recommending that domestic furnaces be equipped with larger fire boxes in order to permit the use of domestic coke to better advantage. A great cry has gone up against the high price of anthracite, and the public talks of finding relief through legislation. Recourse to the law has never saved the people from a monopoly. The sure and simple way to reduce the price of an article is to find a substitute for it and bring about competition for the available markets.

The wide use of coke would bring down hard-coal prices in more substantial fashion than would reductions in wages and freight rates, but that is only one, and the least important, of a number of reasons for increasing our production of coke many fold. When bituminous coal is burned raw the economic crime we perpetrate is far greater than the mere damage we do to property and morale through the production of smoke. The greater evil is the waste of valuable products that go off into the air. The value of a ton of soft coal can be nearly doubled by breaking up the coal into its component parts in a by-product oven. When this is done we get three-fourths of a ton of coke, or solid smokeless fuel; twenty-five pounds of ammonium sulphate, the most important farm fertilizer known; two and a half gallons of motor benzol; seven gallons of tar and 6000 cubic feet of gaseous fuel.

Ammonium sulphate is a splendid material for use as a fertilizer. Practically all the sulphate of ammonia used by our American fertilizer industry comes from the coking of coal. Even during the war, when sulphate of ammonia was selling for $100 a ton, other methods of producing it were found impracticable in competition with our coke ovens.

The high cost of living depends largely on the high cost of food; for investigation shows that 43 per cent of the average family budget goes for food. It follows that the high cost of food depends to a considerable extent upon the [illegible] production.

This being a fact, it should not be difficult or at least not impossible, to sell the idea of greater fertilization to the 39,000,000 people in the United States who are operating upward of 7,000,000 farms. In a recent ten-year period the population of the United States increased 21 per cent, while our crops increased but 10 per cent. The world's food consumption, even now, is running beyond the capacity of the cultivated land producing it. Farmers must choose between reducing their land to a barren waste or adding sufficient nitrogen to the soil to make it repay the cost of cultivation. Our fertilizer bill averages more than $100,000,000 each year, and should be a splendid investment at ten times that amount. Cottonseed was once used as a source of nitrogenous fertilizer. Now we know that cottonseed has a greater value as a foodstuff than as a fertilizer.

Prior to the war Germany was using 188 pounds of fertilizer on each acre. Great Britain was using 162 pounds per acre, but here in the United States only about forty pounds of fertilizer are used for each acre of cultivated land. In a survey of the eight countries producing the largest quantities of potatoes, the United States ranked at the bottom of the list. Belgium produced 300 bushels against our ninety-two. Practically the same is true of our other crops. Our agricultural industry now supplies us with only 18 per cent of our total production of wealth. When more than 36 per cent of the people are engaged in producing only 18 per cent of the goods it is evident that something is wrong.

One remedy is a greater supply of nitrogen. More than 80 per cent, by weight, of the ammonia we get from coal is nitrogen, and it is present in an easily available form. When coal is burned raw the ammonia is driven off into the air and wasted. How silly it would be to follow the practice of driving this ammonia off into the atmosphere and then constructing plants to recover it from the air at great expense when it can be recovered directly from coal in by-product ovens. In a few years, when the industrial readjustment has been consummated and business is again normal, we shall be consuming in the United States about 600,000,000 tons of bituminous coal annually. If we were to coke one-half of this coal in by-product ovens and secure the ammonia from it our output of nitrogen thus produced would be sufficient to fertilize 900,000,000 acres of cultivated land, assuming 100 pounds of fertilizer per acre and an 8 per cent ammonium sulphate content in this fertilizer material. In other words, we should then have more than enough nitrogen to cover every acre of cultivated land in the United States.

Refrigeration of the Future

Furthermore, the ammonia obtained from coal is not only of use as a fertilizer but it is valuable for refrigerating purposes. Many of the large refrigerating machines used in cold-storage plants employ liquid ammonia, under a high condensing pressure, as the refrigerating agent. And, speaking of refrigeration, one of the wonders of science is that we can take the heat energy of coal and convert it into ice to prevent the decay of food. This has come as a result of our having learned to produce cold by evaporating, within a system of pipes, a liquefied gas that commences to boil at a temperature of 18 degrees lower than the freezing point of water. One of the reasons that many of the large gas-manufacturing concerns in various cities have not gone in more extensively for the sale of gas for domestic heating is that the demand for gas for heating provides them only a seasonal business, and requires the installation of a large productive capacity which would be an idle investment during the summer months. Before long the gas companies will go in for refrigeration, and then we shall have gas for heating in winter and the same concern will sell us gas to refrigerate and cool things off in the summer.

Our tomorrow in fuel and the utilization of energy will reveal to us marvelous changes in practices hardly dreamed of today. The hydroelectric power that is now going to waste [illegible] 75,000,000 tons a year. In the steam locomotives on our railroads it takes seven pounds of coal to generate the equivalent of one kilowatt-hour, whereas the same amount of power can be produced in a modern power house with a consumption of only a little more than two pounds of coal. Our railroads consume 28 per cent of the total coal output, and when they are electrified this fuel item will be reduced in the ratio of 2 to 7, or to one-third of what it is now. Over in Germany a great steel maker is manufacturing a low-calorific-value gas and putting it in a holder at a price equivalent to only thirteen cents a thousand for the gas we burn in the average American city. We shall be equaling this feat in certain places before the present year has ended.

So far as we can see now, the ultimate end of all our development work in fuel will be the universal application of electricity for power and of gas for heating. The isolated power plant as well as the isolated heating plant will be done away with, and both electricity and heat will be supplied to communities from central stations. This will be the end of smoke and ashes and dirt. Instead of buying a ton of coal or so many cubic feet of gas, we shall purchase specified quantities of energy and heat units. Right now gas would be used in practically all our homes for heating as well as cooking if it were not so expensive, and it will never be cheap until it is sold on the basis of so many heat units for a dollar instead of so many cubic feet. In each and every city the quality of gas that is manufactured should depend upon the character of the raw fuel at hand and the nature of the market that is available. In one community the most economical gas, for both the manufacturer and the consumer, will contain, say, 500 heat units per cubic foot, while in another town or city the consumer will get most for his money if the gas he buys contains only 300 heat units per foot.

Eighty Per Cent Waste

We are coming to the day of the gas turbine, which will be more efficient than the steam turbine; to the time when the gas plant will be located at the mine, and the electrical plant will be situated there beside it. Then, if the coal is not entirely gasified, and some coke is made, the boilers in the power plant can be fired with incandescent coke, the sensible heat of which is now entirely lost. At present we have first the loss of the sensible heat in quenching the coke, and afterward the loss involved in raising it again to ignition temperature. In that day the heat units in coal will be sent through pipes long distances to the consuming markets, just as oil is transported in pipes under high pressure all the way from Oklahoma to the Atlantic seaboard.

In a community where natural gas is available no one ever heard of anybody using coal for heating unless the gas company found its supply limited and purposely discouraged its use for anything but cooking. Gas is the ideal fuel, because it is clean, flexible and easily controlled. All that prevents its general adoption is its comparatively high price for wholesale use, and this will quickly be remedied when the public gets a clear understanding of the heat-unit idea and commences to exercise fuel wisdom instead of fuel foolishness in purchasing energy for heat and power.

At present 80 per cent or more of the energy of coal is totally wasted. Even in heating our homes the whole system we now use is haphazard and wasteful. Of course we must ventilate our houses and offices, but there is no reason why we should throw away with the foul air all the valuable heat it contains, when we might arrange to use this heat before the bad air is exhausted, and by means of it warm the incoming cold air.

Wherever we turn we see steam, smoke or sensible heat in one form or another being wastefully discharged into the atmosphere, and the pity of it is that such losses are needless, even in the light of our present limited knowledge concerning the utilization of fuel. We are riding to a hard fall unless we mend our ways in the treatment of our energy resources. The [illegible]

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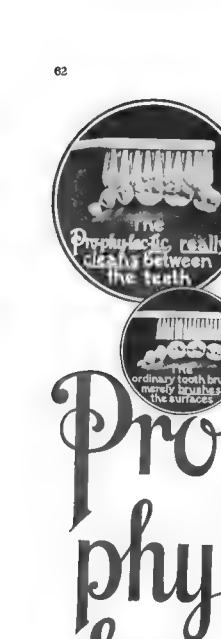
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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 17)

He ordered an ample meal and while he waited smoked several cigarettes, lighting them from little pieces torn off the menu, which he dipped into a candle flame. The table allotted to him was but a few feet from where Alma was sitting. Through a trellis covered with artificial flowers Otto could watch her conveniently without being seen. With satisfaction he noted that she was alone, and took from his pocket a small cardboard box, from which he extracted a white carnation, which he put in the buttonhole of his coat.

"So," said he, and waited events.

Alma, who was idly consuming the pear, looked up and made a quick movement of her head to a waiter who was passing. He approached at once with an open wine list.

"Chianti ver' good," he murmured.

"You must search his rooms," said Alma in a quick whisper. "Get up and search them before he goes to bed. He doesn't carry the book; I've proved that."

The veins in the waiter's forehead eorded and his mouth opened.

"Tha'll do. Go," said she. "Yes, a bottle of thirteen; thirteen is the number of his room. Go!"

Andrea went, followed almost immediately by Alma.

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his lips thoughtfully, and his brows came down straight and hard.

"H'm!" he reflected. "So they've muddled. Yes."

Very deliberately he took the carnation from his buttonhole and replaced it in the box.

"They will have had the wire telling them of my arrest and instructing the present holder to carry on. They've been bluffed, and the wire will have betrayed the fact. Who bluffed 'em?"

He beckoned to a waiter.

"Tell me," said he, "is there a gentleman staying here called Saville?"

"*Mais oui;* M'sieur Martyn Saville."

"Thank you. I thought I recognized him. That will do."

His soup arrived, but he barely touched it. Otto von Weisenberg was thinking. Presently he took out a pocketbook and produced a letter from one of its secrets. He was reading it when the fish was brought.

"Take it away and bring me a cutlet. I require nothing but a cutlet."

The letter was in code. It was signed by someone who not many years ago was looked upon as mighty. The letter was in the form of a question. It remarked on the unusual facilities Otto possessed for investigating international affairs. It wondered, in the event of plans for a certain new weapon falling into his hands—a weapon of such potency that its possession even by a firm of private individuals would insure world dominion—whether the said Otto would consider offering a first refusal to a nation at present embarrassed by national debt and indemnity. Any such act on his part would be rewarded with greater generosity and higher honors than the government at present employing him could afford. It concluded with a touching appeal to patriotism.

Otto turned the letter over and over in his hand. The proposition was attractive but difficult to carry out. The nation to which he had sworn service had a ready way of dealing with traitors. One of the heaviest items in the revolutionary budget was the traitor-extermination department. But here was an opportunity not to be neglected.

The agents to whom the plans had been intrusted had failed. If he could succeed in recovering them without his own side being any the wiser, no blame or obloquy could be attached to him. It was a charming reflection. He fell to upon his cutlet with excellent appetite.

When he had finished he strolled round to the bureau.

"I understand you are giving me Room Number Fourteen," said he.

"M'sieur has been allotted Seventy-two."

Otto stormed. He could not tolerate stairs. He could not intrust himself to a lift. He had written explicitly demanding Number Fourteen. Nonsense! Of course the letter had arrived. Someone was to blame and should suffer for it.

"If m'sieur would consent to occupy Suite Number Twelve it could be arranged. It is usually let in conjunction with Thirteen, but as the gentleman merely requires a sitting room and bedroom the partition door has been closed."

"Very well," said Otto, partially placated; "let it be prepared at once."

He turned away to cover a smile of satisfaction. The gods can be very good at times.

XVIII

ON LEAVING the dining room Martyn Saville passed through the foyer in search of Leslie. He was about to enter the winter garden when George Wedderton's voice arrested him. George was wearing a light coat over his dress things, and a soft hat.

"Off somewhere?" queried Martyn.

George nodded.

"Um!" said he. "One of the waiters at this shack got a wire an hour ago, and I'm slipping down to the post office to get a repeat."

"What's the idea?"

"Nothing particular. Always suspicious of waiters who get wires, and thought it might be worth lookin' into."

"Energetic beggar," Martyn commented. "Still looking for the missing link, I suppose."

"Something of the sort. Like to stroll down?"

"Not just now; rather busy." And he moved away.

"Half a minute," George whispered. "Care for a joke?"

"If it's a short one," said Martyn.

"It's about five foot three if I'm not mistaken," George laughed. "It wears wispy whiskers and looks like Mr. Pim passing by."

"Haven't got you," said Martyn.

"Well, I've a notion friend Butterwick is here. Mind you, I haven't seen him near to, but I glimpsed an old fellow in the moonlight who was uncommonly suggestive in outline. Also, I picked up this at the spot where he was standing." He produced some broken nut shells from his pocket.

"H'm!" said Martyn. "Pretty conclusive. Going to introduce yourself?"

"I am not," replied George distinctly; "but I pray he won't make a nuisance of himself until I'm satisfied the plans are comfortably on their way again. He nearly spoiled the outfit once already. I'll roll round to your rooms later on."

"Do," said Martyn, and passed into the winter garden.

He found Leslie, Mrs. Conyngham and Cyril among a number of hotel guests. They did not show the least enthusiasm at his arrival. A young man named Caliant was holding forth on the merits of his motor boat.

"Oh, Lord, no! Wouldn't be seen dead in a cabin cruiser. My little shell is made for speed. Sea-sled type, only smaller; darn fast. Knocks up about sixty miles an hour."

"Sounds ripping," said Leslie.

"It's a good effort. If you'd care for a spin one day and don't mind getting oily——"

"I should love it!"

"Right. We must fix. I've got her in good tune. Tomorrow any good?"

"Matter of fact," Cyril interposed, "Miss Kavanagh is booked solid for tomorrow."

"But with nothing that can't be unbooked," said Leslie—a remark which set Cyril scowling and did little to contribute gayety to Martyn Saville. He leaned over and touched her on the arm.

"Leslie, one thing," he said, "come for a stroll, will you?"

She shook her head.

"I'm much too interested in what Mr. Caliant is saying."

He dropped his voice as the talk became general.

"I only thought," he said, "as we've seen so little of each other——"

"That you'd rather I didn't make myself too pleasant to other people. I quite understand, Martyn."

There was a touch of hostility in the tone.

"But listen," he whispered. "I——"

"You have your friends, Martyn; you can hardly complain if we have ours. It seems a very fair arrangement."

"If you'd just let me explain."

"I'd much rather you didn't." She turned to Caliant. "If your boat the big brown one with 36 painted on its side?"

"No jolly fear! That's a taxi, or for about forty miles. Holds twe sengers. Mine's a two-seater stun The Whirlwind."

Not to be outclassed in matters speed Cyril offered some reminisc the air force, in which he had servec the war.

"There's nothing like it," he d "For thrill nothing comes within

Which started an argument on t tive merits of air and water—an ar that was debated with heat on bot

Martyn rose and crossed to Mr yngham, but although he addres twice she did not seem to hear.

"This is too damn silly!" he himself, and marched out to the v

It was an empty cigarette case th him upstairs to restock. Had he a moment earlier he would hav surprised.

Andrea Negretti had turned ou hole and corner of the two rooms search for the missing book. He wa ing feverishly with a bunch of s keys at the lock of Martyn's accor case when Alma entered noiseless the balcony.

"Well?" she demanded.

Andrea sprang to his feet as shot, great beads of sweat starting brow. "You gotta no more scare come in so quiet!" he gasped.

Alma repeated her question.

"Have you found the book?"

He shook his head savagely.

"I looka efrywheres—no good damnt spy he hide it away."

"He's no spy, you fool," said "He got the book by chance brought about by your stupidity."

"But he gifa der number."

"Yes; of this room. I tell you he a notion what's in the book."

"Ah, ta ta. You talka some sens changa. If he was nod a spy what maka to hide?"

"Where have you looked?"

Andrea gave a sweeping gestu bracing inclusive.

"Did you look in the pockets of t he was wearing?"

"M. I waste ze time being a he squealed.

Alma's hands came down on his ders and she thrust her face into his

"I tell you that book must be fo she said. "And you've got to find you fail they shall know at the comi And, my boy, you shall pay."

And with the engaging promis slipped out through the windows.

Andrea Negretti said something and turned once more toward the bed

The clothes Martyn had worn i afternoon were thrown carelessly ac chair. His coat was uppermost an white carnation showed in the butto Without hope of success he ran his h over the outer surface and they to the hard outline of a book. With an ry he took about to dive his hand in pocket when the door of the little opened and Martyn Saville came slo

And Andrea began as pretty a little c as one might wish to see.

Andrea saw but a single chance took it. Picking up the clothes he them over his arm, through he v valet proceeded to carry them off.

came abreast of Martyn his heart was ing like a kettle drum.

"Good-by," said Martyn. "They a brush. These French roads are infer dusty."

Andrea agreed, with a bow. He di trust his voice. But it would seem Alma Ferraros was right in her sus and it was evident the man was ign of what had happened. Success w sight.

"You have emptied the pockets?"

Perish the thought! What cursed i prompted it!

Andrea nodded and quickened his

A flash of white in the buttonhole c coat caught Martyn's eye.

"Wait a bit," he said. "I want flower."

It was almost more than human na could endure, but Andrea stood still Martyn disengaged the white carnatio

"Right," said he, and gave the c friendly slap with the back of his han

(Continued on Page 66)

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(Continued from Page 63)

A few coppers and a sixpence fell from the ticket pocket and chased one another in dying circles over the parquet floor.

Andrea turned pale green.

"You're a beauty," said Martyn. "You haven't emptied the pockets at all."

Snatching away the coat he proceeded to do so, heaping the accumulated odds and ends on the table. He shook his head ruefully on producing the copy of Browning's Men and Women, which was the last thing to be extracted, and he held it in his hand a moment before pitching it carelessly aside. He was blissfully unaware that he was also holding his life in his hand, for Andrea, cheated of his easily won victory, was fingering the haft of a concealed knife and debating the wisdom of using it. Conceivably he might have done so, for in his family it was the traditional method of concluding an argument, but at the fine edge of decision Martyn Saville ordered him to fetch a glass of water from the bedroom for the reception of the white carnation.

Andrea did not delay long in obeying the order, and when he returned it was to find Martyn unlocking the second suitcase in search of cigarettes. The opportunity was too good to lose. Andrea put down the glass and reached out for the book. But no one could have stood out against such persistent misfortune. At the very moment his fingers touched the cover Martyn rose to ask for a light.

From the violence of his emotion Andrea shook all over as he struck and held out an evil-smelling French *allumette*. His other hand was behind his back ineffectively dragging the surface of the table.

Martyn made three attempts before he finally succeeded in lighting his cigarette.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he demanded. "'Fraid of catching fire?"

Andrea could only shake his head.

"Are you waiting for anything?"

"No, m'sieur."

"Then for pity's sake clear out!" said Martyn. "'Cause I don't like you a bit."

"But, m'sieur ——"

"Oh, go, go, man! I want to be alone." The golden opportunity was lost.

Andrea cast a despairing glance at the book and went.

With an irritable gesture Martyn threw his cigarette into the fender and turned to the French window. A tranquil moon hung in the sky, which speckled the sea with silver. Very lovely was the night with its velvet shadowed trees against an arc of sapphire. In the basin below lay ships at anchor, and the roofs of houses glittered as though painted with brushes dipped in frost. Somewhere a mandolin was playing and from the beach came the music of water running over stones. Martyn shivered.

"I don't know," he muttered softly. "I don't know. Wish I didn't feel as if something were going to happen, something wrong. It's queer! Wish I'd never made that bet with Cyril, and I wish I'd never designed that damned machine. I don't know. Never felt this way before." Once again he shivered, then gave a little laugh. "It's as if—as if I were panicky. Damn queer."

But it was not so queer, after all, for at the very time these misgivings attacked Martyn Saville the one operative eye of Otto von Weisenberg was trained upon him through a neatly bored hole in the panel of the door that separated the two apartments. Otto von Weisenberg was emplaced for the night, and waited developments.

Martyn turned at the sound of his name and found Leslie standing behind him.

"This is ripping of you," he said. "I fancied you hadn't much use for me tonight."

"I don't know that I have," she answered. "You've been rather a disappointment, haven't you?"

"I'm afraid so," he admitted. "Don't seem to have had any luck. Will you sit down for a minute, please?"

"Yes, but only a minute."

He put a chair for her.

"I can't make things out, Martyn," she said.

"There's nothing to make out."

"Isn't there? Perhaps you aren't so fond of me as you used to be."

"Good heavens ——" he began.

"No, don't interrupt. After all, you promised me that you would tell me everything if I asked you. You promised me that when you were in trouble you would come to me. Well, you're in trouble now, aren't you?"

"I'm in a devil of a mess," he admitted.

"You ran away directly we met today. You preferred being with Mr. Wedderton to being with me."

"I had to see old George. It was ——"

"Oh, yes, I know; but you needn't have stayed with him quite so long if you'd really ——. But that's neither here nor there. If you didn't want to hurry back it doesn't matter. But there is one thing that sticks in my throat, Martyn."

"Go on," he said.

"After all, I am staying with Mrs. Conyngham. Of course she's silly and prejudiced, but you can't blame her for being furious."

"About?"

"That woman."

"I see," he said rather grimly.

"Oh, Martyn, I don't want you to think I'm narrow and conventional; I'm not a bit. I know men have all sorts of friends, but you must admit she is rather obvious, and to introduce her to Mrs. Conyngham, to expect her to share our table—I shouldn't have thought you'd have done it."

"I didn't do it," he retorted. "She came uninvited, of her own free will. Good Lord! You don't imagine I asked her to come—wanted her? In these hotels people do odd things."

"But she's a friend of yours."

"Certainly not."

"She calls you Martyn."

"It was a piece of damned cheek. Scarcely know the woman. First time we met was this afternoon."

"Who introduced you?"

Martyn hesitated:

"Cyril, as a matter of fact." A sudden sense of having betrayed a confidence forced him to add, "I asked for the introduction, though."

"When I wasn't there?"

"Yes."

She bit her lip.

"Cyril thinks it was rotten of you to expect us to sit at table with her," she said.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Martyn started to his feet with a protest.

"It doesn't matter so much Cyril having friends like that," said Leslie. "He isn't engaged."

"Leslie, I swear I don't deserve that."

"You do. You deserve anything. I've been looking forward to today for three whole months and it's—it's been perfectly horrid."

He threw an arm round her.

"Issy, old girl, "he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you feel like this for the world!"

But Leslie wriggled out of his embrace.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I'm cross. I'm desperately cross with you. There's something at the back of all this something I don't understand and I'm afraid to understand."

"But, my dear ——"

"You're mixed up in something beastly. That's true, isn't it?"

"It's not true," he said.

"Then look me in the eyes and say so. Say that there isn't anything you can't tell me."

"I can't say that," said Martyn, "because to do so would put me wrong and ——"

She rose and faced him with serious eyes.

"Then it is true. What I said is true."

"Look here," said Martyn. "There must not be any misunderstandings between you and me. There are certain details of my life that I'm not at liberty to talk about. They aren't mine to talk about, but in another direction it it's different. Oh, look here, Leslie, old thing, I've always been an almighty fool, you know that well enough. Meddling with fireworks is my incurable habit. You just happen to have found me with a squib in my hand, that's all."

"Yes," said Leslie, "and I shan't rest till I know what it's made of."

"Very well," Martyn replied, "then go and see Mrs. Conyngham at once."

"But she's gone to bed," said Leslie

"Then perhaps you will ask her to look in here for a minute before turning in? I can't go to her. She has no sitting room."

"But what's the good, Martyn?"

"You must take that on trust. Ask her. Say it's very important."

"Oh, well," said Leslie disconsolately, "I suppose it can do no harm." And she walked slowly to the door.

"I say, old thing," he pleaded, "let me kiss you. Don't you want me to kiss you?"

She turned.

"Of course I do, Martyn. Of course I do. That's just it. I know everything

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"Very well. Go to Mrs. Conyngham."

"She'll be ages," said Leslie, at the door. "She'll never let you see her as she really is."

Then she went out, and Otto von Weisenberg, who had been greatly impressed by Leslie's personal charms, was sorely tried to check himself from screaming execrations at Martyn for letting so dainty a morsel escape unkissed.

■■■

THE man who is a citizen of all the world is possessed of great advantage. George Wedderton knew everybody and could talk to everybody in his own lingo. One of his acquaintances was the local postmaster. It was too late to find the post office open, wherefore George repaired to the particular café at which, memory reminded him, the postmaster was used to take his *petit serre* before retiring to rest. They met, as it were, by accident, and conversed on many subjects before George made his request.

"But certainly," said M. Dinard. "It would be a privilege."

Together they ran through the file of recently received telegrams, and George obtained the required information. The wire dealing with the fall of White Carnation was in code, but George read it as easily as though it were in block type. He thanked M. Dinard and returned to the hotel to convey the news to Martyn Saville.

His unexpected arrival seriously interfered with Otto von Weisenberg's program. Otto had been very busy since Leslie's departure. He had rung up a number on the telephone, with which all the rooms were appointed, and had arranged to charter a motor boat.

"No, no, no, my dear Charvonier," he had said. "I do not want a mechanic. A few provisions and plenty of oil and spirit. Let her be standing by. I may require her tonight. . . . Her name, my friend? Ah, Number Thirty-six; no name. . . . Very good. I can rely on you? . . . Excellent!" He hung up the receiver.

Number Thirty-six was the cabin cruiser which young Callant had disparaged earlier in the evening.

"And now," murmured Otto to himself, "I have merely to wait until Saville has interviewed this woman called Conyngham. Then I shall enter and take possession of the letter. The whole affair is charmingly simple."

He returned to the peephole and composed himself in patience.

The entry of George Wedderton was unlooked for and exasperating. George sailed in, smiling seraphically, and clapped Martyn on the back.

"I was right," said he. "That waiter is the missing link, and without uncharity he certainly looks the part. Our friend from Moscow was laid up on the frontier and they wired present holder to carry on."

"The fellow Weisenberg?" queried Martyn without much interest.

"Same lad. Dear old Butterwick got him put away, it seems. By the way, he's known to the troupe by the pretty title of White Carnation."

Otto on the far side of the partition door started violently. This was a new development. He had fondly imagined his identity in the affair was unknown, and that the presence of the plans in Martyn Saville's room was fortuitous. It was a shock to learn otherwise.

Martyn Saville nodded gloomily.

"Wherefore," continued George, "we may expect to witness the departure of the said waiter with tomorrow's sunup, armed with a very beautiful tracing of an entirely unairworthy machine." He lit a cigarette, helped himself to a drink, and laughed. "Martyn," he said, "I'm beginning to think this little exploit of mine crowns an ambitious career. Thanks to me the Thirteenth Communal is invested with a set of dud plans, and thanks to them I am invested with two thousand Jimmy O'Goblins for my pains. Whichever way you regard it, it's rich."

To Otto von Weisenberg all this was mysterious. What was this talk of dud plans and unairworthy machinery?

Martyn Saville gloomily agreed that things had gone very well.

"They certainly have," said George. "Although you look about as happy as a dead man in a pond."

"Don't bother with me," came the response. "I'm a fool. Tell you what it is, George, I can't keep out of scrapes."

"Been getting your feet wet?" queried George.

Martyn swiveled round in his chair.

"Look here," he said, "it can do no harm to tell you the trouble. It's this way."

And briefly he outlined his enlistment by Mrs. Conyngham, and its consequent effect upon his relations with Leslie.

George shook his head.

"If you'll forgive my saying so," said he, "you're all sorts of an ass, Martyn."

"That's right; rub it in."

"You can't monkey with a girl like Ferraros without paying for the nuts. It was a damn silly thing to do."

"Appears so. Browning was to blame, not me."

"Browning? Fellow who invented the repeater?"

"No, the poet. I took the idea from a verse he wrote. Chap who tried to save his pal from a wild woman by getting in the net himself. Hang on a second, it's in this book."

He took the volume Alma had given him and started turning the pages.

"Try the index," was George's practical suggestion.

"H'm! Save time perhaps. Here we are! A Light Woman; Page three hundred and ninety-nine. That's somewhere near the end." He turned some pages. "I'll read you the thing."

"Then I'll help myself to another spot," said George, and gravitated toward the decanter.

Martyn was puzzled. He stood turning a page to and fro in his fingers.

"These numbers are all wrong," he muttered.

It was an awkward moment for Otto von Weisenberg, and he racked his brains as how best to deal with it. Should he fling open the separating door and trust to securing the book by a rush attack, or should he take a chance and wait? It was a perilous adventure either way. Memory of what George had said about the dud plans encouraged a precipitate act. It would be folly to take a risk to secure something entirely worthless. And yet he could not see how a mistake could have occurred when the photograph was taken. The wireless report from England had spoken of unqualified success. It would be better perhaps to allow things to develop quietly, but to be ready in case of need. He stealthily unlocked the separating door and turned the knob.

Martyn was still puzzling over the want of numerical sequence in the pages he handled.

"It's damn funny," he said. "Page three nine-seven; four hundred. Where's ninety-eight and nine?"

George jerked out a suggestion over his shoulder.

"Stock together probably. Worst of reading at tea time."

Martyn laughed.

"Yes. I say, though, these pages feel queer. I believe there's something between 'em."

"Let's see," said George, and taking the book tried to separate the pages with a wet finger. "H'm! You're right." He held them to the light and nodded. "Certainly something here. Where did you get this book?"

"From Alma Ferraros. She gave it me in rather an odd way."

Otto von Weisenberg took a pistol from his pocket and laid it on his knee.

"Gave it you?" said George. "Why?"

"Don't quite know. I asked her to lend it to me and she seemed disinclined. Then I remember noticing I'd dropped a flower I was wearing. That one in the glass."

"A white carnation!" said George.

"It was lying a few feet away and I put it back in my buttonhole. After that I said something, don't recall what, and she gave me the book."

"What time was this?"

"Oh, sixish."

"And at 7:30 a telegram was received by a waiter of the hotel saying 'White Carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on.' Anything occur to you?"

Martyn Saville's eyes opened wide.

"You mean the plans are in this book? But why give 'em to me, of all people in the world?"

"Muddle somewhere—and a fluke. It's pretty unaccountable though to rely on a single sign like a carnation. By every rule in the game she should have asked for a number."

Martyn Saville struck one hand against the other.

"By the Lord, but she did!" he said. "What did you say?"

"I thought she meant the number of my room, and I gave it to her."

"What should she want that for?"

Martyn cleared his throat.

"That's another story," said he.

George did not press for an answer.

"The wonder is," he said, "they haven't tried to get it back. They know they can take by now."

Martyn puzzled, and illumination came.

"That's what has been happening the whole evening," he said. "That explains why she came to our table and why I left the waiter carrying off my clothes and the book in the pocket."

And he hurriedly explained what had happened with Andrea Negretti.

"Did you show any emotion when you rescued the thing?" George demanded.

"None at all. Ticked him off for carelessness and pitched it on the table to him."

George rubbed his hands.

"Good," said he. "Then they'll think the whole thing was just accidental. Otto her have the book back with a polite thanking her for the loan."

"Matter of fact she'll be along here in half an hour to collect it."

"Better still," said George. "Although I repeat the opinion that you're a bit of an ass."

Martyn ignored this attack on his intelligence.

"I would like a glimpse at that thing before we let it go," said he.

George shook his head.

"Wouldn't the pages come apart in scouring?"

"They might, if it's a heat adhesive."

"Then let's have a try."

"If you insist," said George reluctantly, "but I think it's a mistake."

He held the edges of the paper against an electric-light bulb, then delicately inserted a knife between the stuck pages and ceased them apart. Within was a folded sheet of paper.

"This stuff," said Martyn.

"Commonly in use," George replied. "Cast your eye over it, and don't be long."

Martyn spread out the plan under the rays of the table lamp.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed. "It's beautifully done. Doubt if I could better it."

"Otto was a man, my boy; he knew his job. Is this the verse—A Light Woman."

Martyn nodded; his attention was scarcely by the tracing. George began to read half aloud, with a woeful wavering scansion:

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvement
When she crossed his path with her hun noose
And over him drew her net.

Martyn's brow was contracted.

"This lettering is so damned small," he muttered. "Can't make out why Otto's got a lens—a magnifying glass!"

George searched his pockets and continued reading:

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to to
My hand accepted, hers ca is earned to
And round she turned for my noble sa
And gave me herself indeed.

"Here you are, old top." He threw the pocket lens across the table.

"Thanks."

With the deepest interest Otto von Weisenberg watched Martyn's face as he brought the glass to bear upon the tracing. A variety of conflicting doubts and emotions went in waves across it. Presently he pushed back his chair and sprang to his feet.

"George!" he cried.

"Hallo!"

"This is Type B, George! It's Type B!" George smiled seraphically.

"I don't think so," he said. "Hope I don't."

Martyn seized his shoulder and shook him savagely.

"You idiot!" he cried. "D'you think I don't know my own work? I tell you it's Type B, complete and accurate in every detail."

George came slowly to his feet.

"Martyn," he said, "you're wrong. You must be wrong. I was in the office when the photograph was taken. Type B is hidden behind the bookcase. I hid it myself. Why, damnation, man, there can be no mistake; the two types were made in your own handwriting on the reverse side."

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 68)

Martyn fell back into his chair.

"You—you colossal ass!" he exclaimed. "Oh, you monumental fool! I never gave you that detail as a guide. Those pencilings were done by me as a blind."

There was a tap at the door and the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham in lace cap and peignoir entered the room like a queen.

xxx

GEORGE WEDDERTON was behind the light, and from the door was practically invisible. Had Mrs. Conyngham seen him it is probable she would not have entered. The honorable lady was in no too amiable mood. She had been persuaded by Leslie to undertake this interview at the very moment of retirement. As a result her complexion, which she systematically effaced before retiring, had to be reassumed, her hair freed from bondage, and her person draped with becoming and appropriate raiment. She had received a severe shock during the evening, a shock which called for immediate and prolonged repose. Thus it will be appreciated that the spirit she brought to the interview was arbitrary.

To make matters worse Martyn clapped a copy of an evening journal over the trace and cried out "Don't come in!"

Mrs. Conyngham raised her brows and increased her height by a couple of inches.

"I have come, Mr. Saville," said she, "at your urgent request and very much against my will." Then she observed George and added still another inch to her stature. "At least I had expected we should be alone."

George bowed, and Martyn rubbed his forehead with an anxious hand.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Conyngham, "this gentleman would be good enough to retire."

"Sorry," said George, shaking his head. "I can't do that."

"Then I must."

"One minute, please," said Martyn, intercepting her. "I do want to see you imperatively. But something has turned up of the greatest importance."

Mrs. Conyngham put out a hand.

"If you have an explanation to make, tomorrow morning will be convenient for me to hear it."

"You must hear it tonight," said Martyn. "You dragged me into the business and it rests with you to put me right."

"Mr. Saville, it is my invariable custom to retire at eleven o'clock."

"I am sorry," he replied. "And I shall not keep you waiting a moment longer than I can help. If you'd kindly go into the next room——"

"Your bedroom?"

"There's a fire and a comfortable chair."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Mrs. Conyngham right off the ice.

"If I let you go now I shouldn't see you again tonight, and I mean to get this matter settled without delay."

"You ask me to enter your bedroom?"

"Why not?"

"And you make the suggestion before a third party?"

"You can rely on my absolute discretion, madam," said George.

Mrs. Conyngham reeled. Martyn crossed to the bedroom door and threw it open. "Please," he begged. "Every moment is of value."

There was a mastery in his tone that forbade argument. Like an aristocrat going to the guillotine Mrs. Conyngham entered the bedroom. Framed in the doorway, she turned with a fine panegyric.

"I am uncertain what breach of the law you are committing in this outrage to me; but I am confident it is one usually attended by a long term of imprisonment."

Martyn Saville closed the door and turned to George.

"To think," he muttered, "that I should have messed it up like this! My Lord! Martyn, suppose we hadn't found out!"

"We're in luck that far, but what's to do?"

"Nothing to be done but burn the damn thing," he answered.

"And let the gang know we've found 'em out?"

"Is there any choice?"

Martyn paced the room, his face screwed up in thought.

"It's a mighty pity a mighty pity," he repeated. "I liked the notion of that dud drawing going through. Would have been such a gorgeous smack in the eye for them."

"Too late for that."

"H'm!" Martyn stood and bit his thumb reflectively, then picked up the tracing and examined it in silence.

George came to his side with a lighted match.

"Come on," he said, "let's burn it before something worse happens."

The separating door was behind them and neither Martyn nor George heard the faint creak as Otto von Weisenberg thrust it open a full foot and steadying his pistol hand against the lintel took a bead at the back of George's head. A bare three inches separated the corner of the paper from the flame of the match. Otto filled his lungs and took the first pressure on the trigger.

Then, "No!" shouted Martyn. "We'll do the blighters yet!"

George Wedderton never realized that this simple statement saved his life.

"I'm the one man who could draw that original type out of his head. Give me time and this little tracing alongside me, and the bounders shall have a machine that'll break every neck it carries aloft."

George Wedderton grasped him fiercely by the arm.

"Can you do it, man?" he cried. "Can you do it?"

"Do it? On my head! There's a case of compasses in my grip there, and I'll barricade myself in this room until I have faced. She shall have the book back in the morning complete with a drawing that'd bamboozle the devil himself. Well——" He checked suddenly and all the enthusiasm died out of his voice. "Lord!" he muttered.

"What's wrong?"

"The paper. I've nothing like it."

George snatched up the thin sheet of paper and rustled it between finger and thumb.

"It's their ordinary stuff, supplied to every agent."

"To be done by a thing like that!" cried Martyn.

"We won't be done," said George. "Look here, there are two of 'em in this hotel—the woman and the waiter. One of 'em is certain to have some, and they won't be in their rooms yet."

He hastened to the door.

"What are you going to do?"

"Turn burglar, of course. You shall have the paper if I have to throttle the pair of 'em. Get your things ready; there's no time to lose."

"Good luck, old George," said Martyn, rummaging in his suitcase.

"You bet," came the cheery response as George shot out into the passage.

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his lips and made a quick decision.

"After all," he murmured, "there is no particular hurry. The young man has brains. It would suit me very well for the wrong plans to be conveyed to Moscow. I can collect that slip of paper later on, when things are quieter."

He closed the door noiselessly and dropped the pistol back in his pocket.

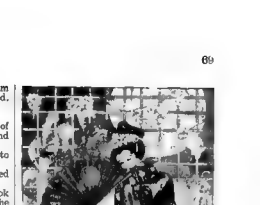
xxxi

MR. BUTTERWICK was very much incognito. He had traveled from England disguised as a frail old gentleman with a natural distaste for drafts, which, however, had in no way interfered with his making the journey by air. The owners of the finger prints so kindly presented to him by George Wedderton had been identified. A careful inspection of machine tools had revealed an impression of Paolo Mossi's thumb on the bed plate of the lathe at which he worked. But Paolo Mossi was absent from his duties and from his lodging. Butterwick left instructions that he should be arrested on return, and a wire awaiting him at the La Rhone Hotel stated that this had been done. The other finger prints on the envelope turned out to be George Wedderton's. This piece of typical Wedderton humor had caused Butterwick to froth at the mouth. In his own mind he was confident George Wedderton was employed by the enemy. Everything pointed to that conclusion.

A second wire awaiting him was from his niece, Isobel, and of a very satisfactory nature. Butterwick, alias Cheeselock, was proud of the girl's exploit. It was a notable achievement to have waylaid such an old hand as Otto von Weisenberg, an achievement to be rewarded appropriately with a word of praise and half a dozen handkerchiefs at Christmas. Mr. Butterwick did not believe in giving away more than he could help.

The last person he expected to find staying at the hotel was George Wedderton. He had come there because the scared cashier had hinted at the name of the hotel as a possible halting place for whoever might be carrying the stolen plans.

The sight of George Wedderton's name in the register put Butterwick in a frame of mind



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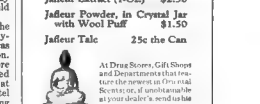

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS—NEVER SAGS
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(Continued from Page 69)

the terrace, working out a plan of campaign. While so occupied he came across Cyril and Leslie conversing together in low tones and stayed to listen because he overheard Martyn's name.

"Can't understand it a bit," Cyril was saying, "but dear old Martyn seems to have changed so. I'm most awfully sorry, old girl."

"Please don't be," said Leslie. "I'm sure there isn't any reason."

"I hope there ain't."

"Can you think why he wanted to see Mrs. Conyngham?"

Cyril started, but the darkness covered it. "Not a notion."

They were silent.

"He seems to prefer the society of that chap Wedderton to anyone else's. Heard 'em talking together when I passed his door half an hour ago."

"Did you?"

"I say, Les, you've been most awfully decent to me since we came here."

"I've been quite ordinary."

"Been wonderful. I can't bear seeing you look so down. It's my impression Martyn has said something rotten to you."

"Indeed he hasn't."

Cyril hesitated.

"Perhaps it's a lowdown thing to suggest, but—well, he doesn't give me the idea of a chap who's just been engaged; and at the back of my head I couldn't help wondering whether by any chance he's thinking of some other girl."

"I suppose, Cyrril," said Leslie, "you have to say things like that."

In an instant he was all contrition.

"Oughtn't to have said it; no excuse at all 'cept, being fond of you myself, one naturally——"

"I see."

She looked adorable in the moonlight.

"Y'know I am tremendously fond of you, Les."

Mr. Butterwick turned away and kept to the grass border until he was out of hearing. Then he stopped a moment in thought.

"I might mess about here for the rest of my life and get no forrader," he muttered to himself. He wrinkled his nose and stared at the toes of his boots. It was always from the ground his inspiration came. "But if I could fix up a reasonable excuse for arresting George Wedderton——"

A speck of plaster fell to the ground at his feet. Looking up he saw a man standing on the ledge of a second-floor corridor window. There was a light beyond the lowered blind, and against it the man's outline showed clearly. Butterwick's eyes were trained to quick observation, and there could be no mistaking the identity of that dark figure. It was George Wedderton.

Mr. Butterwick sidled into the shadow of a cypress and watched. George was looking aloft and seemed to be deliberating. Above his head, but out of reach of his hand, was a sculptured rain spout projecting a couple of feet from the wall face. George measured the distance and leaped upward and slightly outward.

Butterwick shut his eyes and waited for the thud. It never came. When he opened them again George was straddling the gargoyle with his face to the wall. What followed was nerve-racking work to watch. On this perilous and uneven perch George somehow contrived to get to his feet. In this he was aided by an iron pipe, which rose vertically along the narrow coping. Every twelve feet or so was a gabled attic window and he stooped as he passed them by. At the fourth he paused and listened and, apparently satisfied with the result, gently raised the sash and disappeared into the room.

"Good," said Butterwick. "That should do nicely." And he scuttled off downhill to the town as fast as his legs would carry him.

XXXII

MARTYN SAVILLE was on his knees before the suitcase. He had found a bottle of India ink and the case of compasses was in his hand when a light footfall caused him to turn sharply and spring to his feet. In the open French window stood Alma Ferraros, a patch of scarlet against the blue of night. As ever the smile played about her naughty mouth and her eyes twinkled invitingly. She put a finger to her lips and sibilated "Sh-h!"

The last had happened and Martyn steeled himself to meet it. Like a conjurer he vanished the surprise he had shown at her appearance, put the case of compasses on the table, and interposing himself between Alma and the book that lay there, he bowed gallantly.

"Was it not kind of me to come by the balcony," said she, "and so preserve your reputation?"

His reply had a touch of irony.

"It was charming of you to come at all."

She took a few paces into the room, stepping as daintily as a tight-rope walker.

"I would not compromise my sweet friend by using the door."

"It was doubtless the same delicate regard for my feelings that brought you uninvited to our table tonight."

The go-as-you-please easy manner of his everyday speech had gone and he met the emergency as girt with phrases as any Prince Florizel.

"I could not keep away," Alma declared. "You see I am very inexperienced; I like anything new and unusual."

"You flatter me. My intentions, after all, were fairly obvious."

He turned a little and still masking the book pulled out the table drawer. To justify the action he picked up the case of compasses.

Alma's eyes flickered restlessly over the room, which now was a trifle disordered.

"And yet, Marteen, at first they deceived me. I thought you were indeed concerned with that boy's immortal soul."

Martyn laughed, and as though by accident dropped his handkerchief over the book and covered the tracing with the evening paper.

"Such credulity does you credit," said he. "It sets a seal on modesty."

She shrugged her shoulders and crossing to the open suitcase touched it with her foot.

"Unpacking?"

He nodded.

"A tiresome task—the curse of celibacy."

She pointed at the case of compasses and asked what it was.

"A case of razors. Care to see them?"

She shook her head and moved toward a console table littered with odds and ends.

"I am not curious," she said.

"Odd," hereplied. "I would have thought your life was a series of close shaves."

She turned quickly, too quickly to allow him to slip the book into the open drawer. The book was stretched out changed its course and picked up a cigarette case.

"Why would you think so?"

"Because," he replied, "adventure has a lodging in your heart."

"I wonder, Marteen Saville," she said, "what sort of a man you are and what you do."

"An ordinary man, my dear."

"Who occupies himself -how?"

"That," said Martyn, "is a secret; but between ourselves I have a factory for stamping holes in penny whistles, which we purvey to the trade at the modest charge of a penny a million. Will you be kind and take a seat, my impack?"

"I am not domestic." She put her head at an angle and fired a bold shot with a careless aim. "You promised to read poetry to me."

He did not show the smallest concern. "And so I will," said he, "if I can find the book."

"You have not lost it?" she snapped. "You have not ——."

"It is somewhere about. See, help me to unpack first and I will try and find it. Come, make a start."

His innocence was above suspicion. Alma went down on her knees beside the open suitcase, but she was clever enough to do so in a position that commanded a view of him. Only for an instant was her back turned, but like a flash he had the book in his hand.

"I fear," she said, collecting a boot and shirt, "you are a bully. Ah!"

He was just too late. Another second and the book would have disappeared into the open drawer. She half pointed, checked herself, and searched his face suspiciously. But Martyn was not a man to give himself away. Nothing could have exceeded the naturalness of his smile.

"I have it here," said he. "Am as you have shifted that boot dress-shirt front the poetry soc start business."

Alma rose from her knees.

"I am not a valet," she said. "the book and I ——",

"Oh, no," retorted Martyn, p behind his back. "I claim a fair of labor. No work—in verse."

She put out a hand that trembl excitement.

"I would not permit you to rea case. I cannot tolerate the voices tears. Tell me the title of this ver shall read it to you. Please."

And Martyn Saville knew that t was up. The fencing might last minute or perhaps two, but the re inevitable.

The same painful knowledge wa through the brain of Otto von Wei

He, too, realized that Martyn dead end and could go no farth thought galled him to madness. over, he had seen something o Martyn was unaware—Andrea h knife in hand, hidden behind the the curtain. Unobserved, the fel slipped in from the balcony a mom Alma, not trusting her to deal w problem alone.

Otto could feel the tenseness of t tion as vitally as though it were ha to himself, and he did not stint his tion of Martyn's bearing. Confron inevitable discovery Martyn's fac for an instant lost its tantalizing As a student of such affairs Otto g drama precisely a quarter of a mi develop. In his excitement he gave a thought to what his own po tion in the affair might be. It w time enough to decide that when –

"Give me the book," said Alma gling grimly to preserve her contro

"No, no, no," came the mock swer. "You don't realize I have r for reciting. My Casabianca ——"

"Give it to me."

He warded her off with an outst hand and stepped back within reac curtains.

"Oh, lady," he whined, "I shall eyes out if you don't allow ——"

"Martyn Saville!"

There was revolver in the camouflage in tone. In her left hand was a ge kerchief the fall of which was the for Andrea to strike. Already her were loosening upon them. The p was reached, and all roads led to d

"Either you ——"

The passage door was flung op George Wedderton, a sheaf of white in his hand, burst into the room. I in a flash what was happening; s dashed before Alma had turned he The sheet of paper disappeared int pocket and with a sweep of the h tumbled his hair and loosened the l his dress tie. Then standing unst heels and supporting himself again open door he gave voice to a sna drunken song, punctuated with h and snippets of tipsy laughter.

Alma spun round to face the int

"Who is this person?" she cried.

And Martyn with fine indignatio manded, "What the devil are you here?"

"Me?" said George, much bewil "Don't be rude, ol' man. I've drunk

"Clear out—you're drunk."

"Drunk? No, not drunk, ol' man. that's all." His eyes pivoted and sett Alma. He raised an accusing finger turned to Martyn. "Oh, you nat naughty boy," he giggled.

And Martyn had the notion of a life

"You rotten hound," he cried. out!" And he flung the book straig the offender's head.

George Wedderton was pretty qui the uptake. His fielding was beyond p He caught the prize in mid-air and cla it to his bosom fairly fell out of the slamming the door behind him. The s of his ribald song echoed down the pas mingled with furious snorts and imp tions from Martyn. Alma had made a at the door, but somehow and quite rally he was barring her way.

"Confound the fellow! Shame! my soul, I am most awfully sorry."

"Let me go, let me go!" Sh lema "This is unbearable!"

"I'll swear I marked him with that if I did no more."

(Continued on Page 75)

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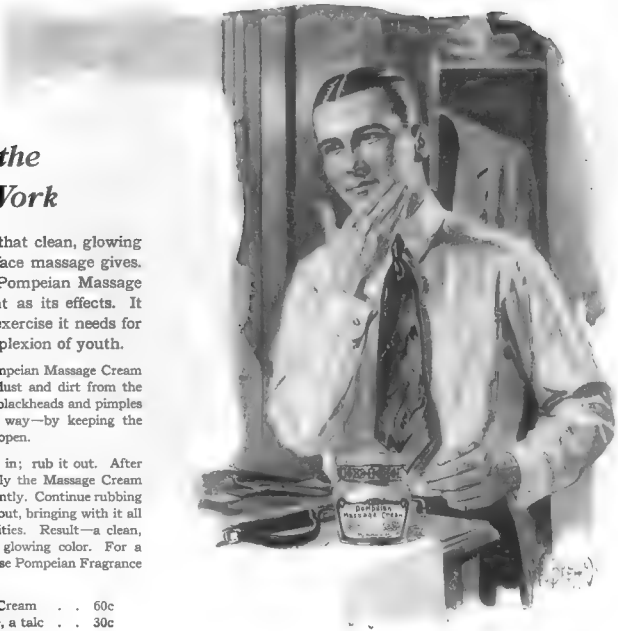

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How to buy tires

BUY a tire as you buy your wearing apparel—on the strength of its reputation, your confidence in the maker and the man who sells it and *on its obvious points of superior excellence.*

You buy nothing else without looking it over before purchase. Why except so important a thing as a tire?

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FISK

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(Continued from Page 72)

Alan turned savagely. Andrea had already entered unobserved.

"How dared you throw my book at a man like that?"

"Was I? had a brick!"

"It was my book. Let me go after him."

"After that rat? No fear!"

"I want my book."

Martyn leaned against the door and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Against the forbidden indignation far he felt he had carried indignation far enough and it would be a pity to overdo it.

"I can buy you a dozen books," said he. "If tonight it was the beast's insolence had offended you."

Alan bit her lip, realizing the need to keep herself in hand if his suspicions were not to be aroused.

"You could not be by suggesting otherwise," she said. "Allow me to go to my room."

With every will in the world would he allow it, but it would not do to seem eager. "Let me take this. Just when our friendship was beginning to grow."

"We have ceased to amuse me. Oh, really, I shall go as I came—by the roof."

Martyn caught her hand as she whisked past. The hall clock was striking twelve. "Give a bit," he implored. "You look wonderful with that rising color. Oh, I like you in a rage. A woman ——"

He was cursed and Leslie, followed by Cyril, came into the room.

"Martyn," said Leslie.

Alan loosed her hand free from his and slipped through the curtains into the night.

XXXIII

THE parlance of the theater they held the picture for a full five seconds. Then Cyril jerked her head and turned about. "Martyn gone!" cried Martyn. "You don't mean it!"

"Why," said Leslie, "I don't understand."

And from Cyril came the protest, "I say, Leslie! Really, y'know!"

Martyn swung round with shut fists. "The young bounder! You've done this purpose."

"You asked me to come," he retorted. "Never said a word about coming alone."

Martyn ignored him. A fellow who acted thus could not be dealt with before a woman.

"Leslie," he began.

"I don't want to hear anything, Martyn. I—I'm sorry I came, that's all. But you see I didn't know. After all, it is your own affair, isn't it?"

"Leslie!" And quite unexpectedly he broke into a shout of laughter. "Lord! I'd forgotten. You think you've found me in a compromising position. I'll prove you're wrong. No, don't go, either of you."

With the air of a magician he walked to the double doors of the bedroom and threw them open.

"Great Scott!" cried the astounded Cyril. "The aunt—in bed."

It was true. The Honorable Mrs. Conyngham-Roe of unflinching rectitude, arbiter of public morals lay upon the couch of Martyn Saville with an eiderdown tucked under her chin. She was fast asleep.

With a sharp intake of breath Leslie turned and went softly from the room. Martyn took a step forward, but, Cyril barred the way. A very serious he looked, but it was all he could do to control his laughter.

"Here, stand away," he insisted. "You've no right in there. I don't pretend to understand. It's rank Mormonism."

"You young blackguard!" cried Martyn. "I'll make you pay for this. Leslie shall be told."

"Of course if you mean to break your word you will. But that's a matter to discuss in the morning. Meantime, we must hush this up for all our sakes."

Martyn pointed at the sleeper, who was betraying signs of waking up.

"Get out of here and take her with you."

He swung round and stepped to the balcony. When a moment later he entered the room again it was empty.

Otto von Weisenberg was holding his sides in an agony of suppressed mirth.

"Win or lose," he gurgled to himself, "this is the prettiest Boccaccio comedy I have ever witnessed." His eyes were so filled with tears of laughter that he scarcely noticed George Wedderton's return. He seemed to have arrived from nowhere

George was banging Martyn on the back and Martyn was destroying imaginary Cyrils in mid-air.

"Well done, you!" cried George ecstatically. "Neatest pass I've ever seen. International! Here's the paper. Got it from the waiter's room after a hell of a climb. All's gay. I'll look after the book so you won't be disturbed."

"Yes, but ——" Martyn protested.

"Can't wait. I'm going back to the foyer to play drunk for the general benefit."

"George, listen, I can't do this thing."

"Can't be damned! Do it on your head. I'll let you have the book back in the morning."

"I tell you, man ——"

"Tell me nothing. I'm off. No time to lose. Burn that tracing when you've finished with it. And lock yourself in."

"George!"

"Good-by."

He was off like a whirlwind, and echoing down the corridor came the words of the song he sang:

Whisky makes me frisky,
But it fairly does me in
When I drink the Brother Vermuth
And a little drop of gin.

Martyn turned the key with an oath. He slammed the shutters across the window and dropped the bar. Then switching off all the lights except the standard lamp he flung himself into an elbow chair, and with a sweep of the hand cleared the table of all the accumulated odds and ends. Newspaper, shirts, collars, George Wedderton's whisky glass—fluttered and tinkled to the floor. He ran his fingers through his hair and beat his forehead.

"Got to be done," he said. "Come on, you fool, concentrate—concentrate!"

And ten minutes later, with a perfectly steady hand and with brows knit, he was laying in the outline of the machine that had failed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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POWER FROM EARTH'S HEAT

By Floyd W. Parsons

...basis of civilization is mechanical ...energy. Coal is of such importance to ...world because it is the one material we ...easily obtain for use in producing heat ...into power for our industries. The ...limited supplies of coal are limited and ...we can use in turning more and more to ...of oil and to capturing the energy ...of water. The maximum possibili... ...these three sources of power are ...to be the next step in our ac... ...advance will likely be the utilization ...interior heat of the earth.

...many phenomena, wherein the deduc... ...circumstances, indicate plainly that ...earth is a cooling globe, like other ...of the solar system. Yet, although ...cooling within two or three miles of ...entire supply of power from heat, very ...has been made to tap this limit... ...source of energy. Right now the earth ...best by radiation from its whole ...is the rate of five to ten horse power ...per square mile.

...twenty years the industrial and do... ...life of America alone will probably ...to be about two billion tons of coal ...By that time we shall have har... ...the greater part of our water power. ...before we shall be forced to look ...coal, the sun's rays, the tides or the ...heat of the earth for additional sup... ...All of these the deep well ...is the greatest immediate hope. ...the present time the greatest depth ...has been in drilling is 7529 feet. ...that the depth was 168.6° ...This is no proof, however, that ...temperature of the earth at such a depth ...will be the same. Deep-temperature ...in many places indicate wide vari... ...the earth's heat at like depths in ...sections. An investigation dis... ...that wells and mines show a ...of 100° Fahrenheit at a depth ...of a mile while others show less heat ...

...earth's crust is not of uniform thick... ...temperatures increase faster ...the thickness of stratified rocks than in thick formations, and faster in disturbed formations or earthquake areas than in more settled areas. Some volcanic places, such as the Lassen Peak formations in Alaska, show intense heat practically at the earth's surface. It follows, therefore, that much care should be exercised in selecting a location on which to drill for interior heat. In a broken or igneous rock area high temperatures would be reached at less depth than in a section where the surface is composed of stratified rocks. It is believed that as a general rule the heat increase of the earth's surface, after the first thousand feet has been passed, averages about 1° Fahrenheit for each fifty feet of depth.

The first commercial use of the interior heat of the earth occurred at Larderello, Italy, where a subterranean flow of steam passing toward Mt. Vesuvius was tapped for use in operating a sixteen thousand horse-power electric-power plant. This steam is reached only a few hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and therefore the whole undertaking is not an example of deep-well boring for power; in fact there is no record of any effort ever having been made to get steam by drilling a deep hole or sinking a shaft.

About twenty years ago Sir Charles Parsons, inventor of the steam turbine and president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, suggested to British authorities that a mine shaft be sunk twelve miles deep. He estimated the

job would require eighty-five years to finish and would cost twenty-five million dollars. Air locks and refrigeration compartments were to be used. Another authority asserts that a temperature of 1000° Fahrenheit—which is more than is needed to be of commercial value—may be found at any place on the earth at a depth of less than nine miles.

Several American engineers are now working on the problem of utilizing the earth's interior heat. If one of these men eventually succeeds in producing practical plans and machines for doing such work great benefits will result. Cheap steam will be piped short distances on the surface to supply the needs of the power plants of groups of factories. Electric power would be so cheap it would be used for all purposes, probably even for heating our homes. There would be a great saving in transportation, for most of our raw materials would be turned into finished or partly finished products near their place of production. Most metals would be refined in electric furnaces, and farming would become a mechanical operation pure and simple.

The same mystery surrounds the accomplishment of deep-well boring as attached to the discovery of the earth's pole. We do not know the exact constitution of the globe we live on. We are inclined to believe the earth has a metallic nucleus, but we are not sure. Neither are we certain about the interior temperature of our globe. Some scientists hold the opinion that deep boring would encounter radioactivity and that the penetration of unknown subterranean strata would disclose unusual and interesting phenomena.

There are those who can always show reasons why new ideas, especially big ideas, are neither practical nor possible. This is true in the case of deep-well boring for the earth's pent-up heat. However, some of the plans now being proposed are unique and interesting, and in view of the mighty benefits such an achievement would shower on humanity the problem is one that deserves sympathetic study and attention.

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THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

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The only suitable glass for motor cars

MAKERS of cars use plate glass as a matter of course, not only because it is in keeping with the other refinements, but because it is, itself, one of the most refining details.

Plate glass is the only really suitable glass for motor-car use. For windshield or windows, it is better looking, safer and superior in every way. Plate glass will dress up a low-priced car, give it that spruced-up appearance, and cause the passer-by to look twice to admire.

The beauty of plate glass is its crystal clearness—no humps and hollows, accidental curves, swirls and irregularities. Its perfectly smooth surface and clear, colorless body give absolutely true vision without distortion. From inside or outside, objects appear clean-cut and in their true shape. There is no deception. Road and landscape are seen as through the open air itself.

When your car goes to the garage, see that broken panes are replaced with plate glass.

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Nothing Else is Like it

THE LOVE OF QUACKS

(Continued from Page 4)

subsisted on burnt toast and buttermilk. You have spent a lot of time and money on that indigestion. You have an important vested interest in it. You have become learned in proteins and calories. Your indigestion distinguishes you from common people who can eat anything, like so many animals. The household is always solicitously tiptoeing round your indigestion.

Then you go to a candid and informed physician, who looks you over and tells you the startling truth that no horse ever had a sounder stomach; you can eat anything that any normal person eats without the least injury; your trouble is altogether under your hat, not under your waistband; you can get over it whenever you are ready to help yourself.

If you have proper humility you may be grateful to that candid doctor. But many of us lack proper humility; so we leave the candid physician in much indignation because he has treated our precious vested interest of an indigestion with no respect and told us we must help ourselves. Whereupon we are ripe for good old Doctor Hookum, who will perform a major operation, winning a fee of a thousand dollars and our warm affection.

It makes, you see, a difficult problem for the doctor. He may know that what the patient really wants is to be coddled and given a set of hard words to describe his ailment with, and earnestly advised to take a long vacation. And quite often, of course, the good doctor either believes that the human stomach, for example, has about the same power of resistance as a cobweb, or he firmly believes that unless he plants such an inhibitory idea in his patients' minds the patients will ruin their stomachs by reckless eating.

However, of late years—I am quite sure—an increasing quantity of medical opinion and practice has been coming over to a more robust and helpful view of the human body as a wonderfully strong, dependable automatic machine that will very largely take care of itself if you let it alone and stop fussing about it; while in the same time outright quackery has, at least, lost all claim to respectability. Thirty years ago, for example, quackery was the great staple of advertising. Nowadays quack advertisements earmark a publication, as bleary eyes and whisky breath do an individual.

Doctor Hookum in Politics

But in politics the quack still flourishes amazingly. Old Doctor Hookum, shut out of the advertising pages of reputable newspapers, still gets on the front page by way of the United States Senate. His labels and terminology are different, but his methods are precisely the same. Allowing for the different terminology, one of his typical speeches reads just about like my grandfather's patent-medicine almanacs.

He begins by solemnly assuring you that you are sick almost unto death. That shortness of breath after climbing a flight of stairs is an infallible sign of angina pectoris. Soon your heart will dry up and leak like an old pump. You will be gasping for breath; oh, yes! gasping for breath and suffering great agony. Your family will be standing at the bedside with tear-stained faces. Between paroxysms you will murmur a faint farewell. All will be over except the ruinous expense of the funeral and winding up your insolvent estate. Six of the large-sized bottles, alternating with the saffron pills, may save you if you start today, but tomorrow will probably be forever too late.

Have you wakened at night in a perspiration? Never mind looking to see whether you forgot to open a window or there may be too many blankets. Perspiration any time between eleven P.M. and seven A.M. shows that the Great White Plague has fastened upon you. You are coughing now, and instinctively putting your right hand to your mouth, which shows that your left lung is already gone. You are pale, your eyes are popping out of your head. Alas, then, the disease is approaching the final stage. Your only choice is between Hookum Specific and a coffin.

Such is old Doctor Hookum in politics. Sick; oh, very, very sick! Heart all shot to pieces with railroaditis, lungs half gone with trustolosis, kidneys ossified with J. P. Morgan disease, banking regions bordering a blood pressure of 276, street rail nothing but so many cancers eating you

Political quacks, like any other, pr sickness. That is their occupation. mere indisposition, no passing disorder will probably correct itself in a short t Even a physician with very dark gla if he is a physician and not a quack, often treat indispositions, slight ailm that are not to be taken seriously. Bu literature of quackery—whether me or political—has no place for slight ments. There every symptom points t grave. Sometimes, it is true, you tarry a while in an insane asylum, or hopeless paralytic, or blind. But if have a symptom and don't begin taking large bottles right off, Doom is at heels.

One of our most versatile quack yesteryear once described the United S as "engulfed in a hellward swirl." T the proper note—makes you think of a freighted with unfortunate men, wo and children, plunging down the wor a maelstrom into Sheol. Get 'em to t ing that and they'll rush for the l sized bottles and saffron pills.

Now this body politic called the U States, like the human body, is a wo fully strong, dependable organism, fectly capable, as a broad rule, of ta care of itself if left alone. It is end with a great stock of self-renewing energy and in the main makes its ow pairs automatically as it goes along.

Cracker-Barrel Publicists

You might suppose, offhand, that p would prefer to think themselves rather than ill, and that the rule wou ply to the body politic as well as t individual body. But it's a parad fact that a great many people derive gular satisfaction from thinking them ill. For one thing, it's subtle w shirking and of flattering oneself—may be indulged to almost any exten no guilty conscience or loss of self-re because, with only a few hints, th conscious mind will carry on the fra of itself. The schoolboy's convenient ache is not all a deliberate fraud just a hint the subconscious little ar his skull will provide him with a d pain in the forehead. Inform a bo vincingly that he's going to get a and probably his pulse will run fast temperature will rise. The subcon is trying to get him out of it.

Of course there has been quack politics as long as there has been p The demagogues were outstanding in Greek political life. The first m of a political nature which made a impression upon me probably date nearly to the time when Professo michael solemnly warned me again fatal habit of drinking water. I do member why I was in Mr. Spafford ery. I may have been sent on an er I may have wandered in with the hope of finding a cracker barrel ungu Several men were listening to a bearded, grim-faced figure whose escapes me, although I knew very w he was because he worked a farm be to our next-door neighbor. He was politics vehemently, to the following

"We got to have another revolu war before this country gits square We got rid of being bossed by soldiers, but we ain't got rid of being by British gold by a blamed sight. W a President to go down to Washingt set in the White House, but he s spend a ten-dollar bill without he g O.K. of British bankers. Baron Rot is the financial President of the States. We got to have another tionary war before we can say our our own!"

I was not more impressed by this c tion itself than by the serious a which the listeners received it. I idea what patent-medicine almana farmer got his notions from; but vague references to British gold were common then—and to revolutions. years later I was no longer in th surprised to hear that a revoluti quite likely to happen over somet other. The men whose talk I wou urally overhear were almost all

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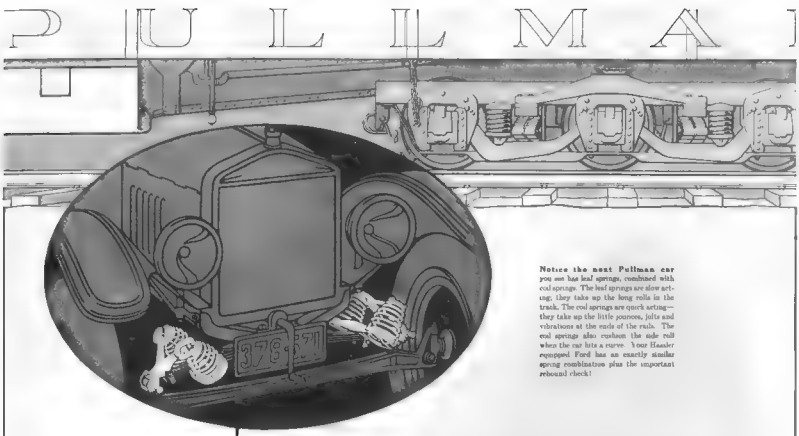

Notice the next Pullman car you see has leaf springs, combined with coil springs. The leaf springs are slow acting; they take up the long rolls in the track. The coil springs are quick acting—they take up the little bounces, jolts and vibrations at the ends of the rails. The coil springs also cushion the side roll when the car hits a curve. Your Hassler equipped Ford has an exactly similar spring combination plus the important rebound check!

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HASSLERS on your Ford car combine the action of a quick acting coil spring with the slower movement of the Ford semi-elliptic leaf spring. That's why they give you Pullman comfort in your Ford.

The lively Hassler coil springs take up the short staccato bumps, the vibration and jiggling which come too quick and are too short to flex the leaf springs.

They work when the car goes around a corner, checking the side-sway and righting your car's body with a steady, even motion, free from jolts and jars. And they help the leaf springs absorb the big, smashing bumps.

In addition to its great superiority over leaf springs alone for absorbing shocks, your Hassler equipment has the all important rebound check. Thus, you have the complete *double* action that minimizes both the upward and downward motion of your car's body and lets it ride steadily along like a Pullman.

You can get Hassler comfort only with Hasslers. More than a million Hassler owners testify to that. Insist on Hasslers. You can test them 10 days at our risk. Money back if you want it.

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We have proved to critical men that they do not have to pay eight or nine dollars for a good shoe. The special value of the Selz $Six is now known everywhere.

It is made of the same fine calfskin used in shoes costing much more, and the perfection of its finish shows the skill of the workers who make it.

The dealer who sells you this standard high quality shoe at $6 has sacrificed part of his profit. Only by his co-operation with us in accepting a smaller profit can it be offered at so low a price. If you don't know a Selz dealer, ask us. Address Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

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Six different high shoe models—three oxfords

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average Middle Western, native-born Americans. My father and his two brothers had served in the Civil War, as had my two uncles on my mother's side. The adult conversation which I overheard was pretty apt to be by men who had been in the war and were now country-town lawyers or druggists or clerks or farmers. But to hear a revolution over something or other darkly hinted was no surprise. I know that many sober citizens seriously discussed whether or not Grant, in his last attempt to secure the nomination for President, was contemplating a coup d'état in the manner of Napoleon III. That gave them a fine, shuddery feeling such as grandfather got out of his almanacs.

Still later, in Populist times, "blood to the bridles" was a cherished figure of speech; and I was in Chicago when an eloquent delegate from Nebraska electrified a Democratic National Convention and secured the nomination for President by declaring passionately that the crucifying of mankind on a cross of gold had to stop. In fact, I was exercised about that myself, and voted for the orator.

You read nowadays, as the most matter-of-course commonplace, that one of the helpful things to the recovery of Europe would be a return to the gold standard of currency. Every sensible person realizes that the welter of cheap money over there is a great obstacle to the production and exchange of goods. I have read dozens of expert opinions, and no doubt you have. They all point out the desirability of getting back to a gold standard. But thirty years ago—and thence onward, increasing, for several years—the gold standard of currency in the United States was passionately described as a mortal national illness, about like cancer or Bright's disease. In 1896, to judge by the election returns, almost half the people in the country believed that.

The offhand assumption that people prefer to believe in health needs a lot of qualifications, physically speaking. Politically speaking it needs still more extensive qualifications. I personally know quite a number of people who would be depressed if they were somehow compelled to believe that the body politic called the United States is a wonderfully strong, vigorous concern that will mostly take care of itself if left alone. They love old Doctor Hookum in politics—and his industrious allies who are not deliberate quacks, but who suffer from mental and emotional instability; political neurotics, in fact.

Good Laws Unopposed

Well-informed people can rather easily detect quacks and quackery in medicine. The earmarks stand out. In politics it is more difficult; but certain earmarks are worth noting. In the first place, quack and demagogue—who is the political quack—always preach sickness, never health; no mere passing indisposition but something in the line of hardening of the arteries. When anybody begins talking political cancer, take warning. He may, to give him the benefit of the doubt, be only an honest neurotic; but probably he's a quack.

In the next place, the quack always prescribes dope or an operation. Never does he tell you to cheer up, trust to Nature, help yourself. Every honest physician will often tell a patient that; but a quack never. He always prescribes dope. The demagogue's dope, of course, will be written on a statute book, instead of on a druggist's pad. But it's something you are to swallow to make you well, instead of making yourself well.

Certainly, honest and able practitioners of politics are always prescribing laws; just as honest and able physicians daily prescribe drugs. How can one tell a quack law from a sound law? It would not be easy to give a comprehensive answer; but it is easy enough to make some general observations on the subject.

Can you think of a law that ever did you good? Inquire of your friends whether or not they can think of a law that ever did them any good. Of course beneficial laws will come to your mind and to their minds—street-traffic laws, sanitation laws, building laws, the law that enabled you to recover your stolen car, the law by which you collect a just debt from a solvent debtor; in short, a host of laws. If you look them over you will find that they come largely under the head of police laws, and plain common-sense ordinances dealing with some specific thing in a specific way.

Moreover, you will find that nine times out of ten, laws of that general kind are not matters of politics at all. There are no great agitation and propaganda and lurid oratory connected with them. Mainly they went through as a matter of course, and pretty nearly by common consent. The experience and common sense of the whole community, or of a very large part of the community, had shown the wisdom of such and such a social regulation; whereupon the social regulation wrote itself into law almost automatically.

Large Vague Gestures

Such laws are good laws. But consider the laws that have made the welkin ring and unlatched the door to the millennium and turned men purple in the face; laws of vast, if vague, remedial scope; laws for social justice, to flatten out the oppressor and uplift the oppressed—the sort of laws, in short, which quackery interests itself in. Many such laws, state and national, have been passed in my time. If you examine the output candidly I believe you will be astonished at the very small amount of tangible good that can be attributed to them in proportion to the vast uproar and bother they have cost.

For instance, forty years ago people began to be much concerned over a tendency in business to coalesce in bigger and bigger units. It was felt that that sort of thing might finally destroy competition and fix monopoly prices. Congress took up the subject and finally, after long wrangle and debate, enacted the celebrated Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which proposed to deal with this supposed evil of combination in business by forbidding all combinations and decreeing that competition should have free play on every hand. That was exactly one of those large vague gestures in the direction of social justice, and in making the gesture Congress cheerfully ignored all the powerful economic forces that were pulling toward bigger business units. It was so difficult to determine just what the act meant, as applied to almost any concrete case, that the Supreme Court has been busy nearly ever since interpreting it, and in spite of the court's learned labors for a quarter of a century it would still puzzle any lawyer to say what the act really means as applied to certain concrete cases. Moreover, as everybody knows, combination in business has gone cheerfully on ever since the Sherman Law was passed. If trusts were a very dangerous ailment when the Sherman Law was passed we must be stone dead of them by now.

Law is something like a handsaw—a very good instrument for simple obvious purposes. When Solon proposes to perform wonderful and intricate surgical operations with it, look out for the ensuing mess. And like the good old army musket, you never can be quite sure whether it is going to kill the crow or kick you into the gooseberry bush. This same Sherman Law was first successfully invoked to break strikes with—and not to break Wall Street, as some of its sponsors had fondly hoped.

It is in the doubtful and difficult field of large and loose altruistic aims that the quack mainly flourishes. Invariably, somehow or other, he is going to curb wealth and at the same time make the country wealthier than ever. Wealth, in some of its forms or manifestations, is always the mortal disease that has fastened upon you. He's going to purge it out or cut it out; and when he gets through there is going to be more wealth than there ever was before.

It is awfully easy, and rather comforting, to regard anybody else's wealth as the sign of disease—a noxious growth, a tumor if not positively a cancer. You know that if you know anything about your own psychology and your neighbors'. If you stop at the next village you will probably find a sweaty day laborer in ragged overalls grading up the lawn at the leading merchant's nice, square, two-story white frame house. If he makes an honest confession he will tell you that the leading merchant's wealth looks pretty tumorous to him. And the leading merchant, with a good deal to worry about in the way of slow collections, will probably admit in strict confidence that old John Stires, president of the First National Bank, who lives in a square, two-story brick house with half a block of lawn, is a case for the surgical ward; while Mr. Stires privately entertains similar views about Armour.

Law can set up simple, specific, matter-of-course social rules and regulations, as that you mustn't dump garbage in the street or drive on the left-hand side of the road or steal your neighbor's cow. What else it can do is problematical.

Will You Stick to Hookum?

Of course I don't mean that we should never have new laws, especially laws with large aims of social justice; nor that we should never take a drug or have a surgical operation. But be cautious. Remember that, by the testimony of up-to-date experts, a fair majority of the laws and drugs and surgical operations in the past have either been useless or have done more harm than good. Look the practitioner over with care. If his stock in trade is preaching sickness he's a quack—or an honest blockhead who is exactly as dangerous.

The human body, and this body politic called the United States, are wonderfully tough, vigorous organisms which will very largely take care of themselves if let alone. Continually stewing about them and doping them is the worst thing for them. The wellsprings of health and the great curative forces are inside—not outside on a druggist's shelf or in a candidate's platform. Helping yourself from the inside once is better than being helped from the outside fifty times.

I believe you'll agree with me. And then, I wonder when good old Doctor Hookum bobs up next time to assure you earnestly that you're very, very sick, wallstreetitis is turning your arteries into cast-iron pipes, and trustolosis is eating your lungs like mice in a ripe cheese, and so on—I wonder whether you'll fall for it and shed a few tears over your sad state, and invest in a couple of the large-sized bottles. We do love quacks. They make us feel nice and miserable and uncommon and deserving of sympathy.

Back to Normal

SINCE May 1st the price of the Marmon has been $3185. Of all fine cars, it was first to attain normal pricing.

This, together with the announcement of Standardized Service has made the Marmon the most discussed car of the season. Orders have poured in. The demand has multiplied many times over.

Graduate motorists realize that Marmon offers the finest transportation at the lowest cost per mile. Minimum *first* cost and minimum *operating* cost, in addition to other Marmon superiorities, have an irresistible appeal to experienced motorists.

Economy—dependability—long life—easier handling—greater comfort—distinctive style—no car ranks higher than Marmon in these superiorities.

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Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

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SACRIFICE FOR SACRED PRINCIPLES

(Continued from Page 33)

able to obtain in the way of traveling equipment. The soviet authorities have placed at the disposal of the American Relief Administration just a sufficient number of invariably inferior cars to create a situation wherein someone is usually waiting for an opportunity to use one of them. To explain this let me say that, for instance, the wagon-lit has taken a detachment of American personnel to Kazan; there may be an important mission that has to get down into the lower Volga Valley, or to Kieff or Kharkoff—anywhere; this mission must either wait for the disinfected car or it must wait for the wagon-lit to get back from Kazan.

It is a very curious business to negotiate official matters with the one and only communistic state.

Colonel Haskell, the American director of Russian relief, has a little saloon car with two compartments in it, besides a fairly large and comfortable compartment of the smoking-room variety. When Colonel Haskell is not somewhere out of Moscow looking after the details of his tremendous job this car is at the disposal of anybody who may [illegible] talking for trans-

Relief people have a good deal of difficulty in getting about, and the soviet authorities, though exceedingly sorry and polite about it, are not disposed to make any very great personal sacrifices in order to improve the situation.

However, I will say that, given a characteristic American disposition, living in the midst of such conditions is not nearly so annoying as it is amusing, and I believe if the soviet officials knew how much and how good-naturedly the Americans laugh over some of their difficulties greater efforts would be made by them to overcome those

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"Controlled Heat" is my recommendation

"YOU SEE," continued the Architect demonstrating, "a touch of my finger on this valve accurately regulates the heat in this room independently of any other room in the building. That means comfort; what's more, it means economy.

"In this building of yours, for example, if you install 'Controlled Heat' tons of coal will be saved, simply because the tenants will find it easy to *partially* shut off the heat when there's a rise in the outdoor temperature. They won't have to cuss over-heated offices and throw open windows to let unwelcome, unused heat escape. With 'Controlled Heat' there's no heat wasted. Heat is generated only *as needed*.

"Then take the boiler room. This wonderful new Hoffman invention, the Differential Loop, has eliminated the pumps and complicated devices other systems have to employ. Gentlemen, you'd be astonished at the simplicity of the boiler room in this big building. It's as easy to understand and operate as the steam-heater in a bungalow.

"I can't emphasize too strongly my opinion that Hoffman 'Controlled Heat' is the greatest forward step in modern heating methods. The system you should use."

Whether you're planning a skyscraper or a new home, it will pay you to first investigate "Controlled Heat."

Let us tell you some more about this wonderful new way of heating. A post-card will bring to you the interesting illustrated booklet "Controlled Heat."

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sacrifice on their part of some of the luxuries they themselves enjoy.

I am the only person who has ever dared to say right out in public what everybody says in private, but I cannot see why not; though I do recognize, of course, that under some circumstances my taste in doing so might be questioned and questionable. But the circumstances are unique. I do not like the idea of being muzzled by the Bolsheviki merely because I have some regard for the rules of polite association. They come into my country, label me "bourgeois" and challenge my right to live. I see no reason why I should not tell the truth about them. Besides, no American is ever in their country as their guest. Every American in Russia is there on sufferance and under strict and constant surveillance. So if I seem to outrage the ordinary rules of hospitality I wish to call attention to the fact that there is a difference. I know the soviets are having a perfectly fearful time in getting along and that they are in deeper water and more trouble than any makers of the destiny of any people ever were before, but these things I cannot fail to regard as being attributable to their own folly in imposing upon a people their *own* extraordinary ideas of what the destiny of a people ought to be. There are only a few of them, you know; just a little company of willful men; so that in writing about them one does not feel that one is writing about Russia.

I have before me the Theses and Statutes of the Communist International, and with a picture of Russia in all its baleefulness and horror occupying my mind and refusing ever for a moment to be absent from it, I treat my intelligence to such morsels of reasonable argument as these:

"The victory of socialism over capitalism as the first step to communism—demands the accomplishment of the following tasks by the proletariat as the only really revolutionary class:

"The first is to lay low the exploiters, and first of all the bourgeoisie as their chief economic and political representative; to completely defeat them; to crush their resistance, to render impossible any attempts on their part to reinstate the yoke of capitalism and wage-slavery.

"Only a violent defeat of the bourgeoisie, the confiscation of its property, the annihilation of the entire bourgeois government apparatus from top to bottom, parliamentary, juridical, military, bureaucratic, administrative, municipal, etc., up to the individual exile or internment of the most stubborn and dangerous exploiters, the establishment of a strict control over them for the repressing of all inevitable attempts at resistance and restoration of capitalist slavery—only such measures will be able to guarantee the complete submission of the whole class of exploiters."

Inside Communistic Policy

And all you have to do in contemplating the plight in which Russia now finds herself is to remember that that is exactly what the triumphant Bolsheviki in Russia succeeded in doing. But one further little touch of inside Communist Party political policy seems to me to explain the Russian situation quite completely:

"The preparation of the dictatorship of the proletariat demands not only the elucidation of the bourgeois nature of all reformism all defense of 'democracy'"—democracy, you understand, being more bitterly hated even than autocracy—"with the preservation of the right to the ownership of the means of production; not only the denunciation of such tendencies . . . but it demands also the replacing of the old leaders by communists in all kinds of proletarian organizations, not only political but industrial, coöperative, educational, etc.

"The more lasting, complete and solid the rule of the bourgeois democracy has been in any country, the more has it been possible for the bourgeoisie to appoint as labor leaders men who have been educated by it, imbued with its views and prejudices and very frequently directly or indirectly bribed by it. It is necessary to remove all these representatives of the labor aristocracy, or such 'bourgeois' workmen, from their posts and replace them by even inexperienced workers, so long as these are in unity with the exploited masses and enjoy the latter's confidence in the struggle against the exploiters. The dictatorship of the proletariat will demand the appointment of such inexperienced workmen to the most responsible state functions, others rule of the labor government will be less and it will not have the suppor masses."

What are you going to do with a that? But do not forget that a p organization exists for the sole pur spreading it around over the earth let me add that, as I write, a t comes through from this side of the border which says that the Third I tional—the Russian communist ment really has just appropriated half million gold rubles more than ter of a million dollars—to be used f is called foreign propaganda. This that while our bourgeois-capitalist ernment appropriates twenty ill-got unholy millions to buy corn with w feed the starving people of Rus government of that people sets as other sum from the little gold it has be used for spreading among our and among the peoples of other c its amazing and wholly destructi trines.

And there you are! The "labor racy" whose existence is resented proponents of proletarian communism skilled, high-class and wholly able citizens as make up such a lar of the membership of so many of o labor organizations which refuse affi with organizations of revolutionary cieties. Russia had her share o skilled and valuable citizens, but the down with the other "exploiters a pressors" into what Russia has com

Lenine's Limited Retreat

Russia is suffering under a dicta of the inexperienced. Added to she is under the curse of a vast disl of purpose on the part of a majority leaders, who chose to employ the ine and gullibility of inexperience as a of accomplishing their maniacal pu

As long ago as March, 1921, Mr. began to make what he calls a tem treat from communism, at the same flattering his followers who were rel to follow him in retreat with an ass that they were several generations of their time and that they would h content themselves with a slower pro building up an international comm state. In any case the retreat was in progress when Russia's door was ingly opened to American philant It was rather in the nature of a rela of communistic regulations; a kind o agreement on the part of the authori a gradual resumption on the part people of the usual manners and mett existence. In other words, the peopl permitted to drift back into bou practices, but one could not fail to o that they responded to this new and g desired privilege with an apathy b the hopelessness of the position the in.

The government itself reverte capitalistic principles and began t money out of the people in any way was possible. The street railways w continued to be in operation—went to a system of fares that was intend make them, as nearly as might be supporting. The collection of rer authorized, though private ownersh not acknowledged. The governmen opened some of the former great d ment stores in Moscow and Petrogra with depleted and curiously moth and shabby-looking stocks began to regular mercantile business. It was a deal like the beginning of a return t mal conditions, but so far as the necessities of life were concerned it beginning on what could be dug up i national garret, so to speak, while th ment of personal incentive to effor enterprise was missing because the ciple of every man's right to enjo fruits of his endeavors was still de The retreat did not immediately im the situation of the average Russian t great extent, but it was a relaxation therefore a move in the right direct

For four long years the country had in a state of coma. I can think o better way to express it. One finds it difficult to understand how the people along. The truth is that they got because they were reduced to a consi tion of nothing but the first law of na About the only necessity that any paid any particular attention to was

(Continued on Page 65)

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Wayne

Where the Son of Heaven Dwells

In the new imperial palace at Tokyo, where dwells the August Son of Heaven ("Tenshi Sama" to the Japanese), a Wayne Pump serves gasoline to the modern jinrikisha of the Mikado.

There is something more than chance, something more than mere coincidence in this.

In the Island Empire of the Orient, the progressive Japanese have adopted the best of Western civilization. It is only natural that they should select Wayne equipment to serve the automobile of the ruling potentate of the oldest dynasty in the world.

Wayne equipment will be found everywhere that automobiles are found. The unquestioned superiority of Wayne Oil and Gasoline Pumps and Storage Systems has won acceptance for them the world over and has made the Wayne Tank and Pump Company the leader in its industry.

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WAYNE MAKES
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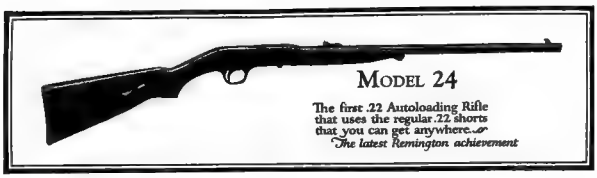
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The first .22 Autoloading Rifle
that uses the regular .22 shorts
that you can get anywhere.
The latest Remington achievement

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IT takes only a man, a dog and a gun to paint one of the most appealing pictures of American outdoor life.

Build all the vast cities you like. Herd people into offices and factories.

Yet each generation will still come along with the old instinct for contact with *wild* places, *wild* birds and animals.

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By great good fortune, the Remington business was founded not in a city, but in the *wild game country* of Central New York 106 years ago.

It grew out of the *time* and *place*—not the desire to sell something.

The tradition persisted. It is the inspiration of *all* the Remington Company does today.

It is the secret of the *peculiar success* of Remington Arms and Ammunition in satisfying a man's *most intimate* sporting instincts.

* * *

Take this problem of a .22 caliber Autoloading Rifle to handle *regular* .22 shorts.

A type of arm asked for thousands of times. By men, by boys. By small game hunters. By target shots. By the vacation seeker.

The ideal, quick-handling .22—and now available wherever a box of *ordinary .22 shorts* can be had.

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(Continued from Page 83)

...ning for smiling. Today the thought ...ry for eating every other thought in ...ry Russian mind is a thought of food: ...ow it is to be found and how to obtain ...ow it is not to be found.

Come you grasp this fact in its full ...ificance you grasp nothing of the ...ian situation.

...ng four years there were no shops; pri... trading was forbidden; there was a ...ersal attempt to return to a system of ...e without a medium of exchange. ...e I think that I was able to buy an ...ial five-hundred-ruble note for a ...ow seven rubles my mind stops and ...imply fail in my attempt to visualize the ...ance. Five years ago this imperial ...e was worth two hundred and fifty ...ean dollars; the million soviet rubles ...h which I bought it cost me fifty cents! ...verybody's money was confiscated, no ...e how much or how little it happened ...e—as it often it was safely hidden. ...e fact that the Russian peasants still ...e silver four hundred million gold ...s in their stockings, but they are not ...ging their stockings where anybody ...see them. Nearly everybody had ...thing left in the way of a valuable, and ...e was a food supply in the hands of the ...Valuables were bartered for food ...ey valuables for valuables, then came the ...d of cheap money and the whole nation ...me a nation of clandestine specu...rs.

...There were public communistic markets ...here buying and selling went on, perforce, ...ery much in the same old way, but meanwhile the means of production, in connection with which there is so much noble ...ension in communistic doctrine, had ...en not owned nor by inexperience and had ...ased to function. In the beginning the ...ernment took everything into its own ...nds, even making itself responsible for ...e direct feeding of the entire population ...The point system—a ration being a fixed ...ount that each person could claim in ...ds—regulated, to correspond with his ...ue to the communistic state. Good, ...ll, properly inexperienced and sufficiently ...ntelligent communists were pretty well ...ed as long as the food lasted; then came ...ident bodies, which, because food was ...ounded for them, grew numerically out ...all reason and eventually included every ...mpathetic kind of citizen of every age.

Rationing by Castes

...All of which of course refers to the urban ...populations. In the meantime the peasants, ...ho in Russia constitute such an over-...helming majority of the population, were ...ot taking advantage of the new land regu...lations and upsetting the whole system of ...government, which they were in no way ca...pable of competent direction of replac...ing with a system of their own. But for ...the time being they had the surplus food ...supplies in their possession and it must ...not seem a tremendous surprise to great ...numbers of them when, for the benefit of ...the proletarian dictators, the soviets began ...to confiscate these supplies without offering them anything in return except an ...assurance that they were contributing to ...a worthy cause.

...But to return to the urban populations. ...Under the proletarian beneficiaries—practically all of whom were directly connected ...with and controlled by the soviets—and the ...student bodies came various grades of people from different classes of intelligentsia ...and different classes of bourgeoisie all the ...way down to the lowest depths of artisanry; and the nearer you came to being ...an industrial laborer the less you got to eat.

...The principal occupation of the citizenry ...in general was standing in line outside ...stores of food distribution, each citizen ...with the letter upon which the nature ...and the measure of his ration were designated, while all the bourgeoisie and former ...nobility who had not succeeded in getting ...out of the country who had elected to ...stay and see it through spent most of their ...time in pathetic humility hanging round ...the markets trying to barter some small ...belonging for a meal of victuals. Or they ...made long numbers to the country and ...to the villages where they would be in closer ...touch with the sources of supply.

...A pretty picture, is it not? And especially when you view it in its various ...aspects after four years of it. To see it at ...its maximum you should see it, as I did, in ...the bitterness period of a bitter winter, when ...the only thing that was lighting it up at any ...point was foreign benevolence.

A complete economic breakdown was of course inevitable. Too late the leaders recognized that their system of requisition and taxation was all wrong; that there are other common necessities of life besides bread; that even farmers require these necessities and that unless they can exchange their products for them they will cease to produce.

After four years of gradual disintegration the autumn of 1921 found the country in a state of total collapse. The peasants having been forced to give up without compensation everything they possessed except the narrowest margin of supplies upon which they themselves could exist had long since reduced their acreage under cultivation to a minimum, and in the Volga Valley, whence came in such vast quantities the grain which was Russia's chief export in the old days, they were caught by a serious drought with no supplies stocks on hand. In the Volga Valley the people were always from two to three years ahead of their own needs, because the transportation facilities of the country were not such as to render possible the annual disposal of their surplus and current production.

After Four Years of Slipping

The autumn of 1921 was a bitter time. Manufactures of all kinds had long since been shut down or reduced to a mere fraction of their former output, and there were practically no manufactured articles of any kind to be bought anywhere in Russia. Coal was not being mined in sufficient quantities to meet the needs of any one branch of industry; the production of minerals of all kinds was at a standstill; the import of raw materials had ceased; the soviets could no longer meet their obligation to feed, adequately even their henchmen and favorites; nobody had any clothes that were less than four years old; and the people were ragged and dirty, and because there was no fuel they were cold. There was nothing but discomfort, deprivation and dilapidation. Even articles of common household utility were as rare as art treasures ordinarily are. There had been none produced or imported in four years, and four years of communism had seen those that once existed either all used up or scattered to the four winds—nobody knew where.

Agricultural machinery everywhere was worn out; the country's herds had been reduced by more than 50 per cent; of the thirty-six million horses that were once counted among the country's assets not more than eight million were left; there were 40 per cent fewer than the normal number of hogs; 50 per cent fewer than the normal number of sheep; the turnover in cotton had fallen from four hundred-odd million pounds before the war to less than thirty million pounds; the flax production from approximately nine hundred and seventy million pounds to less than one hundred million pounds, while the purchasing power of the ruble was more than eight hundred thousand times less than it was in the good old days when the "exploiters and oppressors" used money for such nefarious purposes.

Everything was less! Even the population was less! Some two or three million of the country's best people had fled, and more than nine million had died. It is estimated that about three million Russians fell in the World War, while eight and a half million is the number spoken of as the sacrifice either by death or exile in the Bolshevik revolution. The death rate was increasing enormously, while the birth rate was decreasing in a corresponding degree. Disease and death had the country by the throat!

There was an estimated venereal infection of 60 per cent of the urban population, this estimate having been arrived at and publicly announced by a body of medical investigators called together in solemn convention at Moscow; there were typhus, typhoid, influenza, tuberculosis, cholera—all present; and all those normally present on an alarming increase in a country empty of medicaments of all kinds, with its doctors unable to render aid and with its once magnificent hospitals mere shells of structural splendor, cold and filthy and denuded of practically every facility for caring for the sick.

Sixteen million people in the Volga Valley, which is to Russia, economically, what the Mississippi Valley is to the United States, were admittedly facing death from starvation; cannibalism had already begun

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to lift its hideous head, and what was not admitted was that famine was stalking throughout the entire land.

Add to all this a psychic atmosphere resulting in a vast and general depression together with a lowering of moral tone to a point where morals were no longer of any importance, and you have a none too dismal picture of what Russia was like when Mr. Maxim Gorky appealed to the people of the United States for Christian charity, and Mr. Herbert Hoover, on behalf of the people of the United States, responded with an offer to extend American relief to starving Russian children on the simple conditions that Americans imprisoned in Russia without charges having been preferred against them and without a hearing be released, and that Americans be permitted to distribute American supplies and to see to it that they were not used for purposes not designated in the bond thereafter to be drawn up and called the Riga Agreement.

Of course I know I have failed to mention any number of things. I have failed to mention the great Red Army forever parading the streets and singing its marching songs. The great Red Army is fed and always fed. It is by means of the great Red Army—fifteen hundred thousand strong with another fifteen hundred thousand taken care of in reserve—that the communistic state maintains itself. It is because the Red Army is fed that its ranks are filled. There can be no doubt about this. Every man's thought in Russia is a thought of food.

I have failed to mention the innumerable churches with the placards on them which read "Religion is the opiate of the people" and the throngs constantly passing in and out of them seeking the solace of their opiate.

I have failed to mention the hectic pursuit of strangely unhectic pleasures; the theaters and ballets and wonderful orchestras, all under the special patronage of the soviets. The boss Bolsheviki began by saying that everybody in the communistic state who could or would must sing and dance, or act, or play musical instruments, or paint pictures, and that therefore the great schools of ballet, music and art of all kinds must be maintained. But unfortunately their patronage grew day by day less fat and less fattening until it became, like everything in Russia, merely a principle. The singers sing for food; the actors act for food; the dancers dance for food; the musicians play their interesting variety of instruments play for food—and food is not! The great Chaliapine returns to Russia and makes his contracts for a series of performances on a basis of food. He will not sing for Russian money, but for certain specified quantities of food expressed in numbers of rations. Which seems to me to be a sufficient commentary on the food situation in general. All the little boys and girls in the ballet schools, the future Pavlovas and Mordkins, are being fed by the American Relief Administration.

Two Women in a Shop

I have failed to mention the women on the streets and in the recently opened shops. I was in a fur shop one day in Moscow looking for a cap to wear on a cold sleigh trip out into certain village famine districts. I had with me a young man who because of his linguistic attainments could make himself useful as an interpreter and could therefore obtain such employment. There were in the shop two women. One of them, very shabby and dejected, was unmistakably a woman of refinement and high breeding. She was endeavoring to sell to the shopkeeper a small fur collar. The other, who was elaborately but most inartistically painted, wore high-heeled French shoes, a smart gown, and a large hat with a handsome bird-of-paradise feather on it. She was trying on a magnificent sealskin coat. If I had been wanting to buy it they would have charged me at least eight hundred American dollars for it.

My young man laughed and said: "If it were not for that sort of thing the situation would be a whole lot easier to bear. That's the kind of woman who is buying and enjoying all the valuable things in Russia today."

"But," said I, "where on earth does she get the money?"

"Oh, there's plenty of money in Russia, such as it is."

Which was true. The latest figure was fifty-eight trillions of paper rubles, and more being turned out.

"And don't forget," he added, "that of Moscow's million and a half inhabitants at least half a million are soviet governm employees. At least that's what they them. It doesn't pay to be anything b good communist in this country." He a cynical youth.

There are plenty of other things I f failed to mention which are all a part o great unbehevable picture, but I begu mentioning railroads, and in a situa like Russia's, railroads are always to fore as the most important considera The railroads in the beginning were ne seized by the people. That is, no rail management having been provided f the plans for the Bolshevik coup d'état, simply fell into the possession of such sons as happened at the moment t operating them. The engines belonge the engine drivers and their mates, and to the porters and conductors, and freight cars and other equipment to t body and everybody. The confusion complete. I will show you a picture j ently of how freight cars were used for by communistic owners of them needed fuel and had no other use f freight car. Certain phases of the situa would be exceedingly funny if they w not so tragic.

The condition of utter chaos was no long duration, however. The boss Bol viki are pretty fast organizers and soon gathered the railroads into their eral scheme of inexperienced admini tion, this fact offering food for interes reflection. If any American bourg conductor in clean linen and smart form—and with a little home of his somewhere—thinks he could ever hold job under a dictatorship of the proleta it behooves him to think again. He regard himself as a proletarian, but not. He is one of the highest aristocr the aristocracy of labor, as is the sk skilled engineer in his immaculate magnificent engine up ahead.

Typhus-Prevention Measures

What a wonderful thing an Americ freight train is! Is there any Americ who has never counted the cars in an A ican freight train, noted the various ro they belonged to, the localities of t origins and their destinations? Is there any American who has never lifted up heart in pride at the heaviness and handsomeness of them and their excell adaptation in variety and character to many uses of our commerce? Oh, what contrast! Poor old Russia with her for conceptions of magnificence in the supe tive degree! And poor old world with many discontented and unhappy citiz following their will-o'-the-wisps of soc delusion!

The A. R. A. wagon-lit did come b from Kazan and was immediately assign to the assistant director, Colonel Lon gan, and the director of medical relief, Henry Beeuwkes, for a necessary trip inspection to the Volga Valley and out Orenburg. Orenburg being the farth American Relief station and one of t most generally interesting cities in Russ It lies on the border between Europe a Asia and is peopled by a curious and rat hideous mixture of races. But of th later on.

I was invited to go along on this inspe tion trip, and forthwith set about maki my preparations to do so. I think it mig be in order for me to say that I had be advised to neglect no precaution again typhus fever on that I might be take, and to provide myself with clothi that would be as nearly as possible what known as louse-proof. This I did in Ne York, but the truth is there is no pe clothing. It is only that certain kinds clothing are better than other kinds.

Shortly after the foreign relief worke began to operate in Russia the question protecting the American personnel fro this disease, which was then raging all ov the country, began to engage the attentio of everybody, and Doctor Beeuwkes, t chief of the medical section, issued memorandum of instructions with regar to such measures of prevention as may b taken. Among other things he advised th wearing of silk underwear, and instantly typical American controversy began to de velop. Mr. Denis McSweeney, who, being in charge of port operations, spent a larg part of his time in the atmosphere pecu liar to wintry docks and cold storage, took exception to the silk theory and launched a campaign in favor of old-fashioned flannel

(Continued on Page 88)

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Doctor Beauvieu'vides—an idea generally advanced by the medical profession -was that the little typhus carrier has a harder time in getting a foothold on silk than on any other material and, as Mr. Farmer Murphy, chief of the communications division, expressed it in an article on the subject in the little weekly bulletin which he issues for the benefit of the personnel, "it slips and slides around until it is dead tired and eventually falls off and perishes of hunger." But Mr. McSweeney contended that wool is full of obstacles that hamper the activities of the insect, together with a lot of underbrush in which he is likely to get entangled and from which, when he does, he is never able to extricate himself. Mr. McSweeney was defeated by a majority opinion that silk underwear might be endured along with the other hardships if the supply department would issue it as a necessary part of field equipment. Whereupon the question was carefully dropped.

In this brief digression I am not messing to be too specific and detailed with regard to what is included in a reasonably safe traveling kit. What was important to me was that I should, as nearly as possible, clothe myself in leather. I heeded this admonition and had reason many a time to be thankful that I did. I could get caught in fearful crowds and rub shoulders with terrible people with a feeling of much greater security than I should have had in garments less protective.

There are train schedules in Russia, and at the point of departure they are likely to be adhered to—that is, when a train is scheduled to leave Moscow at seven o'clock in the evening, let us say, it is hardly ever safe to bet that it will not get away until 7:30 or nine o'clock. But from Moscow on to wherever you may happen to be going, the time element cuts no figure.

The Nitchi-vo Principle

What with the seething mobe of people invariably to be encountered in railway stations, and the necessity for burdening oneself with rather multitudinous impedimenta, there is always a good deal of a mess about getting aboard a train, but once you are aboard, there you are; after which all you have to do is to endeavor as good-naturedly as possible to adjust yourself to the *nitchi-vo* principle upon which Russian railroads seem to be operated.

In our language there is no equivalent for *nitchi-vo* unless one may be permitted to suggest the peculiarly American expression "What t'ell!" It is translated into Chinese by the word *"maoyi"* and into Japanese by a shrug of the shoulders rendered into speech in the mellow syllables of *"shi kata ganai."* It means: "It cannot be helped. What difference does it make? Why worry?" It is definitely Oriental.

The man who first said "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" was not wholly devoid of powers of observation. He had in mind the great historic Tartar invasion of Russian lands and was expressing an inescapable impression of a resulting Oriental touch in the Russian character.

When you stand on the dividing line between European and Asiatic Russia you wonder how the sharp racial demarcations have preserved themselves anyhow, and what the future holds in store. I myself stood on that border looking upon unimaginable horrors and wondered whether or not the Bolshevik movement, which has touched us all in some measure or degree, was not, after all, really a historic phase of the never-ending movement out of the East. I dare say this sounds rather far-fetched, but it is merely an observation by the way. The Bolsheviki pride themselves in analogies which line their exploits historically alongside the events of the French Revolution, but in final analysis most of these analogies prove to be false, or at any rate far from exact, and in its present development I think it is not unreasonable to look upon the great Russian phenomenon as being quite in the nature of a continuation of the Eastern menace against which the West has struggled since time began.

But *nitchi-vo!* This seems to be as good a philosophy as any. In any case it is the only philosophy possible for a journey on a Russian railroad.

The first thing you do when you get aboard your car is to make the acquaintance of your *provodnik*. They are right there with all the helpful motions, and until you have lugged most of your own luggage aboard, busied yourself away by means of your own muscles and methods you do not realize that their idea is to do the familiar clown act of showing you while you are engaged in doing all the real and necessary shoving, this being another interesting communist principle.

A *provodnik* is a porter, and there is never more than one of him at once, but on a wagon-lits, even though it be a private wagon-lits, there is also a *konduktur*. It may be that Russians refer to the *konduktur* as such, but the Americans lump all such necessary and unnecessary railroad attachés together and call them *provodniks*. This simplifies matters. The principal consideration is that they have to be fed and kept up to at least a minimum performance of their so-called duties. They may be in uniform or they may not. It depends entirely upon what they were before they got to be what they are. Our communistic informant told me in strict confidence that our *konduktur* was a regular "boorjoole," that he had a farm of more than a hundred acres, and eight hundred poods of potatoes buried in the ground! A pood equals thirty-six pounds, so that would be quite a lot of potatoes. The *provodniks* may or may not be in uniform, but they invariably look a good deal the worse for wear, and on their little round astrakhan caps always appears the crossed hammer and sickle, the emblem of the communistic state. They are soviet employes. After I learned that our conductor was a "boorjoole" I looked upon him with enhanced interest. He offered me food for thought with regard to how a man may compromise with a situation. That is what practically all Russia is doing—just compromising with the situation.

The *provodnik* is usually a humble kind of person who tries occasionally to make himself useful with a little twig broom and other primitive implements of housekeeping, but on private sleeping cars the *kondukturs* are purely ornamental. They assign themselves one of the best compartments in the car and live in it month in and month out. Their berths are gay with the red blankets that are familiar to everybody who has traveled on a European sleeping car, but they are gay also with odds and ends of food, samovars and other cooking utensils, scraps and straw that one thing and another. They are not at all fussy about their surroundings, but I will say for our *provodnik* that he was perfectly good-natured about my objections to his objectionable habits, and that after a day or two of intensive training in connection with such services as he was called upon to render in my behalf he used the excellent brand of American soap with which I provided him, according to directions and with a smile on his nice old Russian face.

The Matter of Baggage

Incidentally the *provodnik* are the only occupants of the wagon-lits who have the familiar red blankets. If the traveler from afar happens not to have his own blankets and sheets and pillows and whatever he requires for sleeping purposes he is out of luck. That was what I was thinking of when I spoke of having to burden oneself with multitudinous impedimenta. You do not take along anything in the way of a trunk filled with fancy garments. So far as clothing is concerned you burden yourself sparingly indeed with what you need to keep up your standard of personal cleanliness. As for your outer raiment, in order to give yourself a friendly attitude toward it you call it your field kit and wear it constantly and on all occasions with a kind of bravado born of a curiously pleasing consciousness that you are doing something that is hardly ever done in polite society. And when you remember that I have in mind weeks on end and not just a few days in the midst of inescapable uncleanliness you will know better what I mean

Your bed and bedding are not such annoying articles either, because after all they do up into fairly small and easily portable bundles. But there is also food to be carried along—American canned goods only; everything else you expect to have to eat from the time you leave your base of supplies until you get back to it. To say nothing of something more which to prepare it—an alcohol outfit or an oil burner of some kind, with the necessary fuel, whatever it may be. Also there are cooking utensils and everything a fairly civilized person is in the habit of using in the act of feeding himself in a fairly civilized manner. Though I will say that however careful such a person may be to retain his civilized habits, he is not likely to return from such a trip quite so civilized as he was when he started.

We got away from Moscow in the usual wild scramble. The soviet authorities do try to preserve order, but they succeed, somehow, in being only locally and sporadically tyrannical. The government is a vast and complicated bureaucracy. It is more autocratic than monarchical absolutism ever got to be even in Russia, and it hedges itself about with revolutionary terrorism more terrible than anything ever recorded in any nation's experience. It is looking solely to its own continuity in providing the machinery

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Peasants With Small Hand Sleds Loaded With Firewood for Sale. A Familiar Scene in Soviet Russia

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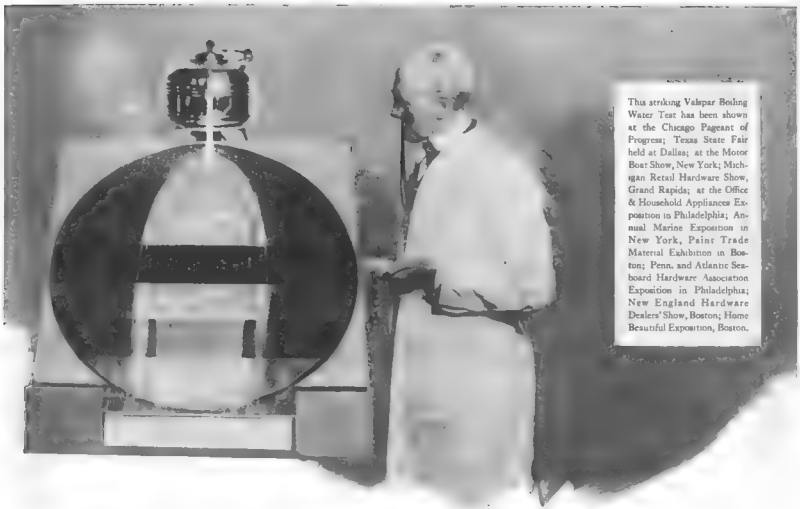

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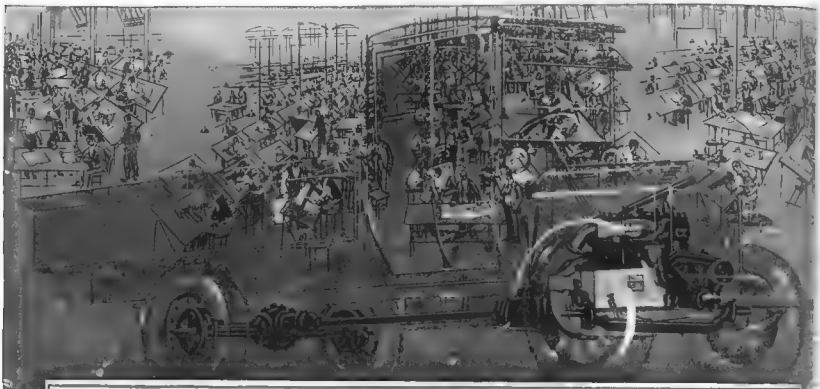

Back of the SPECIALIZED vehicle

—an engineering force that no one organization could possibly maintain

One large engineering staff designs the power plant. Another is interested solely in the design of the clutch. Another devotes its efforts to designing the transmission. Another designs the universal joints. Another concentrates its ability on the design of the axles....and so on.

Visualize for yourself all these groups of engineers—visualize each group SPECIALIZING on one particular unit. Combine these groups—and you have a picture of the great corps of engineers responsible for the SPECIALIZED vehicle.

No one car or truck manufacturer could possibly maintain such an engineering force. But builders of genuine SPECIALIZED vehicles assure car and truck users the full benefits of this engineering ability by selecting for their vehicles only units of *proven* merit—products of America's leading SPECIALIZED unit manufacturers.

Experienced car and truck users recognize the necessity of having a vehicle in which every major unit is a *proven* unit. They *know* the advantages of owning a vehicle whose continuous performance is guaranteed by the builder, backed by the great organizations of unit SPECIALISTS, and further assured by parts-distributing stations throughout the world.

Such a vehicle is the high-grade SPECIALIZED car or truck. Everywhere it is distinguished by the motor that stands as the sovereign achievement of automotive engineering—the motor that bears on its crankcase the Continental Red Seal.

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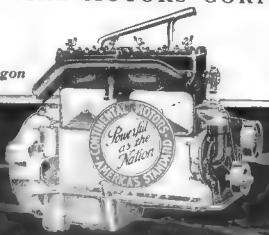

Continental Motors

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(Continued from Page 88)

of governmental administration, but the people dodge it in numbers too great to be handled, and go hurrying and scurrying about like sheep in a sheepfold into which wolves have been turned in the guise of shepherd dogs.

In the eyes of the casual observer from the more or less orderly world outside—in comparison, very orderly—this is interesting, to say the least. There are those who will accuse me of being superficial in my observations. They will say that I am incapable of looking beneath the surface and appreciating the potentialities of the great experiment, but to these I would say that if there is one thing humanity can be depended upon to do it is to spread upon the surface of its existence plentiful evidence of the manner in which it exists. If we should ever witness in our country such a scene as I passed through in the great and modern Moscow railway station that February day of this year of our Lord, 1922, we should know that as a ship of state we were sunk with all hands on board and with very little hope of ever rising in the way of salvage. Incidentally, it was George Washington's birthday!

The chaos brought in the wake of Sons are not necessarily to be thought of as moving throngs, though millions of people are forever trying to get somewhere away from where they are. It is not possible to move them, and the result is that in tremendous numbers they camp out in the railway stations all over the country, just waiting, patiently waiting for weeks and sometimes for months on end for their necessary permits. It makes a colossal spectacle.

Time and again men of the American Relief Administration are appealed to by one-time prisoners and useful citizens, men and women of education and refinement, for a leg up—for a lift along the way. But such requests must always be refused, because it is against the rules of the A. R. A. to intervene in any soviet governmental process. These people find themselves not only caught in a jam of stampeding humanity but entangled as well in the red tape of the communist-bureaucratic regulations. You may be a citizen of a communist state and you may have fondly imagined that in becoming such a citizen you were freeing yourself from all restraints. But the truth is that you are virtually a prisoner and that the performance precedent to practically every act of your life is going through a long rigmarole of governmental procedure to secure official sanction for that act. Everybody's life is done up in bits of paper with something stamped upon them in red ink. There is no freedom of action for anybody.

Slow but Not Sure

We had not gone very far out of Moscow before I began to realize more fully than I did on the way in from Riga what Americans mean when they speak of the railroads as merely hanging together. I doubted a good many times whether they would go on hanging together until I got through with them. When occasionally our engineer came ambling along and started to make more than ten miles an hour the resulting motion was positively terrifying, not to say distressing; you had to be a good sailor. But whenever he did this his engine was pretty sure to get sick within a very short time; so there were never any very long spurts of speed. For hours on end any fairly energetic donkey could have ripped up with but one reason for this besides the state of the roadbed was that the fuel we were using at the time was of a specially inferior quality. There was no coal, of course, and an ordinary coal tender will not carry enough wood to keep an engine going for any considerable distance. We made long stops at every smallest station for the purpose of taking on more wood, and sometimes it was immediately available and sometimes it was not. When it was not it had to be brought from somewhere or other. And at every station we were besieged by the hungry throngs begging us to give them bread.

We ourselves were cold a good part of the time. It was winter and the cold was cold which seems to be peculiar to Russia. It snaps at one's nerves and grips with a kind of cruel intensity. Our car was heated by pipes connected with a wood stove up in one end of it, and when we [illegible] platform was piled then for a day or more, likely as not, our poor old *pronodnik* himself being as bluenosed as anyone would complain that he could get no wood, and we would all sit round wrapped in blankets.

When it was decided to extend the operations of the American Relief Administration to cover Russia this program immediately adopted for child feeding alone called for the delivery of one hundred and forty thousand tons of foodstuffs, and all but a few hundred tons of this, reserved for Petrograd and Moscow, was to be distributed over the great famine area referred to ordinarily as the Volga Valley. This area is really from three to four hundred miles in width and reaches from the Ural Mountains to the Black Sea. The donation of the American Government of twenty million dollars made possible a subsequent and supplementary program which called for the delivery of two hundred and seventy thousand tons of corn for adult feeding, to say nothing of a few hundred tons of medical supplies and clothing.

The A. R. A.'s Big Job

This would have been a gigantic undertaking, even with adequate transportation facilities available. Under the circumstances existing it looked in the beginning very much as though the American Relief Administration in its extraordinary and always successful operations had finally tackled something it could not possibly get away with. But Mr. Herbert Hoover formed his habits of mind in a school of engineering and he never hands out plans and specifications until after he has made the requisite calculations. He knew better than anyone what his organization was destined to accomplish in Russia. He knew also what it had behind it in the way of funds and affiliations, and incidentally he knew the Russian people. He knew for the most part of men who would rather themselves become objects of charity than fall in the performance of the duties American philanthropy with which they are intrusted.

I am not intending away down here at the end of this article to begin to write in detail about the work of the American Relief Administration. I shall leave that to the pleasure of doing that later on. But since American Relief operations constitute the most important economic factor in the life of Russia today it is not possible to separate the difficulties of these operations from the state of affairs existing in connection with Russian railroads. So I wish merely to mention a few figures in order to indicate what Americans or relievers of the situation have been up against.

All the food that we have fed into the ravenous maw of the Russian famine has been a free gift, with the exception of a course of such supplies as have passed through the food-remittance process of individual purchase and A. R. A. delivery. But among our stipulations with regard to the gift food was that the soviet officials should move it from the ports and transport it in Russia to the various bases of relief operations to be established. In this regard they have lived up to the terms of the contract, but they have been able to do this only under American direction and constant supervision. There is a traffic department in the American organization and in the office of that department a daily check is kept on the car lot situation which is loaded with American supplies. This is a terrific task; sometimes it is fully accomplished and sometimes it is not. It would be wholly impossible except for the fact that the telegraph service in the country is one of the few things that we have kept up to a fair standard of efficiency. A telegraph service in good working order is indispensable to the functioning of such a government as Russia is living under, and if the ordinary wires fail to function with sufficient speed and accuracy the relief officers demand and secure the lines by which the Kremlin is connected with all its governmental outposts.

The idea of the Americans is to keep the food moving, moving constantly, however slowly. The program calls for the unloading of at least five hundred tons a day from every ship at every port, and this means the utilization of every available facility. Those good people who talk about adding to the extent of American relief in Russia and appeal to the American public for more [illegible] requested leaders, merely com-

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already provided for is a thing that simply cannot be done. I am for keeping the appeal constantly before the blessed old generous American mind; I am for piling up the funds wherever they may be piled up with safety, because it is my solemn belief that the end of the present program will not see us anywhere near the end of our humanitarian obligation—and an obligation it is if anyone is obliged to give of his plenty to him who has nothing at all! But for the time being, what more can be done? Deliveries are already away behind the original schedule adopted. The freezing in of the principal harbors and the consequent delays in unloading and transport were contingencies not counted upon in the original calculations, but considered in terms of simple normality the facilities for handling cargoes any faster than they are being handled today do not exist.

I had heard so much about the scarcity of serviceable freight cars that I had begun to think of freight cars almost as heading the list of life's necessities. There was an interesting revelation in store for me. Within ten versts of the city of Moscow I began to come upon them by the thousand. It was a trip through the graveyard of Russian railroad stock. The Trans-Siberian Railroad all the way from Moscow to the Volga is literally lined with skeletons of freight cars and dead engines. It is an extraordinary sight!

It is evident that when railway traffic was reduced to the minimum at which it is now maintained these freight cars were shunted onto sidings with an idea that they would be taken care of; but the people needed fuel, and little by little all the wood that went into the construction of them was chopped away. And there they are, gaunt, forlorn, bent and battered frames of freight cars representing millions of gold rubles in mere wanton or ignorant or deliberate destruction! They are a liability instead of an asset. One wonders how they are ever to be got rid of. Most of them are on rails, but from under hundreds of them the rails have been removed and these are sunk deep into the ground. Getting rid of them will be a difficult and expensive undertaking. I thought of what mountains of scrap iron they would make Incidentally it will take millions of gold rubles and many years to replace them.

A Wrecked Food Train

Presently we began to come upon long trains of American food cars. Every car that carries American Relief supplies can be instantly identified because it bears the name of the American Relief Administration printed above its doors. We were on the lookout for these all the time, and whenever we found a stalled train of them or a sidetracked few of them we counted them, took some of their numbers, and at the first opportunity telegraphed the information to the traffic department in Moscow.

Finally, just outside a station not far from Penza Volga, we came upon a wrecked food train. There had been a head-on collision and the freight cars had left the tracks and rolled down an embankment. It was only the day before that this had happened, but you may believe me when I tell you that there was not even so much as a splinter left of the cars, and of course not an ounce of the food. The people had raided the wreck and helped themselves, and we were told that there had been quite a handsome little scrimmage over it.

Our report should have been mailed, but my question was not answered. It was as though that were the least important matter that could possibly be thought of. We were getting into the region of real horrors—as I shall presently endeavor to relate—and the appearance of very pitifullooking people still searching and fumbling round through the wreckage. They were picking up handfuls of the trampled and dirty snow and sifting it through their fingers, looking for possibly overlooked grains of something to eat.

I thought to myself: "Well, that cargo was intended for certain selected beneficiaries, but there can be no doubt that whoever got it needed it, so God bless them!"

It is seven hundred and thirty-eight miles from Moscow to Samara, and we made it in three and a half days and four nights.

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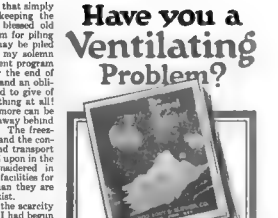
[Editor's Note—The [illegible]

Have you a Ventilating Problem?



IF YOU are having trouble because of excessive heat in your building; if you are depressed by the humidity; if your employees complain of bad working conditions, Swartwout ventilating engineers can solve your problem.

They have wide experience in remedying ventilating troubles, wherever required, from the mammoth industrial plants and public buildings to barns and small garages. You can rely on their ability as have the U. S. Government, The General Motors Corporation, etc.

Ask for the new and larger edition of "The Gospel of Fresh Air"—an authoritative treatise on the possibilities of increasing production and lowering costs, showing the great gains in mental and physical efficiency of workers after proper ventilation has been secured. The Ohio Body & Blower Company, 9200 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

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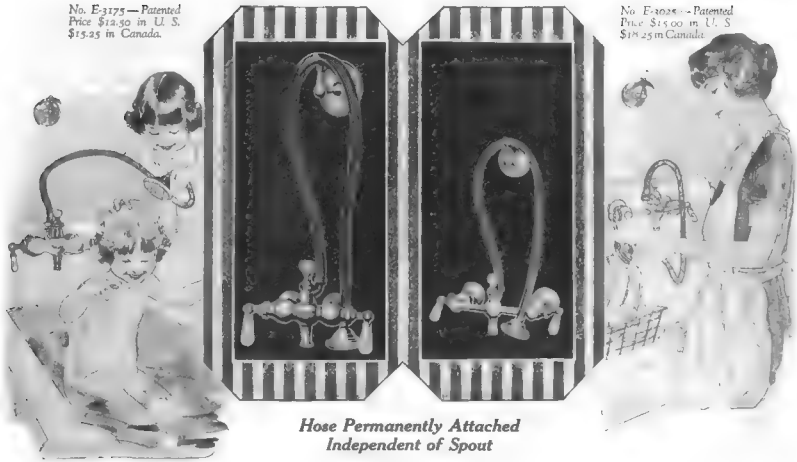
Corns?

—just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist
Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Paper Write Paper "Black Chicago, Dept. 20 for valuable book, 'Correct Care of the Feet'.

Salesmen



Mueller Tub-Shower Bath Faucet

This new invention adds a satisfactory shower to the ordinary bath tub. It delivers cold, warm or hot water through either spout or movable spray. It fits any regulation bath tub—requires no attention—and lasts a lifetime.

The hose is permanently attached and independent of the spout.

With the **MUELLER** Tub-Shower Faucet you can get a cooling shower-bath on hottest summer days—or a refreshing shampoo with hot, warm and cold water.

Once you realize the keen zest that comes from a spray of water, tempered from hot to cold as you want it—you will never be without a **MUELLER** Tub-Shower Faucet in your home.

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With this **MUELLER** invention you can quickly wash and rinse dishes—scald greasy utensils—and clean fresh vegetables—for it delivers hot, cold or tempered water, from either spout or spray, by simply pressing the push button on top of the fixture.

The **MUELLER** Combination Sink Faucet lessens kitchen drudgery and makes kitchen hours shorter. It does the work quickly and thoroughly. It saves the hands from roughening—and helps keep things spotlessly clean.

The hose is permanently attached and independent of the spout. This device fits any regulation sink, replacing old style faucets. Like all **MUELLER** Faucets, it is built to wear.

Any good plumber can quickly install **MUELLER** Faucets. The name **MUELLER** branded on each faucet insures your lasting satisfaction. Write today for the free book, "Dependable Plumbing," containing many valuable suggestions for your comfort and convenience.

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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 28)

It implied that the hypnotist, once in control of the thought of his subject, was never freed of that connecting bond and that both individuals passed into eternity held together by it. This was a little deep and somewhat terrorizing for my use in the play, but I thought I'd be on safe ground in suggesting that the force was not a very good one for the layman to play with. In thinking also of telepathic influence, the control of the thought as well as the will of another presented an equal responsibility. I therefore made these two ethical considerations the theme and overtone of what I was projecting. The result of that, not to bore a lay reader with technical considerations of a playwright, was to give me a rather fine old character in sympathy with my contentions and a vigorous and indifferent one opposed to him and to convince whom would be the business of the play. I therefore had theme, definite direction and some situations. Despite the fact that I had been thinking and reading and having experiences in these subjects for something like eighteen years since my trip with Bishop, I spent another year getting helpful information from professional hypnotists and clairvoyants. I speak of the time thus spent on this play in contrast to some of the hasty efforts like Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots. Perhaps there is a commensurate difference in the authors.

When the play was done I read it to Charles Frohman. Nobody could have less scientific information on the subjects than he had, and his reception of it would be a fair indication of what an average audience might do. The reading was under rather test conditions too. The night was oppressively warm. C. F. was in his apartment, then on the top floor of Sherry's old building, Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, now remodeled into business offices. He had on a cotton shirt and a pair of trousers. He sat cross-legged in a big leather chair. As I finished each act his only comment was, "Go on." At the conclusion of the play there was a wait that filled me with apprehension.

At length he said, "That's almost too beautiful to hear."

The language was so unlike C. F., in fact the idea was so unlike him, that I thought for a moment there was mockery about it. But he was in earnest.

He added, "When shall we do it?"

We discussed and decided upon the men and women we would like for the company, and I left in an elated mood. I saw him again the next day to talk production. His enthusiasm for the play had not subsided. A week later he sent for me. We met in his office in the Empire Theater Building. He was embarrassed and unhappy, as he had to tell me that he had changed his mind about the piece. He had given the script to his brother, Daniel Frohman, to read, and Daniel had told him that the author of the play was evidently crazy. It was an impossible for me to argue the point with C. F. as it would have been for one to lift himself by his boot straps. A crazy man can't act as both his own alienist and attorney without being an unattractive client. I met Daniel Frohman a day later. In the friendliest way he answered:

"Yes, I did say that. But I meant, of course, only in the treatment of that subject. Forget it, Gus: go out West and give us one of your wholesome Arizonas."

Tennyson's Clean-Up

I never blamed Daniel Frohman for this opinion or thought less of his general judgment. Except to one who has made a study of the subjects of telepathy or hypnotism, all that can be said about them sounds invented and unreal. That Charles Frohman accepted them I think grew out of hearing the play, and his judgment would have been the same as Daniel's if he had only read the text and not seen it partly dramatized, as every author unconsciously does dramatize his own work when reading it.

Frohman was a most delightful manager to talk terms to. His method was simply to ask, "What do you want?" In my own experience I never heard him say, "We can't give it." It was after many years that I suggested terms which included an interest in the profits, and as he conceded these he smilingly added, "I have been wondering why you didn't ask for a share a long time ago." Somebody had told him something of space rates and the money that prominent authors had got per word for their product from publishers. With his keen sense of values, he was, of course, amused by the story that at one time Tennyson had received a pound a word on his poems. This may or may not be a fact, but Frohman took it seriously.

"And what do you think," he asked, "was the first poem he wrote after he touched the five-dollar rate? Think of it, five dollars a word! Well, here it is:

"What does little birdie say,
Singing, singing all the day?
Singing, singing all the day,
What does little birdie say?"

Charley thought it was pretty shrewd of the laureate to go down the line with these little words one way; but to make a round trip, collecting five dollars every jump, was just too hilarious. This may not be an accurate quotation of the verse, but it was the C. F. version.

The Value of Frankness

My experience with Charles Frohman as an author made me believe that Mr. Lee Shubert, who perhaps had no more book knowledge of the subject or actual experience with it than C. F., might find in it a layman's equal interest. This proved to be the case. Before I read him the play I was careful to tell him its history—Mr. Palmer's uneasiness about the subject, Mr. Frohman's enthusiasm for it, and then the change of mind. To tell all about a play when one takes it to a manager is a good practice. It may be a little hard on a rejected manuscript at first, but when the manager comes to the history of any manuscript, *If* I were presuming to advise younger dramatists about the conduct of their business I think this is one of the points I would emphasize. The manager ultimately learns the history of the play. If it is a failure some other manager tells him he had read it and thought it would fail, or if it is a success the other man boasts that he might have had it. Any attempt at secrecy gains for the author only the unenviable record of disingenuousness. Mr. Shubert had the same sympathetic reception for the play that C. F. had had, and acting upon his decision immediately turned over its production to me. I don't think he heard any of it again until it was up to its dress rehearsals.

In discussing the cast, Charles Frohman and I had agreed upon John Mason as the central character for The Witching Hour, and it was not difficult to persuade Mr. Shubert to this when the play was carried to him. Mason at that time was under contract with Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, who promised to release him to us. To those who knew John Mason's work nothing need be said in description of his art. To those who knew only his reputation and have never seen him play, one may say that he was one of the best actors that America ever produced. To begin with, he was a man of great intelligence, and in the field of mathematics he had a talent that amounted to genius. I never saw any work to justify that statement, but several men have told me of his ability mentally to calculate sums and fractions and other problems in arithmetic that the ordinary man could do only laboriously with pencil.

As an actor his power lay in his great self-possession and a wonderful sense of time, which showed in his reading. He had the ability to put to a pause all the meaning that was carried in its context and somewhat more. His voice was deep and resonant, modulated and trained. He had that other great-actor quality of being able to listen on the stage and give his attention to another speaker; and in his dramatic work—I speak of that in contradistinction to his performances in opera, for which he was well known he never showed a consciousness of his audience. Add to these qualities of

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This is the "Neglected Inch" —the inch between the furniture and the floor

Which is it for you—

An inch of annoyance or convenience?

THIS "Neglected Inch" annoys you, doesn't it, when you are forced to move your easy chair by dragging it, legs and casters, broadside, across the floor?

And it's so unnecessary, for when that chair is equipped with Bassick Casters, the "Neglected Inch" becomes an inch of convenience for you, and an inch of protection to the beauty of your home.

Bassick Casters are scientifically built to move furniture, safely and quietly

They swivel and turn at the slightest pressure, relieving the strain which your furniture undergoes when the casters stick—the strain which wrenches the legs of your table, chair or bed, and makes them wabbly and rickety.

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Your dealer knows the remedy for the "Neglected Inch." See him today. He can give you the proper size and style Bassick Casters for any piece of furniture in your home.

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THE BASSICK COMPANY
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For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse, and factory

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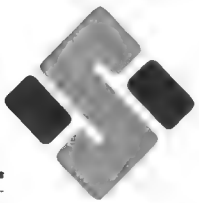
Three Seiberling Contributions to Motor-Car Economy in 1922

1st

An Improved Clincher Cord for Small Cars

The Seiberling 30 x 3½ Clincher Cord was the first thoroughly high-grade cord tire to be offered the small-car owner at a popular price—properly related to the size and price of the car. It is rapidly becoming known everywhere by its new and improved features of construction that prevent tread-separation and other weaknesses of former clincher cords. We may be unable to supply the demand for it, so it would be wise to see your Seiberling dealer at once.



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This is not only a GOOD tube but a BIG tube also. You need both to get full mileage from any tire. Ask the Seiberling dealer to explain the points of excellence in this tube (for example, ask him what we mean when we say it is made of pure gum and is a floating stock), and be sure when you buy a Seiberling Cord that it has a Seiberling Big Tube inside it as a trustworthy assurance against slow leakage and other defects common to undersized or poorly made tubes.

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Seiberling Cords are as good as the best materials and human skill can make them.

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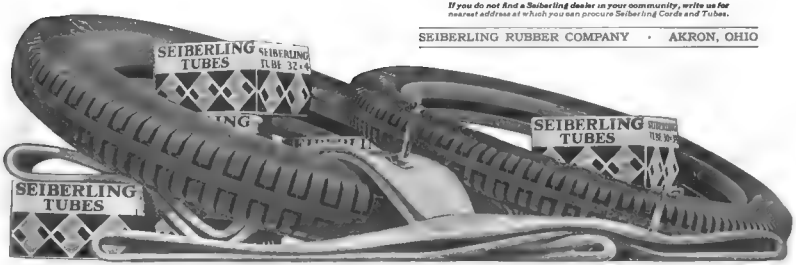

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(Continued from Page 94)

I have written fairly intimately in earlier chapters, had parts that suited them. William Sampson, referred to only a few paragraphs above, played the comedy old man with fine discretion and excellent effect; and that convincing player of American business men, Mr. John Flood, had such a rôle.

Some writer for the papers spoke of the flowerlike Chrystal Herne. I have no quarrel with that description of the lady, but what impressed me about her was a Mrs. Clayton was the impression of mental alertness, the constantly emotional and thinking personality. The play was printed as a book. When an author inscribes a book it isn't always easy to find the most proper phrase, but in the copy that was given to this actress I had no difficulty in writing, "To Chrystal Herne, who was Mrs. Clayton." If in writing the part I had a conception that differed from her performance it was not sufficiently definite to hold its place against her lifelike and convincing assumption of the rôle. In the more mature part it would be impossible to get a better actress than Amelia Gardner. So, as I have said, taking the cast altogether, it was such another organization as I had had only three or four times in some thirty years. The other name associated in my mind were the ones that played Alabama and Arizona.

The Value of Mistakes

This report carries me to March 13, 1911. I am tempted to write of subsequent events, but will wait. Early in these chapters I referred to the remarks of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table as he decided to offer the brown seed capsules, as he called them, the early simple memories from which sprouted such "flowers as his garden grew." In rather haphazard manner I have tumbled my planting and some of its resultant vegetation to the notice of patient and hopeful readers, and now as I near the end of the bearing I fancy them saying: "Well and "What of it?" The one of Wilde's plays he has a speaker respond to the cue—experience: "Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes." As I remember, it was one of the best laughs in the scene. But experience is the name we all give to our mistakes.

What, as a matter of fact, is so significant as our mistakes? Certainly our successes are not so instructive. As I quickly review my own experience, more largely mistakes than I have felt at liberty to burden others with, and attempt the difficult feat of a summary, I find myself fronting the task with attention directed in such homemade method as mere habit has formed.

What is it that a patient friend would like me to report—a friend, let us say, like the poet stranger who has read some early chapters of this stuff and is moved to write to me this month of April, 1922, from beside his kerosene lamp in the town of Lost Cabin, Wyoming? Perhaps he would ask: "What have been the most potent influences you have known? Or to what opinions and beliefs have these influences and their consequent effects led you or inclined you?" That's what I'd like to tell any man whose book I've read. Perhaps that is what we all are practically asking every book.

Among the influences important to me have been a few men, more fine reputations and still more fine books, some fine women, some music, both rather simple and both quite old-fashioned. The books, after the nursery jumble was past, were, in order of discovery, the Bible, Shakspere, some other poets already named, Washington Irving, Holmes, Hawthorne, Ingersoll, Plutarch, Emerson, Thomas Jay Hudson, William James, Thomas Jefferson, Hugo, Voltaire, Montaigne.

I think the Bible, Shakspere, Holmes and Emerson influenced my vocabulary as far as it was permeable under the callus of the railroad years.

I didn't select the reading by any superior resolve or instinct. The New Testament I learned by rote to recite in Sunday school for tickets exchangeable for prizes. I have a recollection of reciting on one Sunday one hundred and forty-four verses, beginning with "In those days came John the Baptist," and so on. This was not a religious exercise with us boys. It was a business proposition. I have since gone to the New Testament with various motives; one to study out

deduce from the speech and story the personal appearance of the Man of Nazareth when there was a project to produce a pair on play. The Old Testament I read for its entertaining stories, skipping, boyfashion, the begats.

Shakspere, in his acting plays—that is to say, those in the regular and possible repertoires I read and studied as a matter of professional preparation. My reading of Holmes was prompted by John Colby's liking for him. Plutarch was an assignment from Mr. Mansfield Reynolds. My copy in 1887 I brought in the Life of Lycurgus, revamped and adapted to the space of two columns and a half of dialogue between two boys, one of whom had read the story and was telling it to the other. This voluntary selection so pleased Frank O'Neil, the editor, that I was induced to do one or two of the Lives every week. I think there are fifty altogether. I rewrote and illustrated forty of them. Too many leave much in reading a history such as Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, but he learns it much more thoroughly when he is required to condense and rewrite it.

Emerson's essays were first called vividly to my attention by a little school journal Dudley who was in our Dickson's Sketch Club. She seemed to get a good deal of praise and attention from them. The first essays fascinated me, and my first purchase of books, when I had a house of my own, was the Concord edition of Emerson—two complete works in twelve volumes. In the year 1909 the same publishers issued a tenvolume edition of Emerson's Journals. These were edited from his entries in his private journals from the year 1820, when he was seventeen years old, until 1881, when he was in his seventy-eighth year. No writing could be more revealing than these almost daily notes and comments upon his observations and his ideas about the things he saw and the books he read. They let a reader into the very springs or fountainheads of Emerson's power, and throughout his life, and permit a study of the form and color that he gave the same ideas clothed in the dialect of his day.

Religion and Reading

For Voltaire I had the unreasoning abhorrence that is drilled into the consciousness of almost all children raised under a church influence. Much as I admired Ingersoll, his unstinted eulogy of Voltaire did not, at first, persuade me. In France I was astonished to see the lifesize seated figure of Voltaire by Houdon in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, and was again impressed by the standing statue by Caillé on the Quai Malaquais in front of the building of L'Institut de France. I began to believe there must be something admirable in the man, when at the most prominent points on both sides of the Seine I found his statue honored in the capital. Under the arcade of the Théâtre Odéon, in one of the rows of bookstalls there, I saw a large octavo edition of Voltaire, bound in leather, printed in 1829, on fine linen paper, no longer employed, so far as I know, in the manufacture of books. The edition consisted of fifty-four uniform volumes. The price was one franc each—a total of five dollars and a half—for a vast amount of money. I bought them as a possibly foolish adventure in property book backs. The dramas, beautifully printed in verse, had little interest for me; but the numerous essays and letters were the most delightful reading.

To my astonishment, I found that the religious views of these great men, from Plutarch to Voltaire, seemed to me worlds apart to have the difference a matter of discussion. They all thought alike and contradicted themselves in every sentence. Then one day I read in the latest notes of Emerson, written in his sixty-sixth year, this single, detached line: "When I find my people narrow religious I find narrow reading." My own reading is regrettably narrow, but it has been sufficient to make me wish not to impose my own religious views or shake his creed. There is enough good in any one of the creeds to help its possessor through the life I find, and permit it to guide him in his own conduct. But there is enough tyranny in any one of them to make its possessor intolerable when he attempts by force to impose his belief upon another.

In 1890 Funk and Wagnalls, encouraged by eighteen hundred gentlemen connected with the enterprise under the designation

Jeffersonian Cyclopedia. This volume, as large as a law book, contains over a thousand pages, with alphabetically arranged utterances of Mr. Jefferson, ranging from a line or two to paragraphs of half a column, and numerically listed to the number of more than two hundred and twenty-eight quotations. In an appendix to these there is a document drawn by Mr. Jefferson in the year 1786 for the Assembly of Virginia, entitled, "A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom." In the body of this bill, as I have before me, is this sentence: "Our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions any more than our opinions of physics and chemistry."

This valuable book was a gift to me. The distinguished donor was Mr. William Jennings Bryan, and I am having a little difficulty in reconciling my idea of Mr. Bryan's admiration for the book and his recent earnest endeavor—which failed only by a vote of forty-two to forty-one—to persuade the Kentucky Legislature to forbid the discussion of the theory of evolution in the public schools because it didn't square with his deductions upon geology as set forth in the Book of Genesis. One glides so easily in these days from a discussion of religious beliefs into the consideration of economics political that I am impelled to take in lazy fashion this chance for digression and move on to a statement of my political views.

The Two Theories of Government

As a page boy in Congress I was made aware of the two theories of government in America. They were advanced and advocated by Alexander Hamilton, whose genius nobody seems to dispute, and which as a matter of simple reference may be called the system, or the Hamiltonian; the other the Jefferson idea, or the system of local self-government. All through my life, between those pages' days and now, I have heard discussions of these two theories and occasionally had glimpses of the application of one or the other theory in practice. In my own mind I have finally come to something like an adjustment between them for myself, but not sure that my conclusions are right, but they have that consoling quality that sometimes comes with a decision—namely, peace. There has also been economy of time and attention through having some beliefs that were not disturbing ones. One important contribution to this state of mind was made late in the year 1891, when I found at a bookstall a small octavo volume by John Fiske entitled Civil Government in the United States. I read it carefully, and at times I still refer to it. In a bibliographical note on page 274, in a list of books valuable to the student of government, Mr. Fiske wrote the following:

"A book of rare merit, which ought to be reprinted as it is now not easy to obtain, is Toulmin Smith's Local Self-Government and Centralization, London, 1851. Its point of view is sufficiently indicated by the following admirable passage from page 125:

"'Local self-government is that system of government under which the greatest number of minds, and those knowing the least, and having the fewest opportunities of knowing it, about the special matter in hand, and having the smallest interest in the well-working, have the management of it, or control over it.'

An intercourse with a more enriched magovernment would be avoided if all legislators and all voters would engrave these wholesome definitions upon their minds.

Later in a campaign, I quoted these two maxims at a meeting at which Mr. William Jennings Bryan was and I was "also." Mr. Bryan asked where I said I had got them, and then asked to have them typewritten for him. He subsequently used them, giving proper credit in the author. He told me they were the best definitions that he had ever heard for the purpose of showing the difference in the two systems of government

Certain benevolent considerations have recently made Mr Bryan swerve a little from his complete reliance on local self-government, but I am going to hang onto my admiration for the system. I have thought there might be found a workable interplay of the two systems of government

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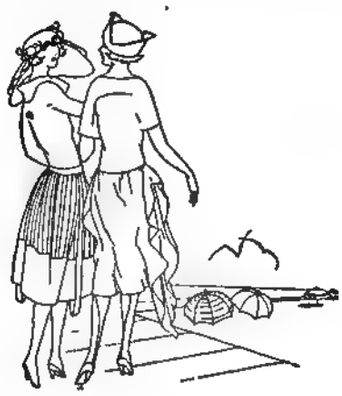
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ARE YOUR SEAMS ON STRAIGHT ?

BY Natalie Norris



THOUGH her lips be rose petals and her cheek lovely as an evening song, when Fathma goes forth to the bazaars in the land of Mohammed she must veil her beauty humbly from the passers-by. It is tough. But it is the law of the Prophet.

Here, in America, the eye is never stymied. If madame be beautiful, one may regard her radiance unrebuked. If mademoiselle be fair to see, she selects her wardrobe with great care that her beauty be enhanced, thanking Allah she doesn't live in Constantinople.

Although you might never suspect it, all this is introductory to a discussion of stockings.

She who has pride in her appearance must select even her hosiery with utmost care.

Seams she avoids, because she knows from private observation on the street that seams run woefully awry and not primly perpendicular. And she knows that crooked seams can mar the comeliness of the most graceful leg and even accentuate ankles that are not entirely one's heart's desire.

Therefore she buys BURSON stockings, which have no seams to twist and pull awry, but which are skilfully fashioned in the knitting to conform perfectly to the natural lines of the leg and ankle, setting them both off to the best possible advantage.

Seams, you know, are a relic of the old days when they were necessary to make stockings fit. BURSON stockings are knit to fit and require no seams whatever.

In addition to being much better looking, BURSON HOSE are much more comfortable to wear, due again to the absence of that seam which only annoys the foot. Important, too, is the fact that with BURSON stockings one may wear smaller shoes.

If you've never worn BURSON, try a pair soon on my recommendation. I promise you will be more than pleased with your purchase.

You can get BURSON stockings in silk, mercerized, lisle or cotton. And BURSON HEATHERS are the last word in Sport Hose.

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say, in everything that affects our own well-being as a great commonwealth, the system of local self-government adopted and adhered to; in all questions that deal with our relations as a government to the governments of other countries, the system of centralization.

Something of the kind seems to have been in the minds of the founders when they wrote in Section II, Article II, of the Constitution: "The President shall be commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States."

This seems to apprehend national emergencies and something like centralization in meeting them. Also, all of those powers granted to Congress in Section VIII, Article I, under the heads of taxes, duties, imposts, coinage of money, weights and measures, punishment of counterfeiting, piracies and felonies on the high seas, and offenses against the laws of nations are on the centralization system. In the field of local self-government seem to lie those rights listed in the first ten amendments which Mr. Jefferson advised adopting before all the states ratified the Constitution, so that there should be no doubt about what powers were surrendered by the local governments to the central one, and what powers were by the central one definitely acquired. This may be saying "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," but it has been a comforting possession. It has made me a Jeffersonian American. It has even enabled me to keep from meddling in family matters that seem to fall into similar but self-governing departments, such as those assumed by married children. And finally it has helped me to preserve a schoolboy respect for both those eminent and admirable characters, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, who were looking at the same shield from different sides.

Another department of life that I thought a good deal about has been that of labor. As a lad I was with the working people; people with callus not only on their hands but well up the forearm where a brake wheel caught it. I think every man should be capable of sustaining himself by the labor of his hands. I was quite a middle-aged person, much pampered and self-indulged, when I saw James M. Barrie's play, The Admirable Crichton, in which a submerged butler of the English social caste becomes the principally capable person and commander as soon as the family is stranded on a South Sea island. In France I saw a much finer democracy than our own, as far as I could judge without being a part of it; a finer intercourse between the different social stations; the politeness of a stone mason on the top of a bus asking a duke for a match with which to light a cigarette, and the fraternal compliance without mockery or condescension. And after a while I came to learn that that relationship had been acquired by men of those classes working in fine equality in their military training.

Labor as a Stabilizer

When the war was on and our American young men were enlisted and drafted I saw so many clerks and professional youngsters improved by the rough manual work that the Army made them do that I became an advocate of universal military training, for the sole reason that it would give the Government the power to call young men out of the mines, let us say, and send them elsewhere on other duties and to replace them by a lot of young fellows that are now selling neckties and watching stock tickers, who could be sent down into the mines as part of their training. One or two months of this transposing in their formative years, nineteen to twenty-one, would give them sympathetic understanding of the men who are performing the basic material and manual tasks. It might answer some other problems. Eight or ten years of such successive assignments would see the country equipped with a body of citizens not in those industries but yet partially educated in mining, railroading, and the like, which would be a great stabilizer.

A few lines above I said that I was with the working people. Maybe it will be well to confess that I am a little partisan a it. I know that is so because I seldom of a strike anywhere without the per unfair hope that the strikers will be cessful; this quite outside of the meri the dispute. When this partisanship pears I trace it as confirming a rememb proverb about training a child in the he should go. In a rather poverty-stri boyhood I grew committed to the sid the workers. I favor organized labor; recently in our Society of Ame Dramatists, which after all is a kin labor union itself, or at least a guild, the proposition came up to join the ican Federation of Labor I was op to it; and because of my opposition hopeful. I remember reading some that an expert hatter had said there only two professional classes whose didn't change in size between the yea adolescence and old age. These two fessions were clergymen and actors. I ing been an actor for a while, and ha felt a good deal like a clergyman in c whiles, I thought maybe I fell within t restrictions; but if despite my symp for organized labor I was opposed to into its federation the chances were t somehow had escaped the hatter's arre development.

A Believer in Unions of a So

I was aware of a new idea, althou found that it leaned upon my old pre ceptions concerning machinery. Onl feed a machine seems to me a dreary th for example, to do what I am told me certain automobile manufactories do— apparently the same nut upon appare the same bolt hour after hour and day day as the piecework on an endless passes for a moment in front of them. in its monotony must be as near he any work can be. I think all men so w ing or similarly engaged, men whose wo not measured in man power, should be only in unions but in a federation of un to prevent too much speeding up of endless belt.

But that doesn't seem to be true o us say, a bricklayer, because his wor measured by the human unit, and afte he has some self-expression. There is a of artisanship in laying his courses to plumb line and in finishing the sur seams. There is a measurable degre self-expression in bricklaying; also, in o handicrafts.

I am not persuaded that everybody gets any wage for anything should b a federation against everybody who any wage. It seems to me, in my untra approach to the question, that suc division comes pretty near to being warfare. And if this republic is what Jefferson and I hoped it would b shouldn't harbor or inspire or cultivate warfare. And whether I am right ab the bricklayers or not, I thought that dramatists and perhaps college profes and artists of all kinds, and any other who deal more or less in ideas, and are simply feeding raw material to machi and who because they deal in ideas some day be called upon to arbitrate, o least mediate, in these industrial collisi should stay outside of the federation. the long run it might be better for the eration to have them do so.

I feel that these are pretty big-les questions, and maybe far beyond my stat in life; but they are products of experie that have made me feel and perhaps m me think.

Aside from these gems on religion politics and labor, I have some impressi about art and literature, and especi about standards in each of those depa ments, which people must be anxious learn; but as they are good subjects special essays, I will reserve them.

Men and women who now begin to deserted and alone as they draw to the of these chapters should read over ag the last two pages, containing my opini and beliefs. Persons who write their ollections often forget to include the and really a principal object of life is to f nish a person with opinions and beliefs think.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last series of articles by Mr. Thomas.

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IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE nestling under a friendly elm and in the proud mansion on the avenue, the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove does three-times-a-day service in preparing meals properly and on the minute.

The New Perfection has no "off hours" —it always provides a steady heat for cooking—fast or slow. The chef in the palatial town house has no heat-control advantage over the housewife in the farm-house, if she has a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

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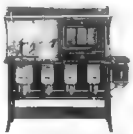

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NOT SO DUSTY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Oh!" he said. "Then I guess they is no mistake at all. You are the fighter which I bought off old Joe for a hundred thousand dollars."

I could not think of anything to say except "How?" so I said that.

"Yes," he said, "I bought you offen old Joe for a hundred thousand dollars cash and I see that I made no mistake about it and that you made no mistake about it. And I want to say it was the luckiest day of your life when you was bought up by Elray T. Robbins, the Original Boy Manager. And when I say Original Boy Manager I mean what I say and I have the documents to prove it. I have managed them all from Peter Jackson to Tommy Burns and I have made more fortunes for my fighters in the ring and out of it than all other managers put together. I want to congratulate you, Mr. Walters"—and he shook me by the hand—"on your luck in being associated with the Original Boy Manager. You do not have to do any more worrying because I will look after your matches and in about two jerks of a lamb's tail we will be at the top of the heap. Abe Willie Ritchie, Abe Attail or any of the other champions I have managed."

All this time, Mr. Burke, I was trying to tell him that my name was not Walters, but he kept shaking me by the hand and saying, "I congratulate you again, Mr. Williams," and smiling with a smile that looked like it had been chiseled in with a coal chisel.

"Well, well," he said, "I am going to make you a proposition that I have never made before to any fighter except Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and I am going to say that I am satisfied you are entirely on the square and from now on everything I have got is yours and all you have to do is to ask for it. Where do you live? We might as well go there now, because I am not like some managers that do not care how or where their fighters get along. I am not satisfied unless I can see it with my own eyes so as to make sure they are living right."

Well, Mr. Burke, I could not think of anything to say except to give the number where I was and we walked down the street Boulevard Port Royal together, he saying to me all the time, "Well, boy, it was a lucky day for you when you got a manager willing to go fifty-fifty good luck or bad." And, "Well, boy, sometime you will look back with tears of gratitude in your eyes when you think of meeting up with the Original Boy Manager. Ask Tom O'Rourke."

When we got up in my room he said, "Well, boy, you have got it pretty nice up here and if it is good enough for you it is good enough for me because that is what I say to them all. I may be a manager but I do not want to live any better than the boys I manage."

Then he sent me out to buy a bottle of wine with my own money because he had been troubled with rheumatism ever since 1898 when he went over the Chilkoot Pass with Alder Gulch, ask Rex Beach.

So I got the wine and after he had had a good long drag he said, "Yes, I am the Original Boy Manager and I will simply state that I have managed every one of them from Jake Kilrain to Jess Willard. I am the man who made Stanley Ketchel, and I discovered James J. Jeffries when he was nothing but a boilermaker's apprentice. I have managed them all and if you will pick out seven of the world's champions I will name six of them that would not be where they are today if it had not been for the Original Boy Manager ask Jack McAuliffe."

Well, he kept at me till I began naming a few such as Johnny Dundee and every time I entidelated anybody that had ever won a fight he would say, "I brought him out of Billy Gibson." Or, "I handed him on Easy Street ask Old Man Brady." Or, "I put him where he is today ask Tex Rickard."

The more the Original Boy Manager drank out of that bottle the more he had to say.

He went on as per follows: "I will tell you confidentially that I was the party responsible for developing Man-o'-War and why shouldn't I know all about [illegible] seeing that for ten years I had my own stable sub either of the Belmont boys, I Weber and Fields. Why don't you go down to the American consul and ask him who it was that give Wilson the plan for the Peace Treaty ask him ask him."

Then he drank all the rest of the bottle and tumbled over on the bed leaving me to sleep any way I could.

Now, Mr. Burke, I am asking you as gentleman to gentleman kindly be so kind and state have you or have you not sold me to this Original Boy Manager which claims he bought me for a hundred thousand dollars. And I want to say, Mr. Burke, that if you have sold me I will not stand for it and if necessary I will not fight again. And I guess they is no law passed that will compel a man to fight if he does not want to.

Yours truly,
GEORGE WILSON, S. S.

P. S. Those letters S. S. stand for Scenerino Student and I have got a certificate which came with my book to prove it.

I have almost finished one scenerino already, entitleated Only a Blonde. The hero is a boxer and by winning the fight is able to save the poor girl's home from being foreclosed by the fellow who has the mortgage and would like to marry her. It looks like I am set to clean up. When I started I did not suppose I could write scenerinos for Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Gish the same as Jones Preacher and Williams Plumber, but I find it is like rolling off a log for a man who has been in the fighting game. And I want to say that I have a certain person in mind to set in my scenerinos, and if they will not let her act in them they can whistle for them. That is positively finle.

P. S. 2. So far I have not told Miss Barret anything about my Original Boy Manager, and I do not see how I can explain it, because she has just sent me a note saying it is all fixed up so that I am matched with Chauncey Jullevile instead of B. M. and I would never have got this match without her. Tonight when she told me she had fixed up the match I was all confused and caught hold of her and kissed her. She was very sore and said, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," I retorted practically like a flash, "I was just trying to fix up a match myself." After a minute she stopped frowning and said, "Not so dusty."

P. S. 3. Before I close the present letter I will simply state that my Original Boy Manager is snoring till it sounds like a train in a railroad tunnel. I do not see how I can sleep in the same room with my Original Boy Manager snoring like that even if there was another bed and there is not. Fighters has feelings. His hair is very black except where it goes into his head and if you have sold me to him I want to state in a quietly dignerfied manner that you done wrong.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I am not going to lose my temper in this letter, Mr. Burke. I am simply going to be quietly dignerfied. But I will ask you to kindly be so kind and cut it out, because I have had about all the nonsense and jokes from you that I can stand and this is positively finle

To begin with I am asking you for the truth about my Original Boy Manager which I cannot get rid of no matter what I do. I cannot see that it is any privilege to go fifty-fifty with an Original Boy Manager who has not even an extra collar and who makes me pay for everything he eats and drinks. Every day it grows worse and I do not see how it will all end.

Each morning he shakes me by the hand and says, "Well, boy, I want to congratulate you once more. It is not everybody that will have enough to fall into the hands of the Original Boy Manager which will [illegible] with fame and fortune ask Jack Dempsey."

When he says that I am always all revolved and cannot think of anything to say.

In the middle of the first night he woke me up from on the sofa where I was trying to get [illegible] I am not a boxer. I am ready and if you [illegible] now that I

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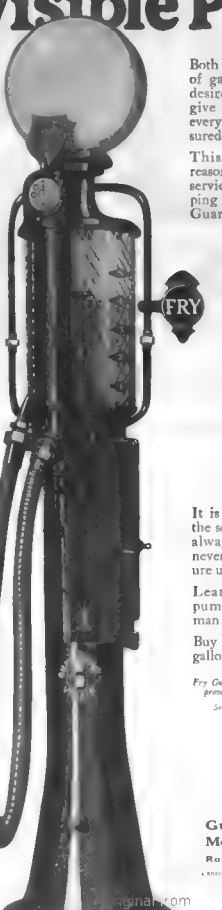
Fry Guarantee Visible Pump



Both the makers and sellers of gasoline have but one desire—that is to always give full measure so that every car owner will be assured of full mileage.

This is undoubtedly the reason why more and more service stations are equipping with the famous Fry Guarantee Visible Pump.

It is one pump that both the seller and the buyer can always depend upon. It never fails to give full measure under all circumstances.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one.

Buy from a Fry and every gallon will be a full gallon.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps adopted by Underwriters Laboratories

Some good territory open in live dealers. Write at once

Addr: Dept. S. E. P.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company

Rochester, Pennsylvania

Manufacturers Distributors V. O. Pumps & Tanks & Liquid Measures

Ward's
Orange-CRUSH
- nationally famous as a drink

-now specially made as a flavor for ice cream, ices and sherbets

FOR 7 years Ward's Orange-Crush has been the standard orange-flavored beverage in the United States and Canada, and the largest selling fruit-flavored drink in the world. It is obtainable, cool and sparkling, in bottles or at fountains—wherever soft drinks are sold.

Now this delicious flavor, and its companions, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush, can be obtained in ice cream, ices and sherbets. Dealers in each principal city and town are usually supplied by one locally licensed ice cream manufacturer.

Purity, quality and deliciousness are the simple reasons for the ever-growing acceptance of the "Crushes" both as drinks and as flavors for frozen products.

You and the children can enjoy them with full knowledge that they are genuinely good, wholesome and healthful.

Ingredients—The "Crush" flavors are delicate compounds of fruit oils and fruit juices obtained from oranges, lemons or limes, U. S. certified food color and pure cane sugar. Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Ward's
Lemon-CRUSH
Ward's
Lime-CRUSH

Prepared by Orange Crush Co. Chicago, U. S. A. and London
In Canada: Ward's Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg

fighters than dominate them with one look of my eye. I do not have to hit them on the head with bottles the same as some managers. I simply look at them steady and they see it is no use trying to pull anything crooked, because I ran rough-and-tumble the best of them and have done so more times than you have fingers and thumbs ask Tom Sharkey.

Then he went to bed and began snoring again.

It gets worse all the time. When I am in my room writing on my scenerino he comes up and sits on the table swinging one leg over the side. While he swings it he says, "Well, boy, we will show them before we get through. Hey?"

Then I have to say "Yes."

"There is no stopping us this side of Vanderbiltville. Hey?"

I have to say "Yes" again.

"I guess we are rotten, hey?"

I have to answer

"Boy, it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to you when I bought you from Silent Joe Burke for a hundred thousand dollars cold cash."

Etc. as before.

"I will put you where I have put them all from Bob Fitzsummons to Johnny Kilbane and all I ask for my trouble is ten per cent of the purse. Pretty cheap, hey?"

Etc.

"Yes, boy, as soon as I get back my hundred thousand dollars that I paid for you we are going to split every purse ninety per cent for you and ten per cent for me. Pretty soft for you, hey?"

Sometimes when he has me about worried to death answering his heys he will sit down and write out a training program that it would take me two days to follow even if I wasn't eating or sleeping. And he hands it to me and says, "Well, boy, here is a little line of exercise for tomorrow. It is what I have all my fighters do when I am getting them into condition for my fights. After I get rested up a little I am going to get out and do the roadwork along with you the same as I am in the habit of doing it with Joe Walcott, Bat Nelson, and every other boy I have managed bar none."

Then he sends me out to get another bottle and the only roadwork he has done yet is walking from one café to another.

But all this is just leading up to what happened later. It was afternoon in the gymnasium and I was boxing with Pete Dellys, who is a Belgian, and Miss Barret and her brother was standing by and giving me good advice when all of a sudden I heard an American voice say, "Well, how is the Long Hick?"

And I said, "What?" and turned around, and there were two newspaper reporter boys smoking cigarettes.

And I said, furthermore, "Kindly be so kind and call me by my right name, because I do not intend to be called out of my right name and that is positively fi—"

"Well," one of them said, "I am here for the Para edition of the Chicago Tribune and my friend here represents the New York Herald and we should come and talk to you about the scenerino that you are writing."

Then he pulled out of his pocket a American newspaper column which was entitled: "Long Hick Quits Fighting Game. Silent Joe Burke's Ag[illegible] Scrapper Tears Up Contract Bought From Regards It Dim Hopes of Douglas Fairbanks Ever Write Well underneath under Mr. Burke, as I have it in my pocketbook now, was printed that first letter I wrote you.

I [illegible] Mr. Burke, and I will [illegible] and remember that I have always treated you like a gentleman and I have never published any of your letters even if you had ever written any which I am [illegible] one now. As one gentleman to another Mr. Burke, is this square and is this fair.

We Mr. Burke, I acted quietly and [illegible] with those newspaper reporter and I told them I did not have nothing to say about scenerinos and I merely [illegible] but I had one pretty nice [illegible] and I may have said a few [illegible] the like.

And what happened [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

through with you for good and all and that is positively finle.

Well, Mr. Burke, as you used to say the day is not over till it is over and there was more coming and worse but I did not know it.

The newspaper reporter boys had hardly gone when the French girl came in and said, "Mr. Wilson, there is somebody to see you."

Then, before I had a chance to turn around, in come my Original Boy Manager I do not know yet how he got there unless he hired somebody to follow me, because he was never yet up in time to find the gymnasium by himself.

Anyway there he was. He did not spend any time getting acquainted; he just walked up to Miss Barret and said the following "Well, kid, I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them coming and going from John L. Sullivan, the noblest Roman of them all, to George Carpentier ask Jim Corbett or anybody at the Lambs Club. I have this boy here"—and he pointed at me—"under my management and I will back him against the world before any club offering a suitable purse and I will put up a side bet of twenty-five thousand dollars or any part of same that he will win before the limit. He is a hundred-thousand-dollar fighter, that being the sum I paid for him in certified checks ask the President of the First National Bank of New York."

Then he took off his hat and held it in both hands the same as One Round Brogan does when he is being introduced to challenge the winner, and he spoke as if he was in Madison Square Gardens making an announcement to twenty thousand people

He said, "I want to say that while I am always pleased to have the public interested in the boy's workouts the increase of requests for admission has compelled me to charge a nominal fee of twenty-five cents or one-quarter of a dollar for each person present at one of these training hours. The money is not retained by myself or by any of the boys giving the exhibition, but is turned over to the Home for Crippled Children—"

Then Miss Barret interrupted him, because her and her brother were the only two persons there besides me and Pete Dellys, and she said, "Who is this person who claims to be your manager? Is he your manager?"

I could not think of anything to say, and while I was not thinking my Original Boy Manager broke in and began, "Am I his manager? Why, listen here, kid ——"

She said, "I am not speaking to you; I am speaking to Mr. Wilson. Is this man managing you?"

All I could think of was to say, "Well, he says he is."

When I remarked as above she caught hold of B. M.'s arm and said, "We'll have to get out of this, B. M. I don't feel comfortable with that Boy Manager person around."

Then I said, "Miss Barret."

She said, "Please don't let me come between you and your manager. Take this and build a home for crippled children out of it." And she took out a five-centime street-car check good in Saint-Malo, France and dropped it into my Original Boy Manager's hat. Then she sailed out of the gymnasium dragging B. M after her.

I kept saying, "Wait a bit," but she did not wait

Since then I have not had the nerve to go back to their hotel, as I do not know whether my match with Charley Julleville is on or not. And I ask you again, Mr. Burke, have you sold me to this man? I will be glad to have you send back the information by cable or any other way because I have got to know in a hurry.

Yours truly,

GEORGE WILSON (Alias The Long Kick

P. S. I have practically given up my scenerino entitleted Only a Blonde until I hear from you, Mr. Burke. It is no use trying to turn out a good scenerino with an Original Boy Manager sitting on your table and making you change it so that the hero will be a lightweight instead of a light heavyweight. He says, "I will play the hero myself and save money for both of us. I know more about acting than any man in France, England or America. I made Bill Hart a movie star by means of a few secret directions and I taught Dave Warnerl all he knows ask Belasco."

I said, "Mr. Robbins, how do you expect me to ask Belasco and others too

(Continued on Page 105)

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The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

ADDING years to life and joy to the years—that is the record of Dr. Lyon's. By keeping teeth clean it has kept them sound, and sound teeth mean better health—more years and better years.

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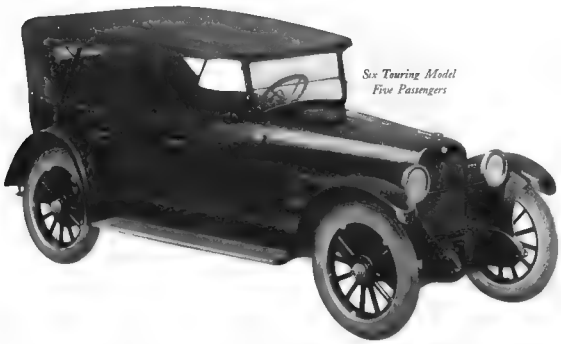

Six Touring Model
Five Passengers

Early in April the 100,000th Nash left the factory, scarcely four and a half years since the first Nash made its appearance, and that is the most rapid production ever achieved by a car of the Nash class.

During the past three months the volume of purchasers has risen so swiftly that all previous sales records for any quarter have been surpassed and immediate expansion of our manufacturing capacity made imperative.

We publish these facts with no other thought in mind than that they do prove, as nothing else could prove, that the Nash has laid firm hold upon the favor of buyers everywhere.

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NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

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(Continued from Page 102)

numerous to mention when they are not even in France?"

"Well," he said, "you big boob, why didn't you ask them before you came over here?"

P. S. 2. Just before those newspaper reporter boys came in I got off a pretty good one for Miss Barret. I caught Pete Dellys with a short right to the jaw and he went down like a barn and Miss Barret said, "Be careful! This is just a friendly bout. You are liable to give him concussion of the brain."

"Well," I retorted practically like a flash, "I guess I will never give him concussion of the brain." She saw it right off and said, "Not so dusty." Well, she is not so dusty herself, Mr. Burke. Not so dusty at all.

P. S. 3. Last night I said to my Original Boy Manager, "If you are only twenty-seven years old, the same as you say you are, you must have been managing John L. Sullivan before you were born." And he said, "I am not giving away my secrets to every Tom, Dick and Harry ask Doctor Munyon." Well, Mr. Burke, I leave it to you, what can a man do with those kind of people?

P. S. 4. Since writing the last I have received your letter and certificate as requested and I do not see why you should have put it "The Long Hick," especially when I asked you to be careful about name. But I am glad to know I am not sold to my Original Boy Manager and thank you kindly, Mr. Burke. I will send you the two dollars and forty-nine cents price of certificate as requested.

SILENT JOB BURKE,
New York City.

PARIS, FRANCE.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: Just a few lines to let you know that I have split with my Original Boy Manager for good and all and this is positively finle. As soon as I got your letter I knew the law was on my side, but I wanted to get away from him quiet, so I guess you will be interested in knowing how I managed things.

The day I received your certificate which you were kindly so kind as to send me I went right to Miss Barret and explained that the Original Boy Manager had not bought me at all. Well, it turned out that Miss Barret was not sore at me, though she had been irritated a little. She said I could get a room in the same hotel with her and P. M. said, "All right, but first I will have to escape from my Original Boy Manager."

She said, "Why don't you put him to sleep?"

"You can't put him to sleep," I retorted practically like a flash, "until you wake him up first."

After a minute or two she saw this and said, "Not so dusty."

Well, Mr. Burke, escaping from my Original Boy Manager was not so easy as it had looked at first, because after I came back from Miss Barret he seemed to feel that I was getting ready to pull something, and from that time on he would not let himself be separated from me for a minute. Sometimes I thought it would be a good deal easier to wait until he died or something like that. But I could not say this to Miss Barret, because the only time I spoke to her about it she said, "Well, I'd jolly soon show him!" Still she did not know how I felt about being rough with a manager who was the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of Indiana ask George Ade.

So I simply had to let him trail along hoping all the time that he would fall under the influence of liquor, but no, the bird was too cagey for that. He did not drink a drop more than he needed to keep the wheels running.

Well, two afternoons after I spoke to Miss Barret as above a package was sent to me that looked like a bottle. And when I unwrapped it I saw it was a bottle, and with the bottle a note from Miss Barret. She said her father had just received this from a friend in Scotland and that she was sending it to me and not to my Original Boy Manager.

But when my Original Boy Manager saw the bottle and read what was in the note he shut his right eye and wrinkled up the right corner of his mouth and began nodding his head like one of those Chinese dolls and said, "Well, everything is clear to me now, Bill. I am sore because I have been through her little game and I am going to get you out of condition so you will lose your fight with Charley Inlowski, which I am promoting, and I want to say that I have promoted or helped promote every big sporting event of the past forty years but Al Jolson or anybody in the A. A. U., and there is nothing worse than whisky for a man getting into condition. Well, I know a trick worth two of that: I will take this vile stuff and put it somewhere until I get a chance to dump same where it will not do nobody any harm."

Then he took a corkscrew out of his pocket, opened the bottle and smelt; then he leaned back his head and drank two or three swallows.

"Yes," he said, "I was right. This is whisky and it is lucky you had the Original Boy Manager with you to keep you from putting that dope in your insides. I can tell by the taste"—here he drank some more—"that it is old and mellowed, and in the case of a young man like you it might start him on the downward path. I am probably one of the few men in the world who can take a drink or leave it alone and if everybody was like me there would be no drink problem ask William Jennings Bryan. If I should give you the names of some of the big people I have saved from a drunkard's grave you would be surprised. For I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them all from George Dixon to Billy Papke, ask Illinois Thunderbolt, and if Oscar Gardner had only listened to me he would be champion lightweight of the world today but now there is nobody in America that I do not know and nobody in America that does not know me. I am the man that made Jess Willard dry and I am ready and willing to do the same thing for Europe."

And with that, Mr. Burke, he begun a lecture that ran for two hours without stopping and the longer it went on the more big people he would drag into it. He began by saying, "Ask General Pershing. Ask Sarah Bernhardt. Ask Herbert Hoover." But after the first half hour it was: "Ask George Washington. Ask old Ben Franklin. Ask George M. Cohan."

Once he put the bottle in the wardrobe, but right after that he took it out again and said, "Well, boy, you are lucky that you are not rooming with some rumhound that would drink the up like an Indian swallowing firewater and then get noisy and make trouble for everybody on the place. I am glad to say that I do not touch a drop in any form and I attribute my success in life to that fact alone ask John D. Rockefeller. Now I will take this bottle into the hall and throw it out of the window."

He went out into the hall, closing the door very careful behind him, and did not come back for about thirty seconds.

"It is all right now," he said. "I have thrown the bottle out of the window and we can talk like gentlemen without that stuff being around to hamper us ask the landlady."

At the end of two hours after he had gone out into the hall several times to see whether the bottle had really fallen out of the window when he threw it that time, he stopped in the middle of a story about how he won the Spanish-American War ask General Wood and went to sleep.

Then, not making any more noise than I could help, I packed up my stuff and paid the landlady for two weeks in advance and hopped into a taxi and went to my new room.

"Well," I retorted practically like a flash to Miss Barret when she met me, "well, my Original Boy Manager may not have the Latin Quarter, but it looks like he's going to have the long hickups."

And she smiled and said, "Not so dusty."

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON.
Challenge Champion Light Heavyweight of the World.

P S. After I moved into my new room Miss Barret said, "Have you been writing anyway?" And I replied, "I am writing some scenerinos for the movies." And she said, "I don't understand a word you say." So I showed her the scenerino entitleated Only a Blonde.

"Well," she said after she had finished reading it, "I fancy you had better let this sort of thing alone. The only kind of cinema production that should interest you is a match for the championship with cinema privileges. If anyone wants you to outline plots for the cinema you'd best let me do it for you."

"Good Night," I retorted. So I gave her my book and she set questions and my scenerino dies to numerous to mention

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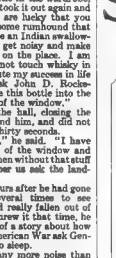

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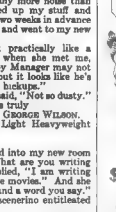

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Now picture your car on a hill—poor gas in your tank. A single spark sometimes fails to ignite *all* of the incompletely vaporized fuel—sometimes fails to ignite *any* of it. The explosion is thus weakened or "missed" entirely.

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P. S. 2. I forgot to say that last night at the Salle Wagram I K. O.ed Charley Julleville in the seventh round and got a big hand from all present including the newspaper reporter boys. B. M. was in my corner, but he did not have much to say except, "You're beating him, lad," and so forth. But Miss Barret was sitting right behind and she kept giving advice like, "He is leaving his jaw open every time he counters with his left." And "Why don't you use your right uppercut? Have you broken your arm?" And in the seventh round when I was getting ready to go into a clinch I heard Miss Barret yell, "Crumple him!"

And I done so.

After I had won the fight Miss Barret said, "Well, how would you like to have me manage you for life?"

For a minute I was all confused, but pretty soon I sort of smiled and took hold of her and retorted practically like a flash, "Yes."

And this morning we got married.

P. S. 3. But I forgot to say that that night after I had K. O.ed Charley Julleville, B. M. and Miss Barret and I were back in B. M.'s room in the hotel when all of a sudden I heard somebody coming up the stairs. It sounded as though they were trying to hold him back, but a voice which I knew who owned it before I saw the person who spoke was saying, "I have got an apartment at the Biltmore all the year round with permission from the International Secret Service Association to enter any building at any hour of the day or night ask William J. Burns or any of the Pinkertons."

And the next minute the door opened and in come my Original Boy Manager.

I stood there quietly dignerfied, not being able to think of anything to say.

"Well," he said, "here you are and I am willing to overlook it and let bygones be bygones. You have been badly fooled, but I am one of the most generous men on earth and I do not hold it against you."

Miss Barret said, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, kid," he said, "I am talking about this boy here which I paid a hundred thousand dollars cold cash for him and you are trying to steal him off me."

Miss Barret said, "I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about, but this is a private room and I advise you to get out in a hurry."

"Listen here," he said, "though I have paid a hundred thousand dollars cold cash for this boy I am always willing to be reasonable."

"When you go out," Miss Barret said, "don't bother about shutting the door behind you, because I will be glad to shut it myself."

And he said, "Yes, I will go after I have finished my business here and not a minute before."

And Miss Barret said, "But you haven't any business here, have you?"

And at that my Original Boy Manager broke out into a yell and said, "What, what, what, I guess you will soon find out, kid, whether I have any business here or not! I guess you will soon find out whether they is a law in the United States or whether they is not a law in the United States. And I will simply state that I have bought this boy and that he belongs to me and that I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them all from Paddy Ryan to Packy McFarland ask Freddy Welch or Willy Lewis or Charley White of Chicago. And when you step in here trying to steal his earnings offen this poor boy ——"

And then all of a sudden Miss Barret said to me in a low firm voice, "Crumple him."

And, Mr. Burke, I put out my right hand and it stopped on the side of the jaw of my Original Boy Manager. I did not hit him hard and I give you my word, Mr Burke, if she had not spoke so sudden it got me all confused I would not have hit him at all.

And what happened surprised me because I never hit a manager before and I always had the idea that if I was to hit a manager, especially a manager who was a rough-and-tumble champion, my fist would bounce back the same as if I had hit india rubber. So I did not know what to make of it when I saw my Original Boy Manager flat on the other side of the room with the table and two chairs piled on top of him.

I said, "Mr. Robbins," and he did not say anything.

I said again, "Mr. Robbins," and still he did not say anything.

Then Miss Barret took a drinking glass full of cold water and threw it over him.

By this time I had lifted off the table and the two chairs he had begun winking his eyes and rolling his head. Pretty soon he sat up and then he stood up, but still he did not say anything.

So I started to explain to him that I was very sorry I could not consider myself under his management any longer, and that even if I had asked Billy Gibson I realized that he was the best Original Boy Manager in the world. But Miss Barret said, "Oh, stop all that silly rot!"

Then she took Mr. Robbins' hat and slammed it down on his head so hard that it crowded his ears and then she shoved him to the door and said, "Now, grandpa, march!"

And he went out not saying anything and probaly thinking it was all a dream.

And I have not seen my Original Boy Manager since.

P. S. 4. After I got married to Miss Barret I said to her, "Fighters has feelings and now that you are going to be my manager I have got one thing to ask you and that is that I am not advertized any more as being the Long Hick."

She said, "But you are long, aren't you? And in America slang they call a farmer a hick, don't they? And it's wonderful publicity, isn't it? So altogether I think we must just carry on, mustn't we?"

And I could not think of any reply to make, so I did not make any reply.

P. S. 5. Mr. Burke, I would not feel I done right by myself if I did not relate to you the following facts:

After seeing the certificate where you say that on receipt of two dollars and forty-nine cents you were glad to state that I was free, white and twenty-one, she said to me, "How did you send that money?"

I showed her the express-office stub.

She laughed and said, "When we get to the States we will sue your friend Mr Burke for obtaining money under false pretenses. He has managed to get some amusing articles for the press out of you, perhaps we will get some quite as amusing out of him. Not so dusty. What?"

And, Mr. Burke, you will probaly think this is simply a joke, but I will tell you frankly she is one of those kind of women that you cannot do anything with, and since I am under her management I must act accordingly. She says this is the last letter I can write to you, so I guess it will have to be. Regards to One Round Brogan

Yours truly again

GEORGE WILSON (Alias the Long Hick).

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To Fair-Minded Men

—to those who give a hearing to men who try to please them

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I am asking here for a ample test of a unique shaving cream.

I spent a lifetime to qualify to make it. I consulted 1,000 men to learn just what they wanted. I made up and discarded 130 formulas before I attained this perfection.

Now I ask you to try it—free. And if you have something you are equally proud of, I'll do the same for you.

No ordinary soap

We are makers of Palmolive Soap. It is based on palm and olive oils—the premier cosmetics since the days of Cleopatra.

To millions of women it has brought new beauty—skins like velvet, soft, clear, clean.

The makers desired to combine that blend in a shaving cream for men. But they insisted that we first create the best shaving soap in existence.

What men wanted

We first learned what men wanted, by 1,000 interviews. Then, step by step, we met those wants in scientific ways. In 18 months we made and tested 130 formulas.

They wanted abundant soap. We made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

They wanted enduring lather. We made a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

They wanted quick results. Within one minute, with our soap, the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough to make a tough beard cut like wax.

They wanted the skin left soft and velvety, free from irritation. The palm and olive oils do that, as in Palmolive Soap.

We've won the men

This shaving cream has won. Its sudden success has seemed like a fable. And every user has been won from some former favorite.

Now we ask your verdict. We have done this to please men like you. In mutual fairness try it and tell us what you think.

Stop now and cut the coupon.

Just Make This Test

At Our Expense

Send the coupon for this ten-shave tube. Compare results with the best shaving soap you know.

Then decide for yourself. We will accept your choice.

Multiplies Itself In Lather 250 Times

A tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave. One tube supplies over a hundred shaves. A pea-size bit makes a lather ball as big as a potato.

Softens the Beard In One Minute

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough. The horniest beard may then be cut like wax.

Leaves the Skin Soft and Velvety

No lotion required. This blend of palm and olive oils soothes all irritation. The after effects are delightful.

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

The Palmolive Company, Dept. B-284
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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It's here at Last!
A Revolutionizing invention—the SUPERFEX Burner that cooks as fast as gas and is absolutely reliable.
The Kind of Range You've Always Wanted
What you get in this new stove—See it NOW at your dealers.
NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves & Ranges with SUPERFEX Burners

"Our advertising in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *brings an especially large number of inquiries from women readers."*

"Our Largest Sales are in the Farm-Trade Towns"

writes The Cleveland Metal Products Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

"We are making THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN our key medium in this market.

"We find our advertising in it affords a strong support for our dealers because its readers are the sort who influence the buying practices of their communities.

"Through it we rediscovered the farm possibilities of one of our lines that had been pushed hardest in cities.

"Also it has helped to lengthen the normal buying season of some of the more seasonal CMP Household Products.

"This year, with the largest list of publications and the most extensive advertising effort we have ever used, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *is the only medium in which we are carrying a full and uninterrupted monthly schedule."*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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SOCIETY SEEKS ITS OWN LEVEL

(Continued from Page 13)

the depot," and see if you can possibly get a permit to one Goldarcres for a location. Good luck, goodday, and low expenses!"

Now when a place is as well known as Palm Beach you would suppose they would have a fast train to it, and maybe they do have a fast train to it, but I personally myself have not missed it. But I personally myself had the misfortune that once you get South, which is ruled fast if it can go as quick as a mule and refer. Or maybe they want you to get a full chance to admire the scenery. Southern scenery of boxed-pine trees and cattle tanks. There must of been somebody on our train with a terrible cold, for we never missed a tank the whole way down. What with cinders and dust and corks and waits in the broiling sun and not other lack of scenery, the trip was such a one same class as the purgatory which some religious believe a person has to go through before they can get to Heaven, by which I freely admit I mean Palm Beach in this case, for it sure is heaven when you get there.

It's, I know, tolerated in every traveler that they give a description of scenery, but so dark. But scenery when described is simply pretty painful to the reader and I will consider it a dirty trick and generally skip it entirely. So I will put all descriptions in the one place and then it will be over and we can forget it.

Florida is notable before prohibition for its fecundity, and has more waterfront than any other state in the Union. Its very popular as a starting point for Rum, Rums and Delirium Tremens. In fact Florida is a odd country. You can tell that as a glance by the beards that grow on everything under the name of Florida grass. Whiskers does not confine themselves to old men and loken down men, but anything may grow them from a sea cow to a telephone wire, and it's the honest truth that the Florida telephone linemen is all equipped with soap and safety razors. Alligator pocketbooks is also found in their native state and there are more poisons outside the zoos than in any Postal Brick trade in twenty nines to one in the middle and nine feet deep Florida state, and there is no grades on them any richer than nine-half of one per cent. Many the inhabitants of Florida are tourists, real-estate agents and mosquitos, but these can be avoided with care. Beans is also unpopularly supposed grow in Florida and in quantities, but they are now so blasé as a result of all the free advertising they have had, that it would take a regular Salome to excite a bean into one of them strong enough to protect a prescription.

Then to the other hand Florida has got climate that is 99⅓ per cent perfect, only a fraction of a fraction of it ain't 100 per cent, and these same boobs would brag if they was three good days a week when they was not too squawk if they don't get perfection nor their vacation money.

The sky is nearly always blue, and the water of which there is a lot, don't pay any attention to it, but is green and blue and purple and yellow.

There is hundreds of miles of wonderful beaches so much sand, orange blossoms enough to marry off a army, and coconut trees and fish of all kinds, creeds and colors. And you don't have to be rich to come and enjoy it. In fact you seldom run rich when you come away. And that is about all the principal facts about Florida.

Palm Beach, itself, is a island completely surrounded by millionaires, and the water on the inside of the island is appropriately named Lake Worth, and nobody really knows what is worth, but probably in the neighborhood of three hundred dollars per foot. They put Palm Beach on the island instead of on shore, so's to be able to get a full frontage to help run up expenses. The train slides in over this same island and picks between the leading club and the hotel long enough for the head porter to get yours and his and so forth. The train itself is a fine example of late Contractor, and it is several miles long when it's through built, or some such figure. I suppose they built it that big for the first place so's to be able to accommodate the entire Four Hundred at one time if necessary, and the Upper Ten, as they call them. The Breakers, which is a hotel, was, I guess, added to take care of the ones which broke in later.

But to behold the hotel we stopped at in full action for the first time of a late afternoon is some sight, and it runs as true to the advertisements as does the Grand Cañon, and these two is the only freaks of nature which I have not been disappointed in when at last I have seen them, on account they are even more so than expected.

When we arrived the enormous porches was jammed with millionaires, as far as the eye could see, while under the porches a flock of adult baby carriages was darting in and out. These roller chairs was made, I guess, by crossing a bassinet with a blooded, racing bicycle, although where they found the bassinet or anything else belonging to a baby, down there, is more than I can imagine. As for the bicycle, that was easy, for many are around and everybody rides one that has the use of their legs.

Well anyways, I and Jim give a reluctant farewell glance at our bags which we had a feeling was kidnaped for good and all unless we ransomed them for more than the original cost, and walked the fiery way of about 1½ m. of scathing glances up to the desk in the main lobby.

"Well!" says Jim when the boy had left us in privacy and Jim's bedroom. "Can you beat this?"

"None we is a tank town," I says, looking around at the old-fashioned bed, one little bureau, Nottingham lace curtains, and the whole shebang.

"But this is probably a sample of the simple unpretentiousness of the truly rich and fashionable that we have heard about, hon. You know, Estelle is supposed to be in position where they can afford to be shabby and not mind."

"Afford my eye!" says Jim with a snort. "This room is affording us thirty iron men a day, American plan."

"Then they are certainly getting our money's worth," I says.

"Well, as long as it is costing Al such a lot," says Jim, "we better use it thoroughly. Hop in the tub and wash the soap and towels and leave us go down and waste every course in the choice-of!"

"All right," I says, "but leave me tell you one thing, James Smith. I come down here to observe, and I already have observed one thing, and it is that a dash of simplicity is the right dope. What I mean is—bicycles—this furniture—this building—get me? Conservative! I'm not going to wear any new-up tonight; very few diamonds—a stunning but simple dress. Get the line?"

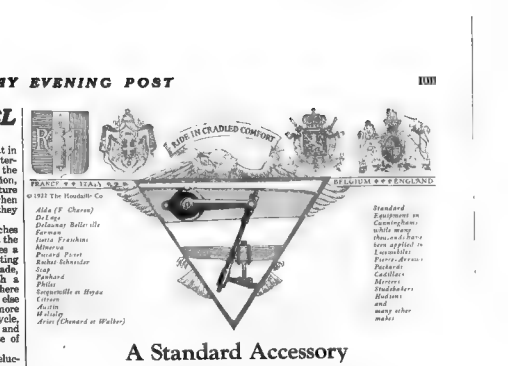
"All right," says Jim. "But snap into it, now. I'm hungry."

Ain't that a husband for you? No understanding of my spiritual interests or intellectual needs, but all he had on his mind was soup! So I dashed through the bathroom to my own room which was just like his. And in it I dressed like I had said I would, much to the disgust of Estelle, and when I joined up to Jim, I must say we was as shot with class as anybody could desire.

Well anyways, we walked down three or four miles of corridor, and by the time we reached the elevator I began to understand why the roller chairs and bicycles they have them on account the guests get all the exercise they need walking to and from their rooms. We caught the elevator on its downward flight, several ladies reluctantly drew in their lorgnettes sufficient to make room for us, and in another minute we was shot out into the brightest, most dazzling scene I ever saw off of a big set, and which looked far more like a conventional million-dollar society-set than any society-set I ever saw on any lot where I have worked as yet, including the make-up on the women. The jewels, clothes and paint on them females set Hollywood in the shade like a bunch of modest violets. With our eyes bugging out we made for the eats which was served in a room about the size of the Goldringer lot, and stood hesitating in the doorway while the Astors, Vanderbilts, and so forth, got attended to first.

"Say, listen, kid!" says Jim. "Did you ever see such an army of king-pins? How will we ever get acquainted with their attitudes?"

"I don't know, Gorgeous!" I whispered back. "But I got a hunch that most of this bunch is merely gold-plated. I suspect they ain't the real thing any more than we are. See that refined but snappy couple



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The Hoo-Dye eliminates this motor fatigue and permits you to ride in nerveless, restful comfort no matter how long the trip.

The Hoo-Dye is a liquid cushion which exercises a positive control over the movements of the body of a motor car, compelling it to ride with velvet ease and smoothness over any kind of a road at any speed.

The Hoo-Dye Hydraulic method of shock control, because it has become the accepted device for ease and comfort in riding, is stock equipment on the majority of the finest cars made in Europe.

If motoring wearies you or makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for our book "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by E. Kendrick Smith, M.D., D.O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths. For your own health's sake you should have a copy—send for it today and learn the health way of motoring. Ride easy with Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY, 1416 West Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
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HOO-DYE SHOCK ABSORBERS

(HOUDAILLE) HYDRAULIC

3 ¼-oz. Jar
½-lb. tin

Natural Sweetness and Flavor Guaranteed

Hot weather does not affect Funsten's Pecans. Their freshness is absolutely insured by the new Funsten process of packing under a vacuum. The delicate flavor is preserved indefinitely.

The Pecans are sealed in our packages immediately after they are shelled. Only select halves are used. Delicious in salads, sandwiches and ice cream. Ask your grocer for Funsten's Pecans.

R. E. FUNSTEN COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Established 1890

Funsten's PECANS

If your grocer hasn't Funsten's Pecans, use the coupon.

R. E. Funsten Company, 1503 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo.
I enclose { 35c for glass jar / or 65c for tin } Funsten's Pecans. (5c extra west of the Rockies.)
My name _____
Address _____
Grocer _____ Address _____

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MACGREGOR

STEEL SHAFTED CLUBS

From all parts of the country come almost daily words of praise for our line of Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs in both Wood and Irons.

They are durable, uniform in balance, impervious to all climatic changes, always the same.

By all means try one of these Steel Shafted MACGREGORS. We offer them in a wide range of models, as shown in the illustration. Many persons who have tried one club have soon bought more—and that may be the way you'll feel. So give that Steel Shaft a trial anyway. The price is $5 each with wood heads in all standard models, and $7 for irons. Ask your Pro or Dealer.

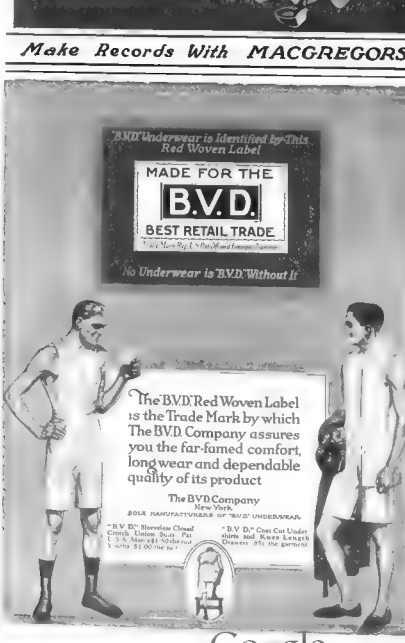
Any one or all of the following booklets will be gladly sent upon request:

1. "Golf, the Game of Games" (an introduction to golf).
2. "Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course).
3. Complete General Catalog.

The Crawford, MacGregor & Canby Co.
DAYTON, OHIO
Established 1829

If you miss a putt don't blame yourself. It is often the ball. Master Balanced Balls must putt true. Try one. $1 each.
MACGREGOR CANBY

Make Records With MACGREGORS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over to that big table? Now they are my idea of class! They look like they are Mr. and Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer, at least."

"Uh-huh!" says Jim. "Fat chance we have of meeting the Vandeveers or any of that bunch!"

Now this couple which I had pointed out with the end of my fan was certainly a lot above the common though expensive herd. The girl had a familiar look to me, as if I had seen her some place before, I couldn't be sure where, but it was probably in the society pictures. She was a sweet brunette with very simple hair, well but plainly done, a severely plain dress which anybody could plainly see at a glance was more a gown than a mere dress—a marvelous rope of pearls, and a extremely quiet manner, while the man, a handsome, slim one, was to match. They had class, yet in a low key, and I picked on them right away for the goods.

"See the difference between them and that painted old jazz-bell in the green satin and diamonds, Jim," I says. "There is as much difference between them and her, as there is between them and that little woman standing over there in the corridor staring at me, and I am afraid, recognizing me—the one looks like she is somebody's governess or private secretary—see?"

"Uh-huh!" says Jim. "When do we eat, I wonder?"

Well, just then the colored captain grew a heart, and come over and says two? And we admitted it, and he give the room a hopeless look, and then commenced to lead us straight for the table with my 1st choice couple at it, where there was a coupla vacant seats!

"Cut the rough language and talk refined, Gorgeous!" I says to Jim in a fierce whisper. "We are shot with luck!"

Well, we took our seats at this table in spite of the lady arching her eyebrows at her husband ever so slightly, and even made so bold as to order our meal, which Jim did out loud, not even decently ashamed of his appetite until I stepped on it by way of his foot. The lady was toying with a toy portion of fish, and I suppose the fish put her in mind of something, because she turned to her husband and made a remark.

"Have you any news about the yacht, as yet, deah?" she says.

He must of been thinking on some other subject at the time, because he looked surprised and says "Eh?"

"Our yacht," says she. "Have you any ideah when it will arrive?"

"Oh, the yacht!" says he, indifferent, as though a mere yacht was too small a thing to stick in his mind. "I'm afraid she won't be in for a day or two. The captain wired me this morning. Can you get along without it for a day or so? You can go out with the Reggies, you know!"

"Yes, I suppose so!" says she, turning her attention to a small bunch of salad and keeping it there for a while.

Then it appeared to remind her of something and she spoke again, and you would not of thought from her manner that anyone only her husband was in the same room, much less at the same table, with the two of them.

"By the way," she says, "that new maid of mine is fearfully green. She doesn't even know how to wash my diamonds. I gave her all four necklaces today, and they didn't look prophably at all."

"What a pity!" says he. "Let her go, my deah!"

"I shall indeed," says the lady and commenced eating a piece of Limburger that the waiter brought. I thought it would hold her for a while, but apparently everything that woman ate put her in mind of something.

"Did you see those dreadful, vulgar people attempting to make my acquaintance again this afternoon, deah?" says she.

"That's what comes of stopping in a hotel."

"Quite so!" says he.

Well, it was plain to be seen that anyone who was so high up that they looked down on staying in this hotel must be the real genuine article, not to mention the yacht, four diamond necklaces, and ect. These was the sort of people I wanted to know, and I had to get in some quick action because at the hotel rate we was going, why Al would not stand for more than a few days of it. I knew that bird!

So for a starter, I turned to Jim in a quiet voice, first giving warning with my elbow, however, and I says, "Jim, don't you think half a million dollars ra excessive to pay for a simple little twe four-room cottage? I rully think we best look farther before deciding on it.

"Yeh," says Jim. Well, that wa what I wanted at all, so I hastened on

"Besides," I drawled, "so many pe one doesn't know are crowding in, I'm suah I want to buy here after all!"

"There is something in that!" says thoughtfully.

The lady opposite seemed to think was something in it, too, for she actu looked directly at me and smiled.

"Pardon me," says she, "but how that is! We have a cottage here, but being redecorated just now, which is we are stopping at the hotel. But I don't know that we shall come ano season."

"Surely!" says I. "One never can whom one will meet when one comes, one?"

She seemed to think that was a mout too. Apparently I had made a hit. I hadn't played in "The Private Secre for nothing, although that one stuff sh sounded more to me like a line out arithmetic than a classic drama.

"It is odd that I haven't met you before," says she. "Your face is vag familiar."

"Yes, it is odd," says I, "but then y one meets so many one can't remembe can one?"

"Quite so!" says her husband. Ha a gift for making this line sound lil vocabulary.

They both got up then, I mean arose, and bowed restrainedly.

"Perhaps we shall see you at Hadle said the lady. And we says yes, and husband says quite so. And then went away.

"Jim!" I says the minute they was of earshot. "Ain't that luck? They the goods, all right. Maybe when yacht gets here they will take us out o Or maybe they will take us out on gie's. Reggie Vanderbilt, I'll bet a do See, I told you I could pick 'em!"

"Yeh!" says Jim. "They are all only they are a coupla nuts. And tal this tongue-tied English gets my g If I got to climb socially on this w your-stepladder for very long I am g cuckoo!"

"Remember it is for the sake of art!" I says earnestly.

"Yeh!" says Jim, snorting. "Bu guess they will have to build the set w they come to shoot the picture. I talking to the feller runs the garage an says this Goldacres house belongs to biggest snobs in town. And the feller the garage, he says every picture con in the country has tried to get permis to use it, but nothing doing!"

"James Smith," I says disgustedly, "I am trying my best to make the so crowd, and right off the reel you go pick up with the garageman! It ain't and I wish you would lay off before queer me. What is this Hadley's, t people was talking about, do you pose?"

"It's a exclusive club where they roulette wheels," says Jim.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "Then I sup we got to have somebody give us a car get in!"

"I got one already," says Jim.

"You darling!" I cried. "Where did get it?"

"From the feller runs the garage!" Jim.

"Then the place can't be any go I says, "and I won't go."

"Your new friends are going," Jim poli out.

"That's so," says I. "Then it mus all right. I'll take a chance. But I think you ought to corroborate with a little. You never do. If I'd have mar Lem Hornby I'd have had no tro getting in with Palm Beach Society. used to come here every winter, he me."

"That so?" says Jim coolly. "Well, go bring your wraps and leave your mes and let's give this club the double O."

"All right, Gorgeous!" I says. may as well see it all and have the De L crowd locked before they land here!"

Well, I went and got me a simple li jade and silver evening wrap, and hur back, and as I was crossing the lot which, believe me, crossing it at that h is much in the same class as Washing

(Continued on Page 113)

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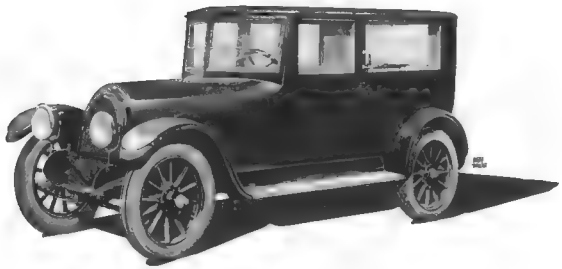
FRANKLIN SEDAN



The Finest Sedan We Ever Built
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AND motorists are buying it to-day in greater numbers than ever before in its history.

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Sleep later!
Get home
earlier!

NERACAR

"MOTORING ON TWO WHEELS"

HALF your time is spent at work and in going to and from it. One third is spent in sleep. This leaves very little time to spend with your family.

Leave your home later and get home earlier! The NERACAR will help you do this.

Keep out of doors—Get to your work feeling fresh. Return home without a grouch by avoiding dirty, germ-laden street cars. Come and go when you please and where you please with NERACAR. Enjoy good health.

The first two-wheeler planned for women as well as men—mounted from side—no bar to straddle. Rider's feet rest on ground at start or stop. Drives like an automobile. Five speeds operated by a shift lever—no gears. Climbs any hill. Clutch controlled by slight turn of the left grip. Stops with a positive acting foot brake.

For all members of the family—both sexes—young and old.

Write for full information and name of nearest dealer.

$225 FULLY EQUIPPED NO EXTRAS!

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Including Two Electric Head Lights, Tail Light, Luggage Rack and Tools

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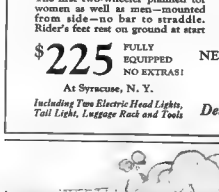
Dealers! Write for our Plan



No Other
Blend of Chocolate
So Satisfies Your Taste

The deliciousness of Zay-Tek Eatmors can't be copied. No other chocolate gives you the same smooth creaminess and wonderful flavor. Because no other chocolate has the Zay-Tek blend, perfected to suit the American taste.

Now that the hot months are coming you will find Zay-Tek Eatmors especially welcome. The big red air-tight tubes keep these delicious pieces of chocolate fresh and firm. You won't be bothered with sticky fingers with Zay-Tek Eatmors. And the tubes are handy to carry in bag, pocket or purse.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Penna., U. S. A.

ZAY-TEK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EATMORS

(Continued from Page 110)

crossing the Delaware, for notwithstanding it's a hot climate there is plenty of ice and crossing is difficult on account of the jam.

Well, anyways, I was crossing it when who would I see but that plain little woman, the same which I had noticed standing near the dining room. She saw me, too, and, just as I had been afraid, she made a dive in my direction.

Now I am grateful to all fans for their kindness to me, and appreciate their good taste and am aware that they are my living, and so forth, but this was one time when I was too busy to bother with some little governess running up and queering me in the middle of that lobby with everybody looking on, and ect. And so I put up my head higher and dashed by like I didn't see her. I missed her by about two feet, and giving a sigh of relief, I met up with Jim about two miles down the porch, and we hopped into one of the mammoth baby carriages and was peddled away through the shade of the sheltering palms to the doorway of this club, and the boy only charged two dollars for the trip, I suppose because it was such a short trip he hadn't any time on it to think of a higher figure.

Well, this club was sure the real goods. On the outside the building was old-fashioned, being trimmed with a wooden imitation of the kind of edging ma crochets for her underwear. But inside Oh boy! It was some other story. Exclusive, swell, snappy, I'll say it was all of that, in appearance at least. It had one of these thoroughly up-to-date dining rooms with so few tables in it that of course folks will just naturally pay any price to get into it. And as we passed this little dining room I once observed that we had ate too early to be swell, because these inside people was just sitting down at 9:30 and I decided we would eat at ten to-morrow night if I had to buy some dog biscuit to keep Jim quiet in our room until then, and that we would eat in this place when we finally did. For I also perceived that one sign of being familiar with and equal to Palm Beach, was to be able to pay thirty dollars a day at a American-plan hotel and then eat all your meals outside.

Well, at the end of a corridor in this club was a big round room and in it was roulette wheels, five of them, going full tilt and other games of chance, while around them crowded the frenzied faces of the idle rich, all tense and excited as they lapped up a little of the vice which grips with a iron hand. And I'll tell the world I never seen a gambling sequence in any picture that looked any more like the real thing than this scene did. The types was all there—the made-up women, the jewels, the eager faces. Believe me, any director would of been glad to shoot that set, it was so completely like what his normal idea of the scene would be. And as any average picture fan will know what it looked like I need not describe it any more. We run into the refined couple from our dinner table and they bowed most graciously but we didn't get to talk to them any.

Neither did we gamble, because I and Jim can both think of a lot of other uses for our money such as starving China and so forth, and we was not sure if Al Goldringer would consider a flyer part of the expense account, especially if we was to lose. So we merely hung around and watched for a hour or two, and one interesting thing we seen was the female fan which had tried to flag me in the lobby, and with her was a man and the two of them was playing roulette for small stakes and winning steady.

Well, the woman, now that I got a good look at her, was sort of sweet looking, with no make-up on, and not in evening decolete but a brown linen dress suitable to a station in life, sports shoes and no hat, while the man with her had a soft-boiled shirt on him and a sloppy-looking blue suit with no snap to it, and I thought, well I hope your boss don't catch you here, either of you. They didn't seem to know anybody in the room, and I felt kind of anxious about them playing, too, until I see they stopped and cashed in when they was three hundred dollars ahead. She didn't get to spot me, I took care of that, but I happened to be near when he got their coats, and I noticed the man got change for a half, and tipped the hat boy only a thin dime, as they went out ahead of us, and I says to Jim, well, they are pretty careful birds and I'll bet they are in the habit of making quite a comic supplement to their salaries that way, and Jim says yeh.

The next morning I woke up early and looked out the window at a piece right of heaven for beauty, with all tropical f age and blue sky and green water w white yachts on it as thick as ducks in S tember, and with the weather warm sweet, and so I felt even more uncel t the night before. I and Musette had a h time deciding what would be the ri thing for morning wear in these parts, finally decided on a rough silk mat sports hat to match and no jewels exce few rings and no one barpin. And Jim po a Palm Beach suit to wear on Palm Be which believe me that use of it was far f his mind when he had it made to wear picture the summer before. But ain't strange, because here he was actually w ing it in its native element? And then went down to breakfast and the hands strangers had already beaten us to it.

Well naturally the first thing I done s saying good morning was look at clothes, and she had on white chiffon t head to foot, including a sort of harem of it, and several yards of pearls; one of prettiest costumes I ever seen, but n like an afternoon tea than a beach pa And next I noticed pretty near all women had these elaborate costumes veils which, though their knees might st it was plain necks was considered ine est, and I felt like I had come down a half dressed.

"Good morning," says the lady. " you going to bathe this morning?"

Well, at first I was going to tell her I already did, but realized in time remant the beach.

"I'm merely going to look on," sa "We are thinking of buying a little p here, and want to drive about a bit."

"Oh!" says she with a quick glanc her husband. "Then this is your visit?"

"Yas," says I languidly. "We h been going to California."

"Oh!" says she again. "Then perh you will let us show you around in our after the beach trip? I see that are the sort of people we rully need he the old traditions are to be maintained

Well, that hit me just about right, admit, for she had plainly taken us for swells even if we didn't have P.B. at fingers' ends, and so we accepted their i tation to join them after the beach t and we exchanged names, I and Jim gi ours as Smith, which is of course our vate one, and these people was na Lewellyn, and then they left the locke I turned to Jim in triumph.

"There!" I says. "Pretty poor, I d think!"

"I do think," says Jim. "Believe r would croak if I had to keep this frou very long."

Well naturally that made me sore, later, when we had made two simple l purchases, a veil to cover my nakedne eighteen dollars for a two-dollar one, Jim had innocently walked into the fir shop and put a white carnation in his conhole, and they nicked him four bits, we was hardly on speaking terms, in wi typically married condition we started the beach along with the rest of the crc which it is a fact at this place everyb does the same thing at the same time li flock of sheep, and you would think it government orders or something, the they live up to the schedule.

Well, if any director on Goldringer's was to make a society sequence like bathing sequence I personally my own seen that morning over to the Casino, Al would be sitting on his salary of wanting to know what and the devil thought he was making, a scene from Follies or a Arabian Knight's dream? Believe no manikin show in the world could compete with the frail clothes jewels I see between 10:30 and two o'clock on that beach. At first glanc looked like the women had been up all ni and was still in full evening dress. Bu second sight, why of course I realized t this was merely the national morning t tume of the Four Hundred, and that I distinctly underdressed. In fact I pretty nearly as out of it as that s governess person whom I see her again y the same man as last night and a few and some others, sitting a little apart fi the jam, in bathing suits, and she saw too, and headed towards me, but I mana to lose her in the crowd.

Well, a little later, when the bunch ha to thin out, we run into the Lewellyns, we certainly was proud to do it in pub

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for of all the swells we had seen they were the swellest.

"Shawn't we take a bit of a spin in the motah?" says she. "We can show them about, cawn't we, my deah?"

"Quite so!" says he. And then they herded us over to a perfectly grand automobile, and she says, up along the ocean drive to the chauffeur, and we all got in and went, while she apologized about their only decent car was out of commission and they had to get along with this awful old thing, and how they was expecting their yacht and so forth. And meanwhile we was speeding along the most beautiful ocean drive I ever see, past glorious houses set in grounds like landscapes and she would point out where the Vanderbilts and so forth lived, first asking did we know them, and would we like to stop, and when we says no, she would say well I believe dear Reggie, or dear Vincent, or so forth as the case might be, has gone North, hasn't he deah? And deah would say quite so. And she would say too bad, I would love to introduce you to them.

All the way on this drive I kept my eye peeled for Goldacres, the home which Goldringer wanted so bad for a location, but it was a long time before we come to it, and just as I had give up hope, a pink palace come in sight with also a pink stucco fence around it, and I decided every other home we had seen outclassed a mile. This was Goldacres.

I knew it at once, even before I noticed the little plate to that effect on the enormous gate. And it was then Mrs. Lewellyn pulled a boner.

"This is our little cottage," says she as we dashed by. "So awfully sorry we can't ask you in, but the place is simply ripped to pieces inside; full of beastly painters and what not."

"Quite so!" says desh.

Well, for a minute I couldn't speak. Was ever a female so shot with luck as I was? Here I had gone and got chummy with the owners of the very place Al was hankering to borrow, and that would make our society picture a knockout. Naturally my first impulse was to ask for the loan of it then and there. But on second thought I realized I had better wait, on account she looks me for an idle rich, and I had better give her time to learn to like me for myself before I told her who I was and what I wanted. I felt you had to play these highlifes right if you wanted something out of them and they are easy birds to scare. And so I says nothing and also punched Jim's arm so he would say nothing either, and he didn't, only ouch, but I was able to pass that off. And my virtue was rewarded because right next minute Mrs. Lewellyn dated us up.

"Won't you and your husband have tea with us in the Coconut Grove this afternoon?" she says. "At about five? It is quite amusing, rully, although if circumstances allowed we would of course prefer to have you at the house."

"Why thanks, yes," I says. And so it was a date, and we went back to the hotel and then ate out, to show we could afford to, and then decided well this would be a good time to look up a little cottage for ma and Junior to occupy during the weeks I and Jim would be fighting to see who would occupy the spot directly in the camera. So we got a car and a real-estate agent and a good look, but that was about all.

Because in Florida around Palm Beach a cheap cottage is anything over ten thousand, not for the house and lot, but merely for the loan of it for three months. So the realator says why don't we buy, he is interested in a high-class subdivision that he would like to interest us in, and we says no thanks we are not interested, so he says just run out there it will not cost you anything to look at it, but it cost us a pain on account it was one of them subnormal subdivisions. It was called Hope Springs and "Hope springs eternal in the human heart," I guess, for nobody had built out there as yet.

After we had persuaded the agent back to the hotel I got all dogged up in blue chiffon and sapphires for our date with the Lewellyns, and then I complained about my sables which I didn't have, because they would of gone so good with this costume.

"I am a regular dumb-bell, the way I a low you to talk me out of things my bet- [illegible]

"Say!" says Jim, suddenly looking away from my mirror which he was as usual hogging it to pat his tie in front of when he had a bureau of his own and me waiting to tease my lid to the proper angle. "Say," says he, "you better lay off Lem Hornby. He's down here."

"What?" I says. "He is? Who told you that?"

"The feller runs the garage," says Jim. "Come down or we will be late, and the Lew Whatchecallums will get sore and not loan us their place."

Well naturally I was crazy to know more about Lem, what with not having seen or heard him in so many years. But I was also thinking of business before pleasure, and always do, which is one reason for my colossal success. So I bustled along downstairs, as we had by then just about time to make the grand, and while I of course kept firing questions at him as we went, not a word more about Lem could I get out of Jim.

At the desk Jim stopped for mail, and there was just one for me—addressed to Miss Marie La Tour but in the right box, although I was supposed to be incog. Wondering what fan had spotted me, and kind of annoyed with them for doing so, I come pretty near not opening it, and then I seen it was a hand-delivered note, and I decided I had better read what was in it, and did, and then I got some shock. For it was a card—the visiting card of Mrs. Livingston Vandeveer, and she had written a note on it.

"Dear Miss La Tour," says the note, "I recognized you yesterday, and have been trying to connect with you ever since. We are, unfortunately, leaving tomorrow, and I shall be so disappointed if I don't meet you, for I am an enthusiastic admirer of yours. Won't you and your husband have tea at the house with me this afternoon at about five? I will run over and get you."

Can you beat it! The very A-1 grade swell of all the swells, not alone calling on me of her own free will but slipping me an invite to enter their sacred portals at which the vulgar herd clamored to gain!

"Say, Gorgeous!" I says to Jim breathlessly. "Lamp this, will you?"

"Whew!" says he when he has read it. "Some bon chance, eh? Too bad we have that date with the Lewellyns, ain't it!"

Well, that removed some of the joy of living, but only for a moment.

"Why, they are probably friends of hers," I says, and when she and me get together we will very likely all go out to her place. Anyway, let's leave word where we are, and see how can we work things so's not to miss a trick either way."

"Well, you made a fine mess of it!" says Jim. "You was altogether too cordial to the Lewellyns."

"Huh! Neither were you!" says I indignantly. "Besides, remember their place—Goldacres!"

Well, that shut him up, and we went along to keep our date and there they was, waiting just outside the grove, as usual the very most elegant-looking couple in all the crowd, with the lovely Coconut Grove behind them, which is some back-drop, being an eyeful at that hour of a perfect late afternoon, with the tables set under the tall coconut trees and the red lights strung from one to another overhead, but with the coconuts removed for safety sake, and a orchestra and a raised dancing platform in the center, and all the handsome vivid clothes on the somewhat, as a rule, less handsome people.

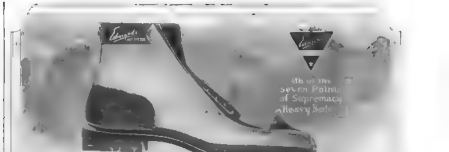
Well, Mrs. Lewellyn greeted me with a smile, and I greeted her with the card in my hand and a look of explanation on my lip. Just as I was about to speak, who would come dashing towards me through the mob but that governess woman I had been dodging so hard, but this time there was no escape.

She had met nailed and by the hand before I knew what was up, and a good thing I happened to be leaning against the table when she spoke, because otherwise I might of fell over.

"Miss La Tour!" she says. "Did you get my note? I am Mrs. Vandeveer. So glad to catch you, my dear!"

"Mrs. Vandeveer?" I gasped. "Why, yes I got it, your note I mean, and I am awful pleased to meet you."

"Marie La Tour!" says Mrs. Lewellyn in a real funny voice. "Are you Marie [illegible] She was in for it



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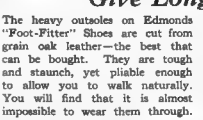

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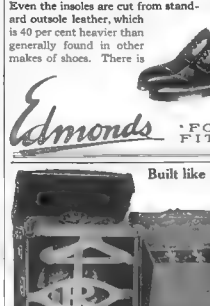

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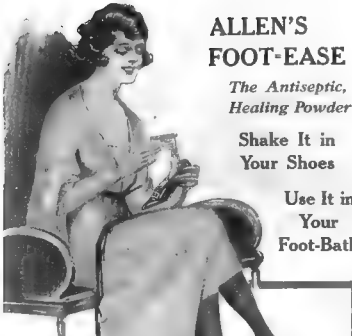

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plainly for me, even if she was also plainer than expected in other ways, as well.

"That is my professional name," I admitted, keeping my head pretty good under the circumstances, and at once introducing her. "Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer meet Mrs. Lewellyn," I says. "Mrs. Vandeveer—you must known the Lewellyns; they have a cottage here."

"So?" says she, acknowledging the introduction. "I don't happen to have had the pleasure. Can you and your husband run out to the house for tea, Miss La Tour? I am so anxious to have you. I do love your work, and I go to see every picture you are in!"

"Well," I says, "that's mighty sweet of you, and we would love to, only Mr. and Mrs. Lewellyn here asked us first."

"Won't you and Mr. Lewellyn come along then?" says Mrs. Vandeveer, turning to the lady like an eager little kid. "And let it be my party! Our boat came in last night, and my husband is dragging me off to Long Key in the morning for some fishing. This is my only chance at Miss La Tour, and we can't talk in this awful mob!"

"Why we would be enchanted to, deah Mrs. Vandeveer," says Mrs. Lewellyn, and Mr. says quite so, and in a minute more we was all in Mrs. Vandeveer's car, an old 1917 Colby-Droit, and driving out along the ocean, the same route we had taken that morning, and our hostess was asking me a thousand questions about the pictures and how it felt to be in them and about Junior, when she heard I had one, and all as sweet and eager and natural as any schoolgirl, and nothing upstage about her in the least, but a perfect lady every inch, and what is further, a awful good scout.

Well, the Lewellyns just sat there and even Jim was in the alac-ran class, and we went bounding along past mansion after mansion until I wondered when we was going to get to the Vandeveer home, when at last Goldacres, the location of my heart, come into view, and I was just about to pass some remark about this is the Lewellyns' little place, when it was wiped from my mind by the Vandeveer car turning in at the gate and driving right up to the palatial portals, and stopping there, and Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer hopped out.

"Here we are!" says she. "Come in, Miss La Tour, and we'll have a cup of tea in a jiffy."

Well, I was jolted but I followed Mrs. V. into her magnificent residence where there was no more signs of painters tearing the interior decorations to pieces than the man in the moon!

Well, I got one look at Mrs. so-called Lewellyn, and she was as white as a sheet, and holding on to herself by main force. And then we all seated ourselfs in the magnificent sun parlor full of trick furniture and live birds in cages, and jazz decorations equal to any set I ever seen on any picture stage only more so, in fact. And believe me, both I and that Lewellyn woman needed to sit. And then Mrs. Vandeveer went over and rung a bell and while she was doing it Mrs. Lewellyn leaned over and whispered to me shakily.

"Don't give us away!" she says. "I'll explain to you, after!" And her husband says "Quite so!"

Well, that was all the remarks we had any time to pass, because Mrs. V. got right back on the hostess job again, and we had the tea and all the while she talked and I watched Mrs. Lewellyn whenever I could, trying now in dead earnest to place why her face was so familiar to me. And as a kind of suspicion about her commenced growing in my mind, a resolve also formed there, and I struck while the tea was hot and Mrs. Vandeveer in such a friendly mood.

"Mrs. Vandeveer," I says, "I am awful glad you like my work, because I got a great favor to ask you. You see, Al Goldringer, that's the producer I work for, well, he's going to make a picture out of a well-known society novel named Vanity Fair. Of course they have decided to change the title to Hollow Faces, but it's a high-class script, and I am down here to make it, and I want awfully to use this place of yours for a location. There will be nothing the piece you will need to be ashame I will personally myself see to that. I do want to use this place. Can I i it?"

Well, there was a little silence after t and somehow or other, I couldn't t just how, the atmosphere of the r changed from warm to distinctly Mrs. Lewellyn give a gasp which I d then understand, and Mrs. Vande wrinkled up her forehead thoughtfully forgiving me a verdict.

"I suppose I would be very ungracio says she, "if I were to refuse, after al expressed admiration for your work. you may use the place, Miss La Tour. I will leave a note to that effect, an struct the caretaker. You will be sure nothing is hurt, and that our name i used in the publicity, I presume?"

"Oh, sure, I promise that!" says I with the heart gone out of me, some I had a feeling I had disappointed Vandeveer, and I didn't see quite how yet I was sorry. So I got up to say goo I felt the visit was over. Mrs. Vand was still very sweet, but she didn't anything about what's your hurry, go, or any words to that effect.

"Do let me send you back in the says she. "It is waiting outside. So sa glad to have met you, and I hope the ture will be a great success!"

And then, almost as if worked by m the four of us outsiders was back i lumbering old Colby-Droit, and on our

"Well, you certainly put it over on Mrs. Lewellyn burst out, the very n we left Goldacres. "But, gee-whiz such a relief to act natural I don't as I care!"

And her friend husband give a big si

"You said it!" says he. "Say l Miss La Tour, do you know we too two people for the real thing, and studying you? We are down here fo De Luxe superproductions, and we g option on Vanity Fair too! We was Goldacres ourselves, but you beat us t

"Well, for the love of Mike!" s "Alice Lewellyn! Of course—that's your face was so familiar! You playe vamp in The Web Market. Ain't dumb-bell though!"

"Yeh," says she. "Say dear, it's something awful down here, watchin language and trying to break into so I'm glad we lost out, honest I an couldn't of stood the strain much lon

"Say listen!" says Mr. Lewellyn tell you what. Don't be sore at us for we done it was all for our art, see? eat together tonight and talk about pictures and have a regular time in of where we are. How about it? I will come over to our room about 7:3 shake up a few."

"Oh boy!" says Jim. "We'll be th

And then the J. Livingston Vand family hearse dumped us at the hote we parted until later.

"Ain't they the people?" says thusiastically. "I'm commencing t this place!"

"So am I," says Jim. "Run alo stairs and begin to dress. I'll send to Al telling him we cinched Gol and be up directly."

Well, I done like he says, and w was pretty near ready, all but my t in come Jim with his soup-and-fish co a coat over his arm, and when h pulled it, there it was the very R sable coat I had been so crazy for.

"Just a little trifle for you, hon," he, "to protect you from the social At last I understand why women their furs to fashionable warm resort

"Oh, Jim, you Gorgeous!" I says. "Fold yourself into it while I give a shock," says Jim, helping me to do so a kiss. "I asked an old friend to join dinner tonight—he ain't much to at—getting bald and fat—he's kind dumpy little runt, common, but hearted."

"For heaven's sake, Gorgeous," s patting the sables with a loving "who is it?"

"Lem Hornby," says Jim. "Feller the garage!"

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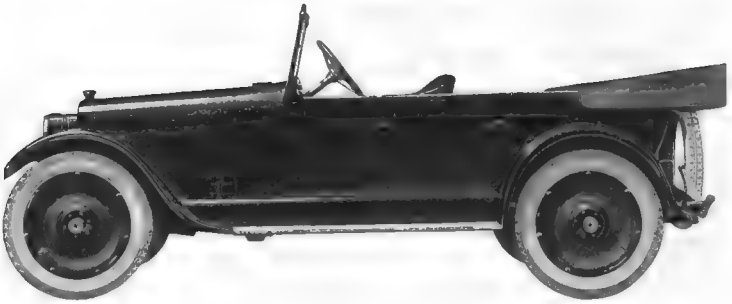

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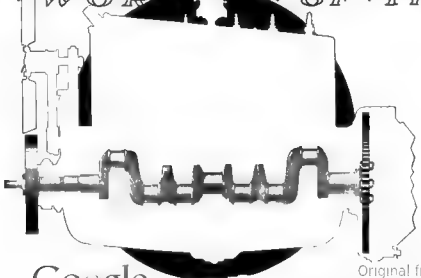

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THE REVOLT OF THE BOOKKEEPER

(Continued from Page 9)

Jack remembered the day that Phil had sailed for France. They had been only engaged then. Grace had been wonderfully calm and brave until he was gone, and then Jack had seen all her despair and terror—her conviction that she could not go on living if anything happened to Phil. She had not thought of life insurance in those days. Now she would say she owed it to the children. Well, there it was—that was what marriage did to love.

He patted his nephew on the head to avoid kissing his milk-streaked face, and bade an affectionate good-by to his sister. She disapproved intensely of his going.

"But you'll be back before the year's out," she said.

He smiled and did not contradict her. She did not suspect how much she had had to do with his resolution to go. Phil shook him warmly by the hand, but Jack could see that his mind was still struggling with the life-insurance problem.

Something more than an hour later his train, a little behind time, was approaching Millie's station. He left his seat and went to the platform. It was bitterly cold, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. He leaned out, holding his hat on. It was hard to see through the snow. He scanned the whole length of the deserted platform. No one was there; the light stood alone. She hadn't come.

He went back to his seat with a heart like lead. He was in a day coach. Grace and Mr. Howieson might think him improvident, but he had saved a little money to start him on his travels, and he was not going to spend any of it on a Pullman berth; he was going to sit up all night. Fortunately the train wasn't crowded. He had a seat to himself—at least he had had when he went to the platform. When he came back he found it occupied by a child—a little boy of four, slightly cross-eyed, and evidently prepared to be friendly.

Removing one hand from his mouth he rubbed it lovingly along the plush of the seat.

"I'm going to Washington," he said boastfully. "Where are you going to?"

The child was repulsive to Jack, but he would no more have allowed this fact to appear than he would have shown it to a cripple. At the same time he had no intention whatsoever of entering into relations with him.

"I'm going to Mobile," he answered.

At once the child, casting off all pretense of being interested in any movements but his own, began repeating: "I'm going to Washington, to Washington. That's my mother."

He pointed back, where Jack saw a foreign-looking woman, bareheaded, hawk-faced, her large tragic face calm as a statue, until it suddenly broke up into a furrowed, ugly, wrinkled irritability at something which a child smaller than the first one had done to annoy her. With a shock of surprise Jack saw that she was holding a still smaller one in her arms under her shawl. He averted his eyes, and taking the four-year-old by the hand he started him on his way down the aisle.

"You had better go back to your mother," he said.

An elderly woman in black satin and gold beads, across the aisle, stopped his progress.

"Now aren't you a fine boy?" she said.

Feminine admiration had its wonted effect. The child at once began to wave his head from side to side, to jump up and down, exclaiming loudly: "I'm going to Washington, to Washington."

Jack glared ahead, expecting to read his own disgust in other faces, but everywhere he saw smiles and softened glances. He slumped down in his seat and stared out at the flying snow flakes, lit an instant by cones of light streaming from the windows.

All the agony of renunciation, all the homesickness and loneliness of his going came over him now. She had not come; she was letting him go unsatisfied, he who asked so little. He would have braved night and storm for her sake. Or perhaps she hadn't received his message; or perhaps she had tried to come and had failed. Something maternal in him woke, and made him hope that she was safe in her room at home -not struggling toward the tion, too late.

The train was slowing down for its stop, for though it ignored Millie little town it was not a through sta The passengers were beginning to l shuffling down the aisle toward the door. He watched them as they "How terrible most human beings are thought. "Ugly; misshapen." The comers began to enter by the front They were no better.

And suddenly, like a miracle perfo before him in that dark shabby car, he Millicent walking down the aisle to him, her small face showing like ivory coral above her dark furs. For s seconds she did not see him, and whe did her expression hardly changed, her eyes grew suddenly dark and imm

He stepped forward to meet her, as he did so the child from the seat be slipped into his place, so that an turned to let Millicent go in before his child was already seated, tilting his up at them with an expression oddly gled of impudence and an intense des please.

Again Jack took him kindly by the and started him back to his owner.

"Yes, we know," he said firmly, are going to Washington."

Then he sank sideways in the seat b Millicent and looked at her—with too deep for smiles.

After an appreciable period of silen said, "N. B.: Remember never to God and die, because something be your wildest dreams may be just roun corner."

She explained that she had been goi visit an aunt in Baltimore, and had changed her train by a few hours in to give them this meeting.

So first they talked like friends. He her all about his interview with Howi and how the great man had read his v and had offered him seventy-five doll week. And Millicent thought he must nice man, and she had read the verses and understood that he was going before she got his telegram.

And then they began to play like dren, telling each other stories, and agining what it would be like if day Millicent sailed into the harbo Dominica on a yacht the yacht of his lionaire husband. Former husband, cent suggested.

"And I'll row out in a boat all fi roses and oranges and hibiscus and apples, and that stupid man you mu won't understand why I insist on givi for nothing—like an offering on a shr

"And if I ask you on board?"

"Oh, I wouldn't come, but I'll loo at you as you lean over to see my boat you'll know I'm saying, 'I love you. I you—just as much as ever.'"

And then as their time grew shorter began to talk like lovers, telling each how each was to the other the only one would remain so, whatever life brou them; and how they were wise and s and wonderful to dare to part; and they would not even kiss, but just look look, and go.

This last conversation was so absor that they did not notice that the train stopped and showed no disposition to however to go on again. To them the c tion of sound and motion was part worl that they had ceased to observe

A brakeman came through with a l and the cross-eyed child greeted him the accustomed information, but no Jack nor Millicent noticed the brakem somewhat sinister reply, "I wouldn't too much of a hurry."

At last the car began to grow cold, cold, so that Millicent's little feet chilled; and Jack's heart of Jack bac reality. He went forward to find the ductor and order more steam turned i car.

In a few minutes he came back, h able to suppress his joy.

"My darling," he whispered as h into the seat beside her, "it's too mu too wonderful! We've run into a s we're snowed up at least till morning. me your hand. We are going to have a quiet night sitting here side by side."

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Millicent turned her pretty eyes upon
and smiled at the radiant prospect.
she to deceived himself. The night
be long but not quiet — nor were the
to sleep in it sitting side by side.
sounds presently sounded in their ears,
faintly, but soon growing louder,
more distressed, more desperate; the ter-
paroxysm cry of a sick baby. Millie
started to her feet.
"Hear that!" she said.
Accordingly in accord with her,
Jack meant to move into another
but went straight to the
and came back with the baby—
one—a her arms.
He surprise he found himself moved
up and down the hall of his Millie walking down the
of the car with her arm crooked to
a wailing, dark-skinned baby. The
was repugnant to him, yet Millie
to do the baby about, Millicent had
her arm crooked, which gave her a
and pleasing appearance. One of her
charms was the simple perfection of
accomplishments. Jack did not like to see
her with her own eyes, and yet he
not love to tell her about it, either,
now was busy getting the baby set-
to his satisfaction between his eyes, and as
it now, more upon the baby.
"Is she all as awful as that?" he said.
Millie just glanced at it, as if its per-
appearance made no difference.
"No," she answered; "I think it's rather
cute, for your little thing. Jack, I'm
afraid I have to go and see if there's
other in the train; it seems to be
all."
She turned up with alacrity, eager to
Millie, and not sorry to remove him-
from the proximity of the baby. He
reluctant to admit it, but his dream
during the last few hours they
had spent together, and yet Millie
thinking more of that baby than of
—and it was such an ugly little crea-
ture!
The doctor on the train was an
old man comfortably sleeping in a Pull-
man seat. He did not seem eager to ex-
ert himself, but he grew more interested
when he saw Millicent. He assumed the
air of a physician, and evidently thought her
a very beautiful, inexperienced young
woman who could not bear anyone to
suffer. He even got had any connection
whatever with that hideous child, but
began to explain to the doctor
about him. She took him later that
there was no kind of train who would
more earnest in the baby if he thought
there was a fee, and felt ashamed of disliking
the child personally, and went out on the
platform to smoke a cigarette.
She encountered thence by the in-
formation that no trouble with the baby
could be obtained. Jack
looked the lights of a farm-
house far away across a field. He
climbed over a fence and got some—having
assured himself that the train would
not start without him.
The milk came to his waist, now
being a far against bare stones, he
crossed the field toward the light, and
knocked on the door. It instantly
opened, and a tall, tall and mon-
strous woman stood in the lighted square.
She had great eyebrows or eyelashes,
and one of these grew on her head was
a small knot on the exact
top. She was so large, she towered so
above Jack that he felt a mild amuse-
ment at seeing that she held a club in her
hand.
"I know," he said politely, "if you
have a little milk."
He gave a guttural exclamation and at-
tempted to shut the door, but he inserted
his foot in the opening—an action that did
not increase her cordiality. She said that
if there were any milk in the house she
would not give it to tramps who came
begging at that hour of the night.
"It isn't for myself," said Jack, "but
we have a sick baby on that stalled train,
and it seems rather likely to die if it isn't
fed."
"A baby!" cried the woman.
And suddenly she changed completely.
From a menacing ogress she changed
into a friendly mass of humanity. She
opened the door, led him to the stove,
and began hurrying to and fro on her large
flat, felt-slippered feet, looking for a bottle
that he could slip in his pocket. His wife
must be nearly crazy, stalled in the snow;
but they'd get the train out by morning;
he hardly looked old enough to be a father.
She remembered when she was first mar-
ried——
He thought to himself, as he sat waiting,
and only half listening, that this was a
species of insanity in women—this exag-
gerated interest in babies; it was like a
secret religious cult, with a password. The
old woman was evidently desperately poor,
and yet he could hardly get her to take
money for the milk, and after she had
accepted one she presented him with two
apples. They parted like old friends.
When he got back to the car Millie had
just a moment to spare him an hour before
it developed that the milk was no use to the
baby unless it could be heated.
"That will be very difficult," said the
doctor.
Millie rolled her lovely eyes up at him
under the dissipated hat.
"You can think of some way, can't you,
Jack?" she said.
"Certainly," he answered, glad to show
that a poet has more invention than a
scientist. "There must be a fire in the
engine." He wanted to sit down and de-
mand Millie's undivided attention while he
described to her the transformation in the
ogress. Instead he started instantly for the
engine.
Everyone knows that locomotive en-
gineers are men not to be approached un-
advisedly or lightly, and an engineer with
his train in difficulties is especially for-
midable. This one was just climbing back
into his cab after a consultation with the
conductor, and swung round quickly, aware
of Jack just behind him. He had a hand-
some, heavy square head, like a Roman
emperor, thick eyebrows and an implacable
eye.
He looked down at Jack, and surprised
to find his glance did not drive off the
intruder, he said, "Well, sir?"
Jack knew that tone well; he had heard
Mr. Howieson use it. It meant: Nothing
can excuse the enormity you are commit-
ting, but I am willing to hear your excuse.
"I have some milk here I should like
to heat," said Jack.
"My engine isn't a cookstove," said the
engineer, and continued his ascent.
"We have a baby back in one of the cars
who seems rather likely to die," replied
Jack.
And immediately the engineer was trans-
formed—not melted as the ogress had
been, but galvanized into action. He leaned
down and took the bottle from Roe's hand,
shouted to his fireman, "Here, Pete, let
this set by the boiler." Then he turned and
looked down at Jack with a different eye.
"Come in and warm yourself," he said.
"You look hardly old enough to be mar-
ried."
Jack was surprised to hear himself saying,
"I suppose you have children yourself?"
"Six," said the engineer.
He was not a garrulous man; Jack saw
at once he was not going to talk about the
children, but that in the little silence that
followed he was thinking of them in-
tensely. Then he looked at Jack and smiled;
it was a charming smile, and Jack could
not help smiling back, although a little
ashamed of having won it under the false
pretense of fatherhood. Then Pete came
back with the bottle.

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When Jack got back to the car the baby was worse. Millie and the doctor had cast off all sense of decency.

"I'm not conventional," Jack found himself saying to himself, "but really——"

The heated bottle was snatched from him. "Do you think she'll take it?" asked Millie tremulously.

"Yes—though she may not retain it," said the doctor.

This hint was not lost upon the baby—she did not retain it. It would, in fact, be impossible to print all that happened to that baby and her guardians in the course of the next two hours. Jack, who had supposed that at his sister's he had known all the horrors there were to know about children, found that he had not so much as brushed the subject with the wing of his thought. Even his aloof attitude left him. He ceased to be a spectator. Once he found himself patting the shoulder of the weeping mother; once, for a long time, he held the cross-eyed child on his lap, keeping him quiet with a hastily invented story of snow fairies. These things he did, not from pity, but from a sense that they were inevitable, that he and Millie were united in a struggle to save the life of a baby, a struggle probably unintelligent, but about which no one had any choice.

And all the time the lines of one of the wisest of modern writers were running through his head:

My dear, these things are life:
And life, some think, is worthy of the Muse.

Dominica and the tropic seas began to look as pale and meaningless to him as the fairy tale he was telling—and it was a pretty tale.

Suddenly it came to him that his plan for living had been just pretty—like a picture by Bouguereau, like a poem by Adelaide Ann Procter, like an opera in the earliest manner of Verdi. Good heavens! He had always hated the romantic schools in the arts, and yet in his own life had been willing——

"Go on, go on!" said the sleepy child.

But Jack could not go on. He sat staring down at the child as if he saw him for the first time.

Just at dawn the train began to s preceded by two snowplows, like g press with an escort. The baby was sleeping in the arms of its legi mother. The doctor, who by this tir discovered that the child did not to Jack and Millicent, was still una disabuse his mind of the belief tha were married. He paused at the c bid good-by to Jack.

"I'll look after them in Washingto said. "Your wife tells me that you she are getting off in Baltimore. woman—your wife—looks facts ri the face—only thing that matters experience—good night—or rather morning—look at that green in the And he went forward to doze once in his Pullman chair.

Jack turned and looked at Millie, had sunk back into the seat, leanin head against the woodwork of the wi frame.

Her little face was pale and thin a most plain, and yet so poignant, so so good—like a good little child's. life off, he couldn't think about it, for s sight of her something rose within hi great wave of the emotion that lies b both romance and reality, so that fo moment there seemed to be no diffe between them. He went to Millie an his arms about her.

"Oh, Millie, my darling," he said, could I ever think I was going to be to leave you? I shall telegraph How I'll take his three hundred a month. you give up all your lovely dream beauty and romance, and just marry Don't you think Fate gave us a hint it sent you to visit your aunt in me?"

There was an alarming little silence. lie let her forehead rest against his bone, but she said nothing. Jack the "Of course this night has meant ju opposite to her; it's shown her the l and the ugliness of life as she had seen it before, my poor little Millie."

Then he heard her draw her breat speak.

"Dearest," she said gently, "I ha any aunt in Baltimore."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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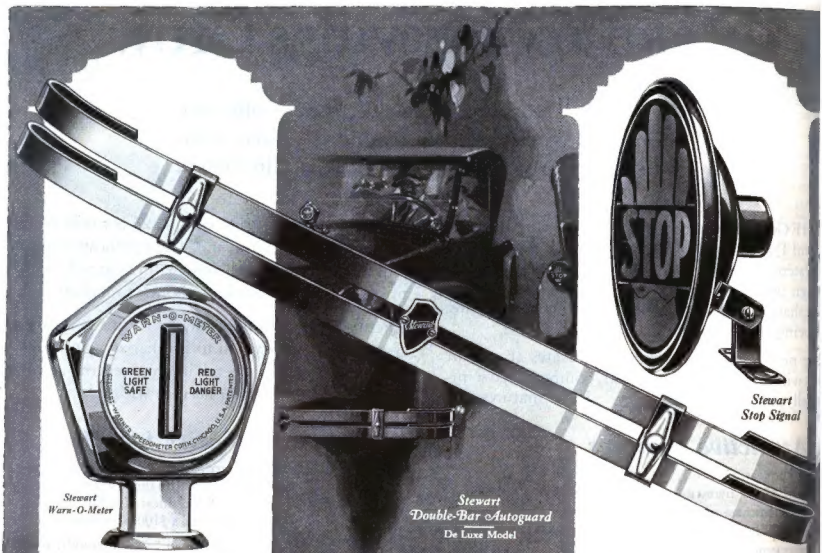

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The De Luxe Model in a beautiful nickel finish is $12.50. The Standard Model in black and nickel, $10.00. The Ford Model with special radiator cap, $10.00.

BEAUTIFUL and protective best describes this De Luxe Autoguard. Note how the double steel bars protect the car from fender to fender.

Collisions are instantaneous. You haven't time to turn your car so as to receive an impact on the strongest part of your bumper. You need double bar protection at all points along the front or rear of your car.

Constructed by a concern known the world over to produce only products of quality. An autoguard that is made to take a terrific blow without snapping and leaving the car unprotected. Approved by the Board of Underwriters. Look for the name STEWART on the center clamp.

Stewart Autoguards sell from $11 to $22. Increase in Western prices.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE red hand in the Stewart Stop Signal commands instant attention. It sometimes takes more than a red flash to warn the man behind. The red hand, like a traffic officer's signal, stops him instantly.

The Stewart Stop Signal is made to give satisfaction. You can't depend upon a cheap signal to work perfectly. It will cause more accidents than it will prevent.

When giving over the rear of your car to the protection of a Stop Signal, be sure you get a good one. You can place entire confidence in the Stewart Stop Signal. It is made right—Stewart custom-bilt.

Priced at $5.00.

Stewart

PRODUCTS USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

The New Floor for Modern Homes

The floor you see in this picture is very different from the temporary linoleum floor covering of a few years ago—tacked down in kitchens, halls, and pantries.

This floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is a permanent floor, cemented over a layer of builders' deadening felt. Rugs are laid on this floor. It is waxed and polished occasionally, and always looks fresh and new.

It is not uncommon, today, for an interior decorator to build up an entire decorative plan for room or suite from a well-chosen floor of this modern linoleum. There are rich plain colors, delicate two-toned jaspés, and many distinctive inlaid and printed designs from which to select.

These linoleum floors are smooth and solid. They are quiet and comfortable under foot. They are easy to clean. Linoleum is a cool floor in summer and a warm floor in winter.

Such floors are inexpensive, too. For instance, the floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, shown above, would cost $49.00, laid in a dining-room of average size—12 x 14 feet (slightly higher in the Far West).

Any good store will be glad to show you Armstrong's Linoleum in a variety of colors and designs, and also tell you what modern linoleum floors will cost you.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
941 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

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What three Wise Women say:

"Old Dutch is a natural-born cleanser"—Made from a substance mined from earth—soft, flat flakes that erase the dirt and can't scratch. Use it for fine cleaning.

"It is the thrifty cleaner"—A little goes a long way because every particle does so much work. Your cleaning costs are lessened. Use it for heavy cleaning.

"It's the safe, easy way to clean"—Old Dutch shoulders the heavy work. It takes the drudgery out of cleaning. Your things look better, last longer. Use it for all cleaning.

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